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Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.

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POETRY

RELIQUES
OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY
BY THOMAS PERCY · IN 2 VOLS. · VOL. 2

THOMAS PERCY, born in 1728 and educated at Oxford. Became Bishop of Dromore, Ireland, in 1782. Died in 1811.

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

VOLUME TWO

THOMAS PERCY

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RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

SERIES THE SECOND

BOOK II

I. A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN

In the former Book we brought down this Second Series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the old and new profession (as they were called) had their respective ballad-makers: and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled "Little John Nobody," may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. folio), to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII. intitled Every Man; the other called Lusty Juventus printed in the

reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions:[1] in the other, the poet (one R. Wever) with great success attacks both. So that the stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it—a supplement to the pulpit. This was so much the case, that in the play of "Lusty Juventus," chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon. Take an instance:

> The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
> As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere:
> Be converted, O ye children, &c.

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation, and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of superstition:

> The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
> But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
> They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
> In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

> The worlde was never meri
> Since chyldren were so boulde:
> Now every boy will be a teacher,
> The father a foole, the chyld a preacher.

Of the plays above-mentioned, to the first is subjoined the following printer's Colophon: ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Ebery Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles churche yarde by me John Skot. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is entitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprynted at London in Paules churche yeard by Abraham Vele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two plays the reader may find some further particulars in Series I. Book ii. See "The Essay on the Origin of the English Stage:" and the curious reader will find the plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols. Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

[1] Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood:

> There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron
> That of God hath commissyon,
> As hath the leest preest in the world beynge.
> * * *
> God hath to them more power gyven,
> Than to any aungell, that is in heven;
> With v. words he may consecrate
> Goddes body in flesshe and blode to take,
> And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes.
> The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,
> Both in erthe and in heven.—
> Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.
> Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;
> Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly;
> No remedy may we fynde under God,
> But alone on preesthode.
> ——God gave preest that dignitè,
> And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,
> Thus be they above aungels in degre.
>
> See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama, vol. i. p. 61.

THE HUSBANDMAN

LET us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the Lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence:
For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,[1]
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get
To kepe our house, and servauntes;
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the merchauntes:
And thus they with theyr false warrantes
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe:
But now we Husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye, and their false caste;
For the Lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
Hast usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse;
As do the deceatful foulers,
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those, that do followe Gods worde,
To make them cleve to thy desire,

[1] *i. e.* denied us the Cup, see below, ver. 94.

Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have desyre
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.

Thy false power wyl I bring down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yer,
I shall dryve the from citye to towne,
Even with this PEN that thou seyste here;
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde and speare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.[1]

THE POPE

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to uster dampnacion,
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;
For blamynge me, and my condicion,
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture:
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?[2]
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

[1] *i. e.* make thee knock under the table.
[2] *i. e.* his rule.

THE CARDINAL

I am a Cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and sume,
That wil Luther resist strongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the scripture;
For he thinketh onely thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure.

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manyle,
For the pope sayth that ye do but ryght:
And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte;
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one;
For they have not the popes blessynge,
Nor regard his holy pardòn:
They thinke from all destruction
By Christes bloud to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunication,
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

II. JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

A SCOTTISH SONG

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian Library:)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not steill,
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of Popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. "Green sleeves and pudding pies" (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: "Maggy Lauder" was another: "John Anderson my jo" was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaption of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact. From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne, printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy sang, called, 'Welcome Fortunes.'"[1]

WOMAN

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN

And how doe ze, Cummer? and howe hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven,
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na, Cummer, na;
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

III. LITTLE JOHN NOBODY

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under King Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys Collection, British Museum, and Strype's Memoirs of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects

[1] See also Biograph. Britan. 1st edit., vol. i. p. 177.

on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners; whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [Archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had inlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: and as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to Book iii. Series II.

In december, when the dayes draw to be short,
After november, when the nights wax noysome and long;
As I past by a place privily at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last[1] talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i' th' faith. I 'freyned'[2] that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell
What maner men thou meane, thou art so mad.
He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
To discusse divinity they nought adread;
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.
He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:

1 Perhaps "He left talk." 2 "Feyned." MSS. and PC.

Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to become of Cains kind;[1]
But that I, little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world,
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,
That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him wreake;
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:
But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they will currishly carp, and not care
According to their foolish fantacy; but fast wil they naught:
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their thought:

[1] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars are said to be
". . . . . Of Caymes kind." Vid. Sig. C *ij* b.

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful freyke
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought;
And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met,
Where NO man, 'ne'[1] NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did appear;
Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swet,
That 'Aeolus'[2] through the eccho did cause me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER

These verses are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at Strawberry-Hill. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, wither fate
Could beare[3] me, and the joys I quit.
Thus causedst the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

[1] "Then." MSS. and PC. [2] "Hercules." MSS. and PC.
[3] "Could beare," is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bednal Green, ver. 57. "Could say."

V. THE HEIR OF LINNE

The original of this ballad is found in the Editor's folio manuscript, the breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a *Laird*, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere,

My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;[1]
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
My sonne, when I am gonne, sayd hee,
Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,[2]
And another it was white monèy.[2]

[1] *i. e.* earnest-money; from the French 'Denier à Dieu.' At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a "God's-penny."

[2] Sic MS.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,[1]
Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-aday, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steale it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on mee
I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

[1] Sic MS.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprung aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and saw a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.[1]

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plaine to see:

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

[1] "In-fere," *i. e.* together.

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;
And let it bee, but if I amend:[1]
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade[2] shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.[3]

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere[4] then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitie.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord;

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold nor fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

[1] *i. e.* unless I amend.
[2] *i. e.* advice, counsel.
[3] An old northern phrase.
[4] Perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was "speered," *i. e.* sparred, fastened, or shut. In Bale's Second Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phrase (fol. 38), "The dore therof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne."

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
But I did lose by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I draw you to record, lords, he said.
With that he cast[1] him a gods pennie:
Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make the keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

[1] This is the reading of the MS.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee:
Christs curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.

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†‡† In the present edition of this ballad several ancient readings are restored from the folio manuscript.

VI. GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the "Steele-glass," 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to Lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Walthamstoe;" where he died a middle-aged man in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of George Gascoigne, Esq. who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to. no date. [From a manuscript of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification."[1] But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Queen Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the "Paradise of Dainty Devises"[2] (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times) will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line:[3] whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw. Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12

[1] Observations on the Faerie Queen, vol. ii. p. 168.
[2] Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to. black-letter.
[3] The same is true of most of the poems in the "Mirrour of Magistrates," 1563, 4to, and also of Surrey's Poems, 1557.

and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the printer's epistle to the reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq. corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author, 1575. Printed at London, for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's,[1] or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, "Occulta veritas tempore patet" [R. S.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery,[2] and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

In court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell;
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgement true,
The rose and lilie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall so well
Hir graces all agree!
No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
Which like some other best,
Will say, the blemishe on hir browe
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie;
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature first
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

[1] Henrie Binneman. [2] Le Tems decouvre la Verité.

It lyked hir so well:
Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' work in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne:
And some unseen wer present there,
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
I gesse it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest;

His hot newe-chosen love
He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
To see the cruell deede:
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
Shal have some helpe I trowe:
And quick with skin she coverd it,
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind.[1]
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

[1] *i. e.* in the cradle of her family. See Warton's Observations, vol. ii. p. 137.

The skar there still remains;
No force, there let it bee:
There is no cloude that can eclipse
So bright a sunne, as she.

*** The Lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 133, ed. 1779.

VII. FAIR ROSAMOND

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of King Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A.D. 1177.] where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze;[1] but it was commonly said, that lastly the queen came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow, in an house of nunnes beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

Hic jacet in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

In English thus:

The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
That by her life was sweet and redolent:
But now that she is from this life blent,
Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.
A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.
Stowe's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshed speaks of it, as "the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and

[1] Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. iii. p. 115. On the other hand in Speede's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamond's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamond so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3d edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker, with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stowe, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such an effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit,[1] among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a Cup. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, (perhaps only the Chalice) might in after-times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the Cup, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh Bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stowe: "Hugh Bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, ... and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, Take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of her, other women, being made afraid, may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with men." Annals, p. 159.

History further informs us that King John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the soules of his father King Henrie, and of Lady Rosamund there interred."[2] . . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, "Rosamundes tumbe at Godstow nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is

[1] Tho. Allen, of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig. Hist. vol. iii. p. 739.

[2] Vid. Reign of Henry II. in Speed's History, writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.

a stone with this inscription, 'Tumba Rosamundæ.' Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it."[1] See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espé (or Long-sword) Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey Bishop of Lincolne.[2] Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence the writer concludes, that King Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in King Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the King of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152] and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's Hist. vol. i. p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the King of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton Library; wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plantagenet: "Natus est 5° Henry II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25° Henry II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28° Henry II. [1182.]" Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall (Domitian xii.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The Ballad of "Fair Rosamond" appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Delone." Lond. 1612, 4to. It is now printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys Library.

WHEN as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

[1] This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.
[2] Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle:
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before King Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace:

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
The king did often say.
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death;
Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

"Content thy self, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes;
'Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.'

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, Queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte,
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where Ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,"
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
"And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

***

VIII. QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION

"Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William Duke of Guienne, and Count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. King of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels: but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young Count of Anjou,

afterwards Henry II. King of England, though at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's History, 4to. vol. i. pp. 260, 307. Speed, Stowe, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a sicke womàn,
And afraid that she should dye:
Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshàll,
And fell on his bended knee;
That whatsoever Queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee.

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere Queen Elianor sayes
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to Queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
They fell on their bended knee;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
As I suppose you bee?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any masse
Sith we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison King Henrye.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing of the balle?

That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,[1]
And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is King Henryes youngest sonne,[1]
And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;
His nose is like a boare.
No matter for that, King Henrye cryd,
I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate.
And appeared all in redde:
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee,
Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,
Or hanged thou shouldst bee.

IX. THE STURDY ROCK

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall[2]] is preserved in "The Paradise of Daintie Devises," quoted above in page 16. The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An howres recreation in Musicke, &c. by Richard Alison," Lond. 1606, 4to.: usually bound up with three or four sets of "Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes," Lond. 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to. One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

[1] She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshal, the youngest by the king.
[2] Vid. Athen. Ox. p. 152. 316.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion, with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

X. THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on "Mary Ambree," Series II. Book ii. No. 19. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old Beggar, that "down his neck

. . . . his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio manuscript, compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas, by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought August 4, 1265,) when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund Earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee;
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall:
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
My hart's so inthralled by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:
My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus she did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Besse?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene:
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee:
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of my pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto me, my prettye Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have it well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand[1] pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggar droppt twayne:

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The SECOND FITT[2] shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND

OFF a blind beggars daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse therof you did see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

[1] In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500*l.*
[2] See an Essay on the word "Fit" at the end of the Second Part.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number therto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene:
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

"Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,[1]
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

"And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree:
Therfore never flout att prettye Bessee."

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were readye to swound;
Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therfore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, whatt itt may bee;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a GROAT for my sport.

"[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

[1] So the folio MS.

"When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

"At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montford was slaine;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

"Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight!
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

"A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

"In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

"And here have we lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had been knowne, but for prettye Bessee.

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

* *
*

†‡† The word Fit, for Part, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by Fits, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his Art of English Poesie, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several Fits, or times to be sung." p. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by them in the streete; or else by Blind Harpers, or such like taverne minstrels, that give a Fit of mirth for a groat . . . . their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorte." p. 69.

This species of entertainment which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, "We ourselves," says this courtly[1] writer, "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [*i. e.* Fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance on Guy and Colbronde, in the Editor's folio manuscript:

[1] He was one of Queen Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.

When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
And sitt and solace lythe;[1]
Then itt is time for mee to speake
Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
Such carping for to kythe.

If we consider that a groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in two parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding ballad, p. 35, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a groat for his reward, ver. 80, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of another groat's-worth. Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine Fits, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word Fit; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts (answering to Passus in the Visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the ancient Ballad of "Chevy-Chase," (Series I. Book i.) the first Part ends with this line,

The first Fit here I fynde:

i.e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also vol. i. p. 80.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See the concluding verses of the First and Second Parts of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly," in vol. i.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas, (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

Lo! lordis mine, here is a Fitt;
If ye woll any more of it,
To tell it woll I fonde.

The word "Fit" indeed appears originally to have signified a poetic strain, verse, or poem: for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus King Ælfred, in his Boetius, having given a version of lib. iii. metr. 5, adds, Dare þisðom tha thas fittre aſungen hæfde p. 65, *i.e.* "When wisdom had sung these [Fitts] verses." And in the Proem to the same book Fon on fittre, "Put into [Fitt] verse." So in Cedmon, p. 45. Feonð on fittre, seems to mean, "composed a song," or "poem." The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond* in the foregoing passage of Chaucer. See Gloss.

[1] Perhaps "blythe."

Spenser has used the word Fit to denote "a strain of music:" see his poem intitled, "Collin Clout's come home again," where he says:

> The shepherd of the ocean [*Sir Walter Raleigh*]
> Provoked me to play some pleasant Fit,
> And when he heard the music which I made
> He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

It is also used in the old ballad of "King Estmere," Series I. Book i. ver. 243.

From being applied to music, this word was easily transferred to dancing: thus in the old play of Lusty Juventus (described in p. 1.), Juventus says:

> By the masse I would fayne go daunce a Fitte.

And from being used as a part or division in a ballad, poem, &c., it is applied by Bale to a section or a chapter in a book (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm), for thus he entitles two chapters of his English Votaryes, Part ii. viz.—fol. 49, "The fyrst Fytt of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufus."—fol. 50, "An other Fytt of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufus."

XI. FANCY AND DESIRE

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie,[1] and found entire in the Garland of Good-will. A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the Paradise of Daintie Devises. One of them is intitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these:

> A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
> Who triumphs over me;
> For black and tawnie will I weare,
> Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Queen Catharine of Arragon died, Jan. 8, 1536; "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware *yellowe* for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascencion day following the kyng for mourning ware *whyte*." Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the seventeenth earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Athen. Oxon. &c.

[1] Lond. 1589, p. 172.

Come hither, shepherd's swayne:
"Sir, what do you require?"
I pray thee, shewe to me thy name.
"My name is Fond Desire."

When wert thou borne, Desire?
"In pompe and pride of May."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me who was thy nurse?
"Fresh youth in sugred joy."
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
"Unsavoury lovers teares."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
"In gentle hartes I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?
"To gaze on beauty stille."
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?
"Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth company displease?
"Yes, surelye, many one."
Where doth Desire delight to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
Bringe him unto decaye?
"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for mee;
I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
With such a one as thee.

XII. SIR ANDREW BARTON

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. i. 4to. p. 22.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey[1] and his family at this time [A.D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas[2] and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, (called by Hall, the Bark of Scotland.) The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the river Thames. (Aug. 2, 1511.)

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) Admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'though' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

[1] Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created Earl of Surrey in his father's life-time. He was father of the poetical Earl of Surrey.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Part ii. ver. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the Great Harry had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants." HUME.

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio manuscript, wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection) as also by conjecture.

'WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
Came to present the monthe of Maye;'[1]
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchants;
Good saylors, welcome unto mee."
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchants they cold not bee:
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover[2] that lyes on the seas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not beene in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!
And thus they did their answer frame,
He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

[1] From the PC. [2] "Robber." MS.

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
And an angrye look then looked hee:
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will feitch yond traytor unto me?"
Yea, that dare I; Lord Howard [1] sayes;
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replyed:
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
"Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.

The first man, that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread.[2]
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
"Whose active hands had gained fame."[3]
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.[4]

Horseley, said he, I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee.

[1] "Lord Charles Howard." MS.
[2] An old English word for "breadth."
[3] PC.
[4] Mr. Lambe, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vid. p. 5.

If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
On your main-màst Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage,'[1] he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

Thou must tell me, Lord Howard said,
Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover[2] on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight!
Then ever he sighed, and said alas!
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his hach-borde[3] he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

1 "Journey." MS.
2 "Robber." MS.
3 The MS. has here "Archborde," but in Part II. ver. 5. "Hachebord."

That shall not need, Lord Howard sais ;
Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three.
Nowe God forefend, the merchant said,
That you should seek soe far amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge ;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along :
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide ;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one ;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall ;
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.[1]
This is cold comfort, sais my lord,
To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea :
Yet Ile bring him and his ship to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee.

Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee :
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

[1] It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks ; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies' ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, lib. vii. p. 256. ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Schefferi de Militiâ Navali, lib. ii. cap. 5. p. 136, ed. 1653, 4to.

N.B. It every where in the manuscript seems to be written "beanes."

And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene
Whether you sail by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
His hachebord it was 'gilt'[1] with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
Nowe by my faith, Lord Howarde sais,
This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea.
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;[2]
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
What English churles are yonder, he sayd,
That can soe little curtesye?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way.
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shot off,
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.

[1] "Hached with gold." MS.

[2] *i.e.* did not salute.

Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,
Looke that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold;
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in[1] chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great shott lesse, and moe;
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott:
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."
When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose,
Within his heart he was full faine:
"Now spread your ancyents, strike up your drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sais,
Weale howsoever this geere will sway;
Itt is my Lord Admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrewe cryed,
What may a man now thinke, or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast readye att my call:
I will give thee three hundred markes,[2]
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.

[1] *i. e.* discharged chain-shot. [2] "Pounds." MS.

Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
"Horseley see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing[1] arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sisters sonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall
Six hundred nobles[2] thou hast wonne.
With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arròwe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
Alas! a comelye youth is slaine.
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell."

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware;
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see:
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brothér, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horseley, sayes my lord,
And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight.

1 "Bearinge," sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss. 2 "Pounds." MS.

Ile shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew sayes,
"A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew sayes,
"And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
Untill you heare my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow—
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrewes head,
"I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
"Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
As never did subject to a king:

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warr,
Before in England was but one."
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
And where, said he, is this rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?

"The rover, he is safe, my liege,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be erle Surrye[1] hight,
As Howards erst have beene before.[2]

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done.
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight:
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead:

1 "Erle of Nottingham." MS. 2 "And soe was never," &c. MS.

Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.

XIII. LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT

A SCOTTISH SONG

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots; but this opinion he now believes to be groundless: indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which are here given from a copy in the Editor's folio manuscript, corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred[1] wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

[1] When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. xi.) Sugar at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father still:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

XIV. THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry Lord Darnley was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, whom that Princess married after the death of James IV. Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his twenty-first year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the Earl of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio manuscript) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England, in 1568. (See ver. 65.) It will be remembered (at ver. 5), that this princess was Queen Dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlànde!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David[1] was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

[1] Sic MS.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho the kinge had been present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
I shall you tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye;
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his way:
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

Who have wee here? Lord Bodwell sayd:
Now answer me, that I may know.
"King Henry the Eighth my uncle was;
For his sweete sake some pitty show."

Who have we here? Lord Bodwell sayd,
Now answer me when I doe speake.
"Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pitty thee as much, he sayd,
And as much favor show to thee,
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to die.[1]

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard
How that the worthye king was slaine;
He persued the queen so bitterlye,
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England,
And here her residence hath taine;
And through the Queene of Englands grace,
In England now shee doth remaine.

XV. A SONNET BY QUEEN ELIZABETH

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's Arte of English Poesie: a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.

"I find," says this antiquated critic, "none example in English metre so well maintaining this figure [*exargasia*, or the gorgeous, Lat. *expolitio*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which figure beyng, as his very originall name purporteth, the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a ladies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of queenes.[2] And this was the occasion: our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete for so great amd dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life: the queene our soveraigne ladie, to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and pacience

[1] Pronounced after the northern manner *dee*.
[2] She was at this time near three-score.

dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie : which afterwards fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. declining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realme by many evill and undutifull practizes."

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the Lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. (See Hume, Rapin, &c.) It was originally written in long lines or Alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intitled, "Nugæ Antiquæ," Lond. 1769, 12mo. where the verses are accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own inditing . . . My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her majesties tablet, and had much hazzard in so doing ; for the queen did find out the thief, and chid for her spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when others matters did so occupy her employment at this time ; and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing."***

THE doubt[1] of future foes
Exiles my present joy ;
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
And subjects faith doth ebbe :
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,
Or wisdome wove the webbe.

But clowdes of joyes[2] untried
Do cloake aspiring minds ;
Which turn to raine of late repent,
By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe will be ;
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly all shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falshood finds.

1 "Dread." al. ed. 2 "Toyes." al. ed.

The daughter of debate,[1]
That discord ay doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,
Or gape for such like joy.

*** I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's, preserved by Puttenham (p. 197), "which," says he, "our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune."

Never think you, Fortune can beare the sway
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obay.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

XVI. THE KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults of Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem, from ver. 97, to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his fifteenth year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is intitled, "A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author, W. Elderton. "Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriff's courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered

[1] She evidently means here the Queen of Scots.

him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry;
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. [Drayton, by Oldys, Note B.]—Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

'OUT, alas!' what a griefe is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king!
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing
That can be in a kinge to see:
Yet that unluckie country still
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing:
She cryed, and called piteouslie;
Now help, or els the king shall die!
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haste to flie;
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hande:
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne awa,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;
But a posset to make the king good cheere.
Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see.
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The Bishop sayde, Browne I doo know,
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe:
Let me go on, take thou no care.
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
A traitour for all Christiantie;
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowful, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery.
This was a posset indeed! quoth Brown.
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And praysed God that he did misse
To tast of that extremity:
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergie would betray him so:
Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,
My father, and grandfather slaine:[1]

[1] His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather, the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.

My mother banished, O extreame!
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne!
And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;
And trustie Browne too in like case,
He knighted him with gallant geere:
And gave him lands and livings great,
For dooing such a manly feat,
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and past,
Tooke not effect of traytery;
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majestie:
How they might make their kinge away,
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c.

'Another time' to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
Take heed you do not offend the king;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing:
For his godmother[1] will not see
Her noble childe misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so,
She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where:
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare:

[1] Queen Elizabeth.

That God the highest king may see
Obedience as it ought to be,
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

XVII. THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

A SCOTTISH SONG

In December 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's History.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray, half expiring, said, "You hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

King James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, vol. i. p. 42.

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba' ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh ! he was the Queenes luve.

Oh ! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle downe, [1]
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding throw the towne.

XVIII. YOUNG WATERS

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the bonny Earl of Murray ; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose manuscript of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publicly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene, more rashely than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following ; inhibiteine the zoung Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of

1 "Castle downe" here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."[1]

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
And siller shod behind,
The horse zong Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
O tell me qhua's the fairest face
Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs,
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
O, if he had been twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,
But the king that wears the crown;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down.

[1] This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which she had said
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill,[1]
His zoung son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,
His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the Queene had spoke
Zoung Waters he did dee.

XIX. MARY AMBREE

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent (called then by the English Gaunt), Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of these places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any

1 "Heiding-hill," *i.e.* heading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicæne, first acted in 1609, Act iv. sc. 2.; his Tale of a Tub, Act i. sc. 4.; and his masque intitled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad:

. . . . . Mary Ambree,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act v. *sub finem.*

". . . . My large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow."

It is likewise evident that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (Part I. c. iii. v. 365), by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.

A bold virago stout and tall
A Joan of France, or English Mall.

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio manuscript, and by conjecture. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major[1] was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male[2] then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proof shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

[1] So MS. "Serjeant Major" in PC.

[2] A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish gallowglass or foot-soldier as "armed in a long shirt of mayl."—View of the State of Ireland.

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band ;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

My soldiers, she saith, soe valiant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde ;
Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free ;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battaile array,
'Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye ;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott ;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre ;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee :
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide ;
To beate down the walles they all did decree :
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Nowe saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renowne
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX. BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

Peregrine Bertie Lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"My Lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the *reptilia;* intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court." —NAUNTON.

Lord Willoughby died in 1601. Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations), may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the dedication to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughbèy.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee:
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musquet and callìver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formost man in fight,
Says brave Lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly,
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky,
God, and St. George for England!
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
O this is brave Lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To the souldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

XXI. VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death," a Masque, by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London, printed 1653, 4to.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

XXII. THE WINNING OF CALES

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity. The town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprise, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's History.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm :

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales.
And a laird of the north country ;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.

This ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio manuscript, and seems to have been composed by some person who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyer and sword ;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums :
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good ;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
Braver ships never were seen under asyle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their head,
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle,
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde ;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made at that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to scape thence away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town;
The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;
But looke that the women and children you save.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;
Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
With English colours which purchased renowne.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched eche day;
In sòme places wè did find pyes baking left behind,
Meate at fire rosting, and folkes run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catched our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre;
Whìch soldiers mèasur'd out by the length of their swords;
Of all commodities eche had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand:
There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
And wold not ransome their towne as they said,
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

XXIII. THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the west of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret, daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio manuscript.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How shee wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye!
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse:

Thou hast this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowest thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harme I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart:
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,
And eke five hundred[1] pounds in gold that lies unknown.

[1] So the MS. 10,000*l.* PC.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth[1] I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws[2] defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

[1] "Well in worth." MS.
[2] So the folio MS. Other editions read "his laws."

XXIV. ARGENTILE AND CURAN

This piece is extracted from an ancient historical poem in thirteen books, intitled "Albion's England," by William Warner: "an author," says a former editor, "only unhappy in the choice of his subject and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit; in some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan]—a tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and in short one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with." (Muses Library, 1738, 8vo.) To his merit nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood,[1] to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalen hall: as also in the latter part of his life to have been retained in the service of Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained, by the following extract from the parish register book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the Editor by Mr. Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c.

[1608—1609.] "Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profession an atturnye of the Common Pleas; author of Albions England, diynge suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night beeinge the 9th daye of March; was buried the Satturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Ffader." (Signed) Tho. Hassall, Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age.[1] But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the era of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity; as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

> With that she dasht her on the lippes
> So dyed double red:
> Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
> Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of "Albion's England" here followed was printed in 4to. 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of "Argentile and Curan" is, I believe,

[1] Athen. Oxon.

the poet's own invention ; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan, a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c." By William Webster, London, 1617, in eight sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem. This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common ballad "of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the Collection of Historical Ballads, 1727, 3 vols. 12 mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned Alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

THE Brutons 'being' departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in divers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and King Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne ;
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes ;
By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine ;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine ;

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
To nourish, as thine owne,
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne ;
And then, as thou receivest it,
Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,
The testatòr he dies ;
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time
The damsell that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love;
But none might her obtaine;
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome sought to gaine;
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
His saint was kept in mewe;
Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye:

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was,
She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Not caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive;
At last his resolution was
Some pessant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye.[1]

The king, perceiving such his veine,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Assured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himselfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth;
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he mist)
The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court, or stately townes,
But solitarily to live
Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
Well pleased so to live,
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
Himselfe did wholly give.

[1] The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;" *i. e.* escaped from him, being off his guard.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
Grew almost to the waine:
But then began a second love,
The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
Where Curan kept his sheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
Was all the shepherds keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets[1] oft,
And of the bacon's fat, to make
His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend,
He left it at the folde:
Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the seasons fruit
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten straw
He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his saint,
He wip'd his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
And thus the shepheard wooes.

"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
As good as tooth may chawe,
And bread and wildings souling well,
(And therewithall did drawe

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning'[2] see
"Yon crumpling ewe," quoth he,
"Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
If I might tup with thee.

[1] *i.e.* holy-day russets. [2] "Eating." PCC.

"Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
Too elvish and too coy:
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
That such a flocke enjoy?

"I wis I am not: yet that thou
Doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
To all that keepe this plaine.

"There be as quaint (at least that thinke
Themselves as quaint) that crave
The match, that thou, I wot not why,
Maist, but mislik'st to have.

"How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,
Thou art a female) I,
Her know not here that[1] willingly
With maiden-head would die.

"The plowmans labour hath no end,
And he a churle will prove:
The craftsman hath more worke in hand
Then fitteth unto love:

"The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home:
A youth will play the wanton; and
An old man prove a mome.

"Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun
He doth his flocke unfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine
He merrie chat can hold;

"And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab,[2] or turnes a round,
Or sings some merry ryme.

"Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot;[3]
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed be got:

[1] "Her know I not her that." 1602. [2] *i. e.* roasts a crab, or apple.
[3] "To tell, whilst round the bole doth trot." Ed. 1597.

"Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow-cares:
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares;

"Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credit lost:
Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

"Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
More quiet nights and daies
The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he
Whose cattel he doth graize.

"Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
A man, and so am I:
Content is worth a monarchie,
And mischiefs hit the hie;

"As late it did a king and his
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
For fair a matchless wench."—
Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.
"She bore," quoth he, "the bell

"For beautie: though I clownish am,
I know what beautie is;
Or did I not, at seeing thee,
I senceles were to mis.

* * * * * *

"Her stature comely, tall; her gate
Well graced; and her wit
To marvell at, not meddle with,
As matchless I omit.

"A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
A forehead smooth, and hie,
An even nose; on either side
Did shine a grayish eie:

"Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
White just-set teeth within;
A mouth in meane; and underneathe
A round and dimpled chin.

"Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
Stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders: beating balles
Her veined breasts, anon

"Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
Her middle falling still,
And rising whereas women rise: * * *
—Imagine nothing ill.

"And more, her long, and limber armes
Had white and azure wrists;
And slender fingers aunswere to
Her smooth and lillie fists.

"A legge in print, a pretie foot;
Conjecture of the rest:
For amorous eies, observing forme,
Think parts obscured best.

"With these, O raretie! with these
Her tong of speech was spare;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,
The balle from Ide to bear.

"With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
Herselfe contends in face;
Wheare equall mixture did not want
Of milde and stately grace.

"Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
Were chearefull unto all:
Even such as neither wanton seeme,
Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

"A quiet minde, a patient moode,
And not disdaining any;
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and
Sweete faculties had many.

"A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
Might praise, might wish, might see;
For life, for love, for forme; more good,
More worth, more faire than shee.

" Yea such an one, as such was none,
Save only she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most,
Were to be silent much."

I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of such praise,
The neatresse said: and muse I do,
A shepheard thus should blaze
The 'coate' of beautie.[1] Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
But wherefore dost thou weepe?
The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doe silence keepe.

" In troth," quoth he, " I am not such,
As seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from myselfe digresse.

" Her loved I (wretch that I am
A recreant to be)
I loved her, that hated love,
But now I die for thee.

" At Kirkland is my fathers court,
And Curan is my name,
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
Till love countrould the same:

" But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
What ailest thou to weepe?"
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much,
That you did love so much:
But whom your former could not move,
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee,

[1] *i. e.* emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597. 1602. 1612. read "coote."

In passion not in person chang'd,
And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end,
Did tenderly imbrace;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land)
Then Curan had a hardier knight;
His force could none withstand:
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria,[1] and he wonne
Bernicia,[1] too in fight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

XXV. CORIN'S FATE

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from a small quarto manuscript in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

Corin, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger is the rocke:

[1] During the Saxon Heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria), which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate:
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;
Yet to speke will move disdaine:
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

***

XXVI. JANE SHORE

Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens: the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edward IV.

"Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had (above the value of two or three thousand marks), and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the manner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion, when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that

herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautless of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, going before the crosse in procession upon a Sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, than curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance than rejoiced therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than any virtuous affection.

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone; her husband an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed; which was happely the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her:[1] which in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain friendly faithfulness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that *now see her* (*for yet she liveth*) deme her never to have bene wel visaged: whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

"Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor full of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in

[1] After the death of Hastings she was kept by the Marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV.'s queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, October 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who, "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and *lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore*." Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xii. pag. 204.

three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil), she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke displeasure, she wold mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace: for many that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures, she gate men remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteme her only by that thei *now see her*. But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembered, in how much she is *now* in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste.[1] Which is not worst proved by her; for *at this daye* shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene."—See More's Workes, folio, black-letter, 1557, pp. 56, 57.

Drayton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lye. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III.

[1] These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakspeare that proverbial reflection in Hen. VIII. act iv. scene II.

> Men's evill manners live in brass: their virtues
> We write in water.

Shakspeare, in his play of Richard III. follows More's History of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, *commanded that no man should relieve her*, which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly."—See England's Heroical Epistles, by Michael Drayton, Esq. London, 1637, 12mo.

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of King Richard III. which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. number 433, article 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russel Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Chancellor, anno 1484.

By the KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you, that it is shewn unto us, that our servant and solicitor, Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: and if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by warrant of these, committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c.

"RIC. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same manuscript, that King Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor (article 134), and also the manor of Colmeworth, com. Bedf. to him and his heirs male (article 596).

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College, Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small quarto mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber.

The following ballad is printed, with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection. Its full title is, "The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime King Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of Live with me," &c. (See Series I. Book ii. No. 12.) To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

If Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witnesse welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe;
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, it was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be King Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto a promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;[1]
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives:
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

XXVII. CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden Garland of princely Delights."

The burthen of the song, "Ding dong," &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accom-

[1] But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly *shore*) or drain. See Stow.

panied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial dirge in Shakspeare's Tempest:

Full fadom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are corrall made;
Those are pearles that were his eyes:
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Harke, now I heare them, "Ding dong bell."
Burthen, "Ding, dong."

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till the obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths, that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell,
Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and natures skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will.[1]
Ding, &c.

[1] It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellowe:[1]
With her to grave shall go.*
Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green.
Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,[2]
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.
Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,
That e'er gave shepheard care."
Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede:
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

[1] See above, preface to No. xi. Series II. Book ii.
[2] This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

SERIES THE SECOND

BOOK III

I. THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE

I shall begin this Third Book with an old allegoric satire: a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of Pierce Plowman's Visions, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE WITHOUT RHYME, IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS

We learn from Wormius,[1] that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including Rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables; yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples.[2]

*M*eire og *m*innе — *G*ab *g*inunga
*M*ogu heimdaller — Enn *g*ras huerge.

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who, as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native

[1] Literatura Runica. Hafniæ, 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. Vid. Hickesii Præfat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon. & Moeso-Goth. 4to. 1689.

[2] Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. tom. i. p. 217.

poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-Saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters: [1]

*Sk*eop tha and *sk*yrede — *H*am and *h*eahsetl
*Sk*yppend ure. — *H*eofena rikes.

I know not, however, that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of Pierce Plowman's Visions, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.:

In a *s*omer *s*eason, | when 'hot' [2] was the *s*unne,
I *sh*ope me into *sh*roubs, | as I a *sh*epe were;
In *h*abit as an *h*armet | un*h*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *w*yde in thys world | *w*onders to heare, &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets: which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers whom it may gratify to mention, that these Visions of Pierce [*i. e.* Peter] the Plowman, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of twenty passus or breaks,[3] exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page.[4] The other is said to be

1 Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. tom. i. p. 217.

2 So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either 'soft,' as in MS. or 'set,' as in PCC.

3 The poem properly contains twenty-one parts. The word *passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though, by the ignorance of the printer, applied to the parts themselves. See Series III. Book i. preface to ballad 3, where *passus* seems to signify *pause*.

4 That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title page: nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowlye; the other thus, nowe the seconde time imprynted by Robert Crowley. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered, 39, 39, 41, 63, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

newlye imprynted after the authors olde copy . . . . by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled Pierce the Ploughman's Crede. It begins thus:

> Cros, and curteis Christ, this beginning spede
> For the Faders frendshipe, that fourmed heaven,
> And through the special Spirit that sprong of hem tweyne,
> And al in one godhed endles dwelleth.

The author feigns himself ignorant of his creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friars of St. Francis, the black friars of St. Dominic, the Carmelities or white friars, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of these reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living.[1] Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems,[2] two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is intitled The Sege of I'erlam, [*i. e.* Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

> In Tyberius tyme . the trewe emperour
> Sir Sesar hymself . be sted in Rome
> Whyll Pylat was provoste . under that prynce ryche
> And Jewes justice also . of Judeas londe
> Herode under empere . as herytage wolde
> Kyng, &c.

The other is intitled Chevalere Assigne [or De Cigne], that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient romance, beginning thus:

> All-weldynge God . when it is his wylle
> Wele he wereth his werke . with his owene honde
> For ofte harmes were hente . that helpe we ne myzte
> Nere the hyznes of hym . that lengeth in hevene
> For this, &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays[3] is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newlye translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyssaunt and illustryous prynce, Lorde Edward Duke of Buckynghame." This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this "highe dygne and illustryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of God Duke of Buckyngham, Erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, desyrynge cotydyally to

[1] Signature . Vii.

[2] Caligula A. ij. fol. 109. 123.

[3] K. vol. x.

encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the same, havyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculuos histori of a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant, sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady ; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only time ; at whose byrthe ech one of them had a chayne of sylver at their neckes, the whiche were all tourned by the provydence of God into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the swanne, *of whome linially is dyscended my sayde lorde.* The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of his hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde [1] to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . . at whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copeland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of God, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare english tonge after the capacitè and rudenesse of my weke entendement." A curious picture of the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under Leo X., the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous *knight of the swan.*[2]

To return to the metre of Pierce Plowman: In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, entitled "Death and Life," (in two fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs) which, for aught that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order I suppose to save room. It begins:

*Ch*rist *Ch*risten king,
that on the *c*rosse tholed ;
Hadd *p*aines and *p*assyons
to defend our soules ;
*G*ive us *gr*ace on the *gr*ound
the *gr*eatlye to serve,
For that *r*oyall *r*ed blood
that *r*ann from thy side.

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame Life," and the "ugly fiend Dame Death;" who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is:

Shee was *br*ighter of her *l*lee,
then was the *br*ight sonn :
Her *r*udd *r*edder than the *r*ose,
that on the *r*ise hangeth :
*M*eekely smiling with her *m*outh,
and *m*erry in her lookes ;
Ever *l*aughing for *l*ove,
as shee *l*ike would.

1 W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G.'s copy is ¶ Imprinted at London by me Wyllyam Copland.

2 He is said in the story book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13 Henry VIII.

And as shee came by the *b*ankes,
the *b*oughes eche one
They *l*owted to that *l*adye,
and *l*ayd forth their branches;
*B*lossomes and *b*urgens
*b*reathed full sweete;
*F*lowers *f*lourished in the *f*rith,
where shee *f*orth stepped;
And the *gr*asse, that was *gr*ay,
*Gr*eened belive.

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in No. vi. Series II. Book i., and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed in No. vi. above, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus:

*Gr*ant *gr*acious God,
*gr*ant me this time, &c.

It is intitled "Scottish Feilde" (in 2 fitts, 420 distichs), containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present, from his speaking in the first person plural:

Then WE *t*ild downe OUR *t*ents,
that *t*old were a thousand.

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself:

He was a *g*entleman by *J*esu,
that this *g*est[1] made:
Which *s*ay but as he *s*ayd[2]
for *s*ooth and noe other.
At *B*agily that *b*earne
his *b*iding place had;
And his ancestors of old time
have yearded[3] theire longe,
Before William *C*onqueror
this *c*untry did inhabitt.
Jesus *b*ring 'them'[4] to *b*lisse,
that *b*rought us forth of BALE,
That *h*ath *h*earkned me *h*eare
or *h*eard my TALE.

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that country appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys Earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley Bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

1 "Jest." MS.
2 Probably corrupted for—'*s*ays but as he *s*aw.'
3 "Yearded," *i. e. buried*, *earthed*, earded. It is common to pronounce "earth," in some parts of England, "yearth," particularly in the north. Pitscottie, speaking of James III. slain at Bannockbourn, says, "Nae man wot whar they *yearded* him."
4 "Us." MS. In line 32 on this page, the MS. has "bidding."

Thus we have traced the alliterative measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon poesy, usually given up as inexplicable. I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of Pierce Plowman.[1]

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form. The author of "Scottish Feild," we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme. This was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament; till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of "Little John Nobody" exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common burlesque Alexandrine, or anapestic verse,[2] now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following song of "Conscience," and in that well-known doggrel,

A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall.

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity. Their grand heroic verse of twelve syllables[3] is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript, like our anapestic, of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: but with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us

[1] And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

[2] Consisting of four anapests (∪ ∪ -) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of verse, which I also call the burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of eleven and fourteen syllables, the parents of our lyric measure), was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich); only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen:

The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,
Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and sutlie but vive:
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto.

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

[3] Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English, and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank verse, in his versions of the second and fourth books of the Æneid, 1557, 4to.

only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state,[1] as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this verse as the vehicle of their epic and tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to the more exact laws of scansion. They have therefore limited it to the number of twelve syllables; and by making the cæsura or pause as full and distinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both, however, depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other.[2]

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers. But making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give, by way of example, a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of "Life and Death." In these I shall denote the cæsura or pause by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

Lĕ sŭccĕs fŭt toŭjoūrs | ŭn ĕnfānt dĕ l'ăudāce;
All shăll dryĕ with thĕ dĭnts | thăt I dēal with my hānds.

L'hŏmmĕ prūdĕnt vŏit trōp | l'illūsiŏn lĕ sūit,
Yōndĕr dāmsĕl ĭs dēath | thăt drēssĕth hĕr tŏ smīte.

L'ĭntrĕpīdĕ vŏit mĭeux | ĕt lĕ fāntōme fŭit.[3]
Whĕn shĕ dōlefŭlly săw | hŏw shĕ dāng dōwne hĭr fōlke.

Mĕme aŭx yeūx dĕ l'ĭnjūste | ŭn ĭnjūste ĕst hŏrrĭblĕ.[4]
Thĕn shĕ căst ŭp ă cryĕ | tŏ thĕ hĭgh kĭng ŏf hēavĕn.

[1] Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with twelve, eleven, and even ten syllables. For though regularly it consists of four anapests (∪ ∪ -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third anapest, and sometimes from both; as in these instances from Prior, and from the following song of "Conscience:"

Whŏ hăs eĕr beĕn ăt Pārĭs, mŭst nēeds knŏw thĕ Grēve,
Thĕ fātăl rĕtrēat ŏf th' ŭnfŏrtŭnāte brāve.
Hĕ stēpt tŏ hĭm străight, ănd dĭd hĭm rĕquīre.

[2] See instances in "L'Hist. de la Poësie Françoise," par Massieu, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French verses.

[3] Catalina, A. 3.

[4] Boileau Sat.

Dŭ mĕnsōngĕ toŭjoūrs | lĕ vrāi dĕmēurĕ māitrĕ,
Thŏu shălt bĭttĕrlyĕ byē | ŏr ēlse thĕ bōokĕ fāilĕth.

Poŭr pārdĭtre hōnnĕte hōmme | ĕn ŭn mōt, Il fāut l'ĕtre.[1]
Thŭs I fāred thrōughe ă frythe | whĕre thĕ flōwĕrs wĕre mānyĕ.

To conclude: the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called blank verse: yet it has a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

This Essay will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's "History of English Poetry," vol. i. p. 309, being the fragment of a manuscript poem on the subject of "Alexander the Great," in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Number 44, in the Ashmol. manuscripts, containing twenty-seven passus, and beginning thus:

Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,
fayne wolde thei her [*i. e.* hear]
Some farand thing, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre (vol. iii. p. 305): viz.

I am a Sotherne [*i. e.* Southern] man,
I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter.

that the fondness for this species of versification, &c. was retained longest in the northern provinces: and that the author of "Pierce Plowman's Visions" is in the best manuscripts called "William," without any surname. See vol. iv. p. 74.

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old alliterative metre.

The first is in manuscript,[2] which begins thus:

*C*rist *c*rowned *k*yng, that on *c*ros didest,[3]
And art *c*omfort of all *c*are, thow[4] *k*ind go out of *c*ours,
With thi *k*alwes in *k*even *k*eried mote thu be,
And thy *w*orshipful *w*erkes *w*orshiped evre,
That *s*uche *s*ondry *s*ignes *s*hewest unto man,
In *d*remyng, in *d*recchyng,[5] and in *d*erke swevenes.

The author, from this proemium, takes occasion to give an account of a dream that happened to himself, which he introduces with the following circumstances:

[1] Boil. Sat. II.
[2] In a small 4to. MS., containing 38 leaves, in private hands.
[3] Didst die. [4] Though. [5] Being overpowered.

*O*nes y me *o*rdayned, as y have *o*fte doon,
With *f*rendes and *f*elawes, *f*rendemen, and other;
And *c*aught me in a *c*ompany on *C*orpus *C*hristi even,
*S*ix other [1] *s*even myle, oute of *S*uthampton,
To take *m*elodye and *m*irthes, among my *m*akes;
With *r*edyng of *romaunces*, and *r*evelyng among,
The *d*ym of the *d*erknesse *d*rewe me into the west;
And begon for to spryng in the grey day.
Than *l*ift y up my *l*yddes, and *l*oked in the sky,
And *k*newe by the *k*ende *c*ours, hit *c*lered in the est:
*B*lyve y *b*usked me down, and to *b*ed went,
For to comforte my *k*ynde, and *c*acche a slepe.

He then describes his dream:

Methought that y *h*oved on *h*igh on an *h*ill,
And loked *d*oun on a *d*ale *d*epest of othre;
Ther y *s*awe in my *s*ight a *s*elcouthe peple;
The *m*ultitude was so *m*oche, it *m*ighte not be nombred.
Methoughte y herd a *c*rowned *k*ing of his *c*omunes axe
A *s*oleyne [2] *s*ubsidie, to *s*usteyne his werres.

* * * * * *

With that a *c*lerk *k*neled adowne and *c*arped these wordes,
*L*iege *l*ord, yif it you *l*ike to *l*isten a while,
*S*ome *s*aws of *S*alomon y shall you shewe sone.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies "to susteyne his werres," I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of King Henry V. as the manuscript appears, from a subsequent entry, to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The alliterative metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian Library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

Heir begins the Tretis of the twa Marriit Wemen and the Wedo, compylit be Maister William Dunbar.[3]

Upon the *m*idsummer evven *m*irriest of nichtis
I *m*uvit furth alane quhen as *m*idnight was past
Besyd ane *g*udlie *g*rene *g*arth,[4] full of *g*ay flouris
*H*egeit [5] of ane *h*uge *h*icht with hawthorne treeis
Quairon ane *b*ird on ane *b*ransche so *b*irst out hir notis
That nevir ane *b*lythfuller *b*ird was on the *b*euche [6] hard, &c.

The author pretends to overhear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex. It is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after "Scottish Field" (described above in p. 102), which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about 500 lines.

[1] *i. e.* either, or. [2] Solemn.
[3] Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. from the MS. Collections of Sir R. Maitland of Lethington, knight." London, 1786, 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.
[4] Garden. [5] Hedged. [6] Bough.

But the current use of the alliterative metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of "Thomas the Rymer," "Marvellous Merling," &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. The first of them begins thus:

Merling sayes in his book, who will *r*ead *r*ight,
Although his *s*ayings be uncouth, they *s*hall be true found,
In the seventh chapter, read *w*hoso *w*ill,
One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c.

And the Prophesie of Beid:

Betwixt the chief of *s*ummer and the *s*ad winter;
Before the *h*eat of summer *h*appen shall a war
That *E*urop's lands *e*arnestly shall be wrought
And *e*arnest *e*nvy shall last but a while, &c.

So again the Prophesie of Berlington:

When the *r*uby is *r*aised, *r*est is there none,
But much *r*ancour shall *r*ise in *r*iver and plain,
Much *s*orrow is *s*een through a *s*uth-hound
That beares *h*ornes in his *h*ead like a wyld *h*art, &c.

In like metre is the prophesie of Waldhave:

Upon *L*owdon *l*aw alone as I *l*ay,
*L*ooking to the *L*ennox, as me *l*ief thought,
The first *m*orning of *M*ay *m*edicine to seek
For *m*alice and *m*elody that *m*oved me sore, &c.

And lastly, that intitled, the Prophesie of Gildas:

When holy kirk is *w*racked and *w*ill has no *w*it
And *p*astors are *p*luckt, and *p*il'd without *p*ity
When *i*dolatry *is in* ENS and RE
And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c.

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new-modelled, if not entirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the alliterative metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the metre of Pierce Plowman.

The following song, intitled, "The Complaint of Conscience," is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript: some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the reader wherever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'

As I walked of late by 'an'[1] wood side,
To God for to meditate was my entent;
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
With bloody teares his face was besprent,
His flesh and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stept to him straight, and did him require
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd 'me'[2] sit downe,
And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe;
My name is called Conscience:—wheratt he did frowne,
He pined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
'Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'[3]
'Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres,
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
For with the kings councell 'I'[4] sate in commission;
Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name;
And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition:
I was ever holden in honest condition,
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny, that was their fine;
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine:
I ruled the world with the right line:
For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,
But Conscience was called to bee at 'the'[5] end.

[1] "One." MS. [2] "Him." MS. [3] This verse not in MS.
[4] "He sate." MS. [5] "An end." MS.

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants wold make
But I was called a wittenesse therto:
No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did soe:
'And' that makes me live now in great woe,
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call'[1]
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:
They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my downe-fall;
So Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,[2]
And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed
To have had entertainment with some one or other;
But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to the Court the gallants to winn,
But the porter kept me out of the gate:
To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,
They bade me goe packe,[3] it was fitt for my state;
Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
With whom evermore I esteemed have been.

Then went I to London, where once I did 'dwell:'[4]
But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;
For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!
They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame:
They lought at my raggs, and there had good game;
This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt with Saint Peter:
But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth know;
I having but one poor pennye in my purse,
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;
'For' I thought better cobble shooes than doe worse.
Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
And whipp me out of towne to 'seeke'[5] where I was borne.

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:

[1] "They be these." MS. [2] "Was derided." MS.
[3] "Packe me." MS. [4] "Wonne." MS. [5] "See." MS.

Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,
For my name and the place agreed soe fit;
But there of my purpose I fayled a whit,
For 'thoughe' the judge us'd my name in everye 'commission,'[1]
The lawyers with their quillets wold get 'my'[2] dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;
Good lord! how the lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee!
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble;
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away,
Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?
We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And set thee on shore in the New-found land;
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us;
For when we wold reape profitt here thou woldst accuse us.

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on
To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;
Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
'Telling'[3] how their forefathers held me in fame:
And at letting their farmes 'how always I came.'
They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee curse:
'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore,
And sware that their landlords had plagued them so,[4]
That they were not able to keepe open doore,
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:
Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare.

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;

[1] "Condicion." MS.
[2] "Get a." MS.
[3] "And how." MS.
[4] "So sore." MS.

Who have vowed to company me to my grave,
Wee are 'all'[1] put to silence, and live upon weeds,
'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds;'[2]
Our banishment is its utter decay,
The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
To goe to the Clergie; for dailye they preach
Eche man to love you above all the rest;
Of Mercye, and Pittie, and Almes-'deeds,' they teach.
O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,
For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives almes[3] they will[4] give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away,
And prayed me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest;
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,
And then good 'house-keeping wold revive'[5] out of hand.

II. PLAIN TRUTH AND BLIND IGNORANCE

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, intitled "the Garland of Goodwill." IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH

GOD speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?
And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

1 "Ill." MS. 2 This line not in MS.
3 "Almes-deeds." MS.
4 We ought in justice and truth to read 'can.'
5 "Houses every where wold be kept." MS.

IGNORANCE

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,[1]
That zometimes che have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man;
Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
Thee was not worth a vart:
Vor when we had the old lawe,
A merry world was then;
And every thing was plenty
Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry, sayd the people,
And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of heav'n.

[1] *i. e.* faithen: as in the midland counties they say housen, closen, for houses, closes. A.

IGNORANCE

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine;
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul'd that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke;
'Tis too big to be true.
Our blessed ladyes psalter
Zhall for my money goe;
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,[1]
The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
For in that booke indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romish saint we read:
For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
As was the foolish masse.

[1] Probably alluding to the illuminated Psalters, Missals, &c.

IGNORANCE

Cham zure they were not voolishe
That made the masse, che trowe;
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
And vools no Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wise men,
And they did like it well;
Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell?

TRUTH

But many kinges and prophets,
As I may say to thee,
Have wisht the light that you have,
And could it never see:
For what art thou the better
A Latin song to heare,
And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere?

IGNORANCE

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim
To heare the vriers zinging,
As we did enter in:
And then to zee the rood-loft
Zo bravely zet with saints;—
But now to zee them wandring
My heart with zorrow vaints.

TRUTH

The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You should your self betake:
The golden calf of Israel
Moses did therefore spoile;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE

But our lady of Walsinghame
Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did shew to her complaint.
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe:
The holy maid of Kent[1] likewise
Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH

Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure;
And to the men that made them
So precious and so pure,
The one for being a traytoure,
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treason
Did end her hateful breath.

IGNORANCE

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you wille:
But zure they did much goodnesse;
Would they were with us stille!
We had our holy water,
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH

And all this while they fed you
With vain and empty showe,
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe;
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see
That headlong to damnation
They alway trained thee.

[1] By name Eliz. Barton, executed April 21, 1534. Stow, p. 570.

IGNORANCE

If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost zay to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
And passion of his Zon,
And with the zubtil papistes
Ich have for ever done.

III. THE WANDERING JEW

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity. It had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris: for in that year it seems there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered that the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the east: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster: why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstacy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew;" whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, vol. ii. book 3. let. 1. The story that is copied in the following

ballad is of one who appeared at Hamburg in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. The ballad, however, seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys Collection.

When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And scourg'd him to disgrace,
In scornfull sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place,
Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente:
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed.

With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor biding place:
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe;
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne,
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest," sayd hee, "but thou shalt walke,"
So doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change:

To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane:

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yield his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria.
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone:

If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christe againe.

If you had seene his death, saith he,
As these mine eyes hath done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes,
These are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

IV. THE LYE

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH

This poem is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled "Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie divided into sixe books. . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader." Lond. 1621, 12mo. This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake; for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608,[1] the other in 1611:[2] so that unless this poem was an after insertion in the 4th. edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter. Perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, p. 173, fol.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

[1] Catalogue of T. Rawlinson, 1727.
[2] Catalogue of Sion College Library. This is either lost or mislaid.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions ;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions ;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate ;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending ;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion ;
Tell love, it is but lust ;
Tell time, it is but motion ;
Tell flesh, it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour, how it alters :
Tell beauty, how she blasteth ;
Tell favour, how she falters ;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse ;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse ;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse ;
Tell skill, it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law, it is contention ;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse;
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth:
And, if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

V. VERSES BY KING JAMES I

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his majesty's poetic talents, some punning verses made on the disputations at Sterling: but it having been suggested to the Editor, that the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre;[1] it was thought proper to exchange them for two sonnets of King James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems we have selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the bathos.

[1] See a folio intitled "The Muses welcome to King James."

A Sonnet

ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON, PRINCE HENRY

From King James's Works in folio: where is also printed another called his Majesty's *own* sonnet. It would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that it was *not* his Majesty's *own* sonnet.

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as ever in HIS sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

A Sonnet

OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEWMARKET, IN JANUARY 1616

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's Works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this sonnet, which concludes with the finest anti-climax I remember to have seen.

How cruelly these catives do conspire!
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
Betwixt the cankred king of Creta land,[1]
That melancholy old and angry sire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire
Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd?[2]
But now his double face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

[1] Saturn. [2] Janus.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast:
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
Curs'd be that love and mought[1] continue short
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

VI. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

The common popular ballad of King John and the Abbot seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury." The Editor's folio manuscript contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted: it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above-mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, but of no great antiquity or merit, intitled, "King Olfrey and the Abbot."[2] Lastly, about the time of the Civil Wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune concerning "King Henry and a Bishop;" with this stinging moral:

Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind.

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy to 'the tune of Derry down."

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

[1] *i. e.* may it.

[2] See the Collection of Historical Ballads, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the "White Horse" in Berkshire, p. 15.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of all what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about:
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbott, the king he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,[1]
I did not thinke I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

[1] Meaning probably St. Botolph.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

* *
*

VII. YOU MEANER BEAUTIES

This little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known. Sir Henry Wotton, who, in that and the following year, was employed on several embassies in Germany in behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes; for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented him by the Emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," 1651, with some corrections from an old manuscript copy.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number, than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents: what's your praise,
When Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistris shal be seene
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
By virtue first, then choyce a queen;
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

VIII. THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks:
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

***

IX. SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE

When the Scottish Covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expense. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine clothes." (Lloyd's Memoirs.) When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries, however, attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, "Musarum Deliciæ: or the Muses' Recreation, containing

several pieces of poetique wit," 2d edition. By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith]. London, 1656, 12mo. (See Wood's Athenæ, ii. 397, 418.) In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase,
His money, which lately he spent-a,
But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;
At Barwick away it went-a.

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a,
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Wert-a;[1]
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe sh-te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

1 John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called *De Vert*. See Bayle's Dictionary.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back and more-a;
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

X. TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 228, and Lysons's Environs of London, vol. i. p. 109, where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems, intitled "Lucasta," 1649, 12mo. collated with a copy in the Editor's folio manuscript.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,[1]
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;

1 "With woe-allaying themes." MS. Thames is here used for water in general.

When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know so such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

XI. THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING CROSS

Charing-cross, as it stood before the Civil Wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the herse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: for, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Chaloner, suffered death, July 5, 1643. Vid. Athen. Ox. ii. 24.

Undone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe:
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
In the house, as they were sitting.

They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command, it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
For any thing I know,
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner,
Were hang'd for long agoe.
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still,
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the parliament.
An informer swore, it letters bore.
Or else it had been freed;
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily
To popery it was bent;
For ought I know, it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

*** Whitelocke says, "May 3, 1643, Cheapside cross and other crosses were voted down," &c. But this vote was not put in execution with regard to Charing-cross till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations on the Life, &c. of King Charles, viz. "Charing-cross, we know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and August. Part of the

stones were converted to pave before Whitehall. I have seen knife-hafts made of some of the stones, which, being well polished, looked like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an account of the pulling down Cheapside cross, in the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

XII. LOYALTY CONFINED

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." London, 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange. Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in manuscript, the other in the "Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems," 1671, 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,[1]
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?

[1] See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum. lib. iii. c. 28. Cic. de Offic. lib. i. c. 30. See also Val. Max. l. viii.

Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude;
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII. VERSES BY KING CHARLES I.

"This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose. Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648]. The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety."—Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. i.

It is in his "Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton," p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there intitled, "MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS."

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic." (See his History, 1763, 4to. vol. v. pp. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them.) These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed a little poem "on a quiet Conscience," printed in the "Poetical Calendar," 1763, vol. viii. is attributed to Charles I.; being reprinted from a thin 8vo. published by Nahum Tate, called "Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects."

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it *the Cause*,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they drew bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, *bless this church and state.*

XIV. THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice Collection of 120 loyal Songs," &c. 1684, 12mo. To the tune of Old Simon the king.

Rebellion hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well:

Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They're the sides of old committees,
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeeke higher,
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the *Rump* fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beesom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the roper's trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's stump.[1]
And has been safely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have took't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
To Rebellion by innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the *Rump's* great saddle
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt, and the bridle,
And curb of Dissimulation:
And here's the trunk-hose of the *Rump*,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd:
But Hell will buy that if the worst is.

[1] Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison, a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653.

Here's Joan[1] Cromwell's kitchin-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purse of the public faith;
Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.[2]
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,[3]
And here are his dray, and his slings:
Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles,[3]
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.
Says old Simon, &c.

XV. THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY

Given, with some corrections, from a manuscript copy, and collated with two printed ones in the Roman character in the Pepys Collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

[1] This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's houshold, &c. See Gent. Mag. for March 1718, p. 242.

[2] See Grey's Hudibras, Part I. canto ii. ver. 570, &c.

[3] Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grass lye down-a:
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir:
My gowne and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free
Among the cocks of hay, sir;
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, sir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a,
And, lady, if thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir:
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir:
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir;
And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, sir.

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wip'd it upon his sleeve-a:
And curs'd, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown-a;
And curs'd be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir;
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a:
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather:
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger:
How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his rich attyer;
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand:
She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover.

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drownded!

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling:
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her father's park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a:
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe, he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me!
What if I had in the river dy'd?—
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance;
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance.

Then pulling off his boots half-way;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters:
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had served soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled:
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir:
I'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle:
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a·
I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour:
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir:
Therefore a-cross the water come;
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, sir;
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I 've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure:
Then step a-cross to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words she had no sooner spoke,
But strait he came tripping over:
The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke;
And sous'd the unhappy lover.

***

XVI. WHY SO PALE?

From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song ix. of this Book.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

XVII. OLD TOM OF BEDLAM

MAD SONG THE FIRST

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers; we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen *mad songs* for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot with the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within the eighteenth century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies. With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Complete Angler, cap. 3, is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of 'The Hunter in his Career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note," p. 84. See Sir John Hawkins's curious edition, 8vo. of that excellent old book.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses,
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses:

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man:

In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye!
Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
A little drinke for charitye!
Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII. THE DISTRACTED PURITAN

MAD SONG THE SECOND

This piece was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty Bishop Corbet, and is printed from the third edition of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio manuscript.

Am I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
  Have put me in hope
  To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the college?
  Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
    Mitres, copes, and rochets;
  Come hear me pray nine times a day,
    And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel[1]
I had my education,
  Where my friends surmise
  I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash'd my four poor quarters;
  Whilst this I endure,
  Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxes martyrs.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's perswasion:
  Take off this chain,
  Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

[1] Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a seminary of Puritans.

* Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
If they let me alone
I'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster:
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,
With the lance of Inspiration;
I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision
With a flying book [1] between them.
I have been in despair
Five times in a year,
And been cur'd by reading Greenham.[2]
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's tables [3]
The black line of damnation;

[1] Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one *Coppe*, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen. vol. ii. p. 501. He was author of a book, intitled, "The Fiery Flying Roll:" and afterwards published a recantation, part of whose title is, "The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clipt," &c.

[2] See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract intitled "A sweet Comfort for an afflicted Conscience."

[3] See Perkins's Works, fol. 1616, vol. i. p. 11; where is a large half sheet folded, containing "A Survey or Table, declaring the Order of the Causes of Salvation and Damnation," &c. the pedigree of Damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

Those crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop,[1]
And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

XIX. THE LUNATIC LOVER

MAD SONG THE THIRD

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys Collection; both in black-letter.

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain:
I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again:

[1] Abp. Laud.

But if she prove peevish and proud,
Then, a pise on her love! let her go;
I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I say.
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
I never shall see her more:
Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout.
And smiles at my loud complaint.
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved awhile,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.

Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie :
Ah ! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.
To the Elysian shades I post
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

XX. THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE

MAD SONG THE FOURTH

This was originally sung in one of Tom D'Urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote, acted in 1694 and 1696 ; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty mad-woman as, 1. sullenly mad : 2. mirthfully mad : 3. melancholy mad : 4. fantastically mad : and 5. stark mad. Both this and No. xxii. are printed from D'Urfey's " Pills to purge Melancholy," 1719, vol. i.

From rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
Hither ye little wanton cupids fly ;
Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
With tender passion my heart's darling joy :
Ah ! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
With a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing
Were three celestial bodies :
With an air, and a face,
And a shape, and a grace,
I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
Death and despair must end the fatal pain:
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow:
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, and drown
Among the foaming billows?
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,
Lay down, lay down my love-sick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad;
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled, is fled,
Love has no power to charm.
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore!
A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI. THE DISTRACTED LOVER

MAD SONG THE FIFTH

This song was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of music at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and author of several little theatrical entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the "Companion to the Playhouse," &c. The sprightliness of this songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his "Poems," 4to. Lond. 1729, may be seen another mad song of this author, beginning thus:

Gods! I can never this endure,
Death alone must be my cure, &c.

I go to the Elysian shade,
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store:
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains!
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below!
Where yelling, and howling,
And grumbling, and growling,
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossey carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die and so have ease!

XXII. THE FRANTIC LADY

MAD SONG THE SIXTH

This, like No. xx. was originally sung in one of D'Urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote (first acted about the year 1694), and was probably composed by that popular songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vols. 1721, 12mo. where may be found two or three other mad songs not admitted into these volumes.

I BURN, my brain consumes to ashes!
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!
Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
'Tis sultry weather;
Pour them all on my soul,
It will hiss like a coal,
But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,
That first made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell;
And mourn now my fate,
Which myself did create:
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
Off, ye vain fantastic toys!
That dress this face—this body—to allure!
Bring me daggers, poison, fire!
Since scorn is turn'd into desire.
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII. LILLI BURLERO

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on

the [King's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." BURNET.

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious Papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in Bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.

"Lilliburleo" and "Bullen-a-lah" are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn,[1] it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.
Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard:
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no protestant heir.
Lilli, &c.

[1] "Ho by my soul." al. ed.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.
And we shall have commissions gillore.
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Lilli, &c.

[What follows is not in some copies.]

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and Ja--s is de ass.
Lilli, &c.

*** The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, intitled, "A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day," &c. Third edition. London, 1712, price 2*d*. See p. 5, viz. "A late Viceroy [of Ireland] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilliburlero song*, with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms."

XXIV. THE BRAES OF YARROW

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER

This was written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems, published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow:
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me:
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff, these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter:
And lye all night between my breists;
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy luver heeds none of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

XXV. ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

This was a party song written by the ingenious author of "Leonidas,"[1] on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England. He accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less party writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat;
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster
Rising from their watry grave.

[1] An ingenious correspondent informs the Editor, that this ballad hath also been attributed to the late Lord Bath.

O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford[1] rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,

[1] Admiral Vernon's ship.

To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

XXVI. JEMMY DAWSON

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746. This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq. soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a manuscript which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh, Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him prepar'd to view,
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

SERIES THE THIRD

BOOK I

An ordinary Song or Ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in SPECTATOR, No. 70.

1. POEMS ON KING ARTHUR, ETC.

The Third Series being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight strictures on the old metrical romances: a subject the more worthy attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of books of chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp.

ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, ETC.

I. The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be poetry and song. The praises of their gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of history. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events:[1] and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests.[2] The ancient Britons had their bards, and the Gothic nations their scalds or popular poets,[3] whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the bard, or scald, was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and, for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history.[4]

[1] Vid. Lasiteau Mœurs des Sauvages, t. ii. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.

[2] Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est) Tuistonem, &c. Tacit. Germ. c. 2.

[3] Barth. Antiq. Dan. lib. i. cap. 10.—Wormii Literatura Runica, ad finem.

[4] See "Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern Nations, translated from the French of M. Mallet," 1770, 2 vol. 8vo. (vol i. p. 49, &c.)

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these songs of the scalds or bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment and uncorrected by art.[1]

This seems to be the true origin of that species of romance which so long celebrated feats of chivalry, and which at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the Continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French romances, copied from the Greek.[2]

That our old romances of chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic bards and scalds, will be shewn below, and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the North, which exhibit all the seeds of chivalry before it became a solemn institution.[3] "Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies," was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shown.[4] But the ideas of chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people. That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the Northern nations.[5] These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.[6]

Even the common arbitrary fictions of romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient scalds of the north, long before the time of the crusades. They believed the existence of giants

1 Vid. infra, pp. 4, 5, &c.
2 Viz. Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia, &c.
3 Mallet, vid. Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 318, &c. vol. ii. p. 234, &c.
4 Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo, 1763.
5 Mallet.
6 The seeds of chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the northern nations, that it is not credible they arose so late as after the establishment of the feudal system, much less the crusades. Nor, again, that the romances of chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French romances of chivalry would have been on Moorish or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c. are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne, and the Paladins; or of our British Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, &c. being evidently borrowed from the fabulous Chronicles of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of Jeffery of Monmouth. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French romances are also on Norman subjects, as *Richard Sans-peur*, *Robert Le Diable*, &c.; whereas I do not recollect so much as one in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in *Amadis de Gaul*, said to have been the first romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain; and the manners are French: which plainly shews from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe.

and dwarfs;[1] they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of fairies;[2] they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and inchantment;[3] and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters.[4]

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the bards of Armorica,[5] and thus diffused through Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and the north. For it seems utterly incredible that one rude people should adopt a peculiar taste and manner of writing or thinking from another, without borrowing at the same time any of their particular stories and fables, without appearing to know any thing of their heroes, history, laws, and religion. When the Romans began to adopt and imitate the Grecian literature,

[1] Mallet, North. Antiquities, vol. i. p. 36; vol. ii. passim.
[2] Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga, pp. 44, 45. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. ii. p. 311. Northern Antiquities, vol. ii. passim.
[3] Ibid. vol. i. pp. 69, 374, &c.; vol. ii. p. 216, &c.
[4] Rollof's Saga. cap. 35, &c.
[5] It is peculiarly unfortunate that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting-place, to Armorica or Bretagne, the province in France from them most remote, not more in situation than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welsh inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and fables; being doubtless all of Celtic original. See p. 3. of the "Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe," prefixed to Mr. Tho. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. 1774, 4to. If any pen could have supported this darling hypothesis of Dr. Warburton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental* he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the north and south of Asia as having all the same manners, traditions, and fables; and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore every thing must be derived from them to the northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason, under the word *Occidental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the north and south of Europe to have been the same; and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia, the Druidic or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome.

There is not room here for a full examination of the minuter arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable dissertator endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W. who has been himself so completely confuted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. (See his notes on "Love's Labour Lost," &c.) But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention: such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jaguiouge* and *Magiouge* of the Arabians and Persians, &c. (p. 13.)—That "we may venture to affirm, that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welsh bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions." (p. 13.)—And that, "as Geoffrey's History is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous history, ascribed to Turpin, is the ground-work of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain; and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterize Geoffrey's History." (p. 17.)—That is, as he afterwards expresses it, "lavishly decorated by the Arabian fablers." (p. 58.) —We should hardly have expected that the Arabian fablers would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy; but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his fourth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. Sc. "The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly.—It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had sealed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club; and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France, &c." Vid. p. 18, Note.

they immediately naturalized all the Grecian fables, histories, and religious stories; which became as familiar to the poets of Rome as of Greece itself. Whereas all the old writers of chivalry, and of that species of romance, whether in prose or verse, whether of the northern nations, or of Britain, France, and Italy, not excepting Spain itself,[1] appear utterly unacquainted with whatever relates to the Mahometan nations. Thus with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else they confound them with the ancient Pagans, &c. And indeed in all other respects they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances: for as to dragons, serpents, necromancies, &c. why should these be thought only derived from the Moors in Spain so late as after the eighth century? since notions of this kind appear too familiar to the northern scalds, and enter too deeply into all the northern mythology, to have been transmitted to the unlettered Scandinavians, from so distant a country, at so late a period. If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For I believe one may challenge the maintainers of this opinion to produce any Arabian poem or history, that could possibly have been then known in Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of chivalry half so much as the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts; and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia, we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the North, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain, who for many centuries after their irruption lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry, or stories; and this, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours.

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the north, we can easily account for all the ideas of chivalry, and its peculiar fictions.[2] For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations,[3] their national and

[1] The little narrative songs on Morisco subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and which they call peculiarly *romances*, (see Series I. Book iii. No. 16, &c.) have nothing in common with their proper romances (or histories) of chivalry; which they call *Historias de Cavallerias*: these are evidently imitations of the French, and shew a great ignorance of Moorish manners: and with regard to the Morisco, or *song-romances*, they do not seem of very great antiquity: few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century: from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced, among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.

[2] See Northern Antiquities, passim.

[3] Ibid.

domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances. One might refer, in proof of this, to the old northern *Sagas* in general: but, to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800.[1] This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the lady should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it: he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was Orme, which in the Islandic language signifies serpent: wherefore the scalds to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. This fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life.[2]

With marvellous embellishments of this kind the scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution; but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the north, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth; and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history.[3]

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the minstrels still retained so much of their original institution as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs;[4] and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the minstrels.

II. The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient

1 Saxon Gram. p. 152, 153.—Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. i. p. 321.

2 See a Translation of this poem among "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," printed for Dodsley, 1764, 8vo.

3 Vid. Mallet, Northern Antiquities, passim.

4 The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was probably from this custom of the minstrels that some of our first historians wrote their chronicles in verse, as Robert of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

poets than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress, among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernible: they have some old pieces, that are in effect complete romances of chivalry.[1] They have also (as hath been observed) a multitude of sagas[2] or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse of various dates, some of them written since the times of the crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now as the irruption of the Normans[3] into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English romances of chivalry from the northern sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many scalds with him from the north, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These, adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their Pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose true history they set off and embellished with the scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and inchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England;[4] and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes,[5] and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred.[6] Now poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictions in France and England as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned.[7] This, together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us why the first romances of chivalry that appeared both in England and France[8] were composed in metre as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by

1 See a specimen in 2d vol. of Northern Antiquities, &c. p. 248, &c.

2 Eccardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711, p. 179, &c. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. ii. p. 314.

3 *i. e.* Northern Men: being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.

4 See the account of Taillefer in vol. i. Essay and Note.

5 Ipsa carmina memoriæ mandabant, & prælia inituri decantabant: qua memoria tam fortium gestorum à majoribus patratorum ad imitationem animus adderetur. *Jornandes de Gothis.*

6 Eginhartus de Carolo magno. "Item barbara, & antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus & bella canebantur, scripsit." *c.* 29.

Asserius de Ælfredo magno. "Rex inter bella, &c. . . . Saxonicos libros recitare, & maxime carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, aliis imperare, & solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime non desinebat." Ed. 1722, 8vo. p. 43.

7 See above, pp. 3. 9. &c.

8 The romances on the subject of Perceval, San Graal, Lancelot du Lac, Tristan, &c. were among the first that appeared in the French language in prose, yet these were originally composed in metre: The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de Perceval;* and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. No. 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Library, 3d Ed. p. 91, &c. —See also a curious collection of old French romances, with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978, 106.

minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people narrative songs on true or fictitious subjects had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed romances of chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer,[1] ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the romance tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called Romans or Romants; though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The romances of chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century.[2] I know not if the *Roman de Brut*, written in 1155, was such: But if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant.[3] And we have already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of chivalry.[4]

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen is that of Hornechild, described below, which seems not older than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry than the French, it is not certain that the first English romances were translated from that language.[5] We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations;[6] and though, after the Norman conquest, this country abounded with French romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round Table may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island; both the French and the Armoricans probably had them from Britain.[7] The stories of Guy and

1 The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope, p. 282.

2 Ibid. p. 283. Hist. Lit. tom. vi. vii.

3 Voi Preface aux "Fabliaux & Contes des Poetes François "des xii, xiii, xiv, & xv. siecles, &c. Paris, 1756, 3 tom. 12mo." (a very curious work.)

4 See the account of Taillefer in vol. i. Essay, and Note. And see Rapin, Carte, &c.—This song of Roland (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. "Un jour qu'on chantoit la Chanson de Roland, comme c'etoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit il [John K. of France, who died in 1364], qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands parmi les François. On y verroit encore des Rolands, lui repondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête." Vid. tom. iii. p. 202, des Essaies Hist. sur Paris de M. de Saintefoix, who gives, as his authority, *Boethius in Hist. Scotorum.* This author, however, speaks of the complaint and repartee as made in an assembly of the states (*vocato senatu*), and not upon any march, &c. Vid. Boeth. lib. xv. fol. 327. Ed. Paris, 1574.

5 See, on this subject, vol. i. Notes on the Essay on the Ancient Minstrels, (s a.) and (G G).

6 The first romances of chivalry among the Germans were in metre; they have some very ancient narrative songs (which they call *Lieder*) not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights *von der Tafel-ronde.* Vid. Goldasti Not. in Eginhart. Vit. Car. Mag. 4to. 1711, p. 207.

7 The Welsh have still some very old romances about King Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.

Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English minstrels.[1] On the other hand, the English procured translations of such romances as were most current in France; and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks many are doubtless of French original.

The first prose books of chivalry that appeared in our language were those printed by Caxton;[2] at least, these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his rhyme of Sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them.[3]

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume:

> Men speken of romaunces of pris
> Of Horn-Child, and of Ipotis
> Of Bevis, and Sire Guy
> Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,
> But Sire Thopas, he bereth the flour
> Of real chevalrie.[4]

Most if not all of these are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical histories and romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published, with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at epic poetry: and though full of the exploded fictions of chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the bards who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer; but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood; and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical romances, though far more popular in their time, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened, unluckily,

[1] It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the French romancers borrowed some things from the English appears from the word Termagant, which they took up from our minstrels, and corrupted into Tervagaunte. See vol. i. p. 113, and Gloss. "Termagant."

[2] Recuyel of the Hystoryes of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Boloyne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The Life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old minstrelsy wore out, prose books of chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish romances began to be translated into English, towards the end of Q. Elizabeth's reign: then the most popular metrical romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

[3] See extract from a letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr. Warton's Observations, vol. ii. p. 139.

[4] Canterbury Tales (Tyrwhitt's Edit.), vol. ii. p. 238.——In all the former editions, which I have seen, the name at the end of the 4th line is *Blandamoure*.

that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been, for the most part, men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient epic songs of chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, though buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses: It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood if these are neglected: It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which, without their help, must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of King John our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I. which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, act. i. sc. 1.

> "Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .
> Against whose furie and unmatched force,
> The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,
> Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand:
> He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts
> May easily winne a woman's: "——

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old romance of Richard Ceur de Lyon,[1] in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childishly done in the prose books of chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of "a palmer in Almayne," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, "if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?" and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, "held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jawbone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter, having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's

[1] Dr Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle: As it was doubtless originally had from the romance, this is proof that the old Metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose: many of our ancient historians have recorded the fictions of romance.

resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the combat begins:

The kever-chefes[1] he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wonde;
And thought in that ylke while,
To slee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,
And the lyon them amonge;
His paws were stiffe and stronge.
The chambre dore they undone,
And the lyon to them is gone.
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lorde Jesu!
The lyon made to hym venu,
And wolde hym have all to rente;
Kynge Rychard besyde him glente[2]
The lyon on the breste him spurned,
That aboute he tourned,
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre;
He loked aboute as he were madde;
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cryde lowde, and yaned[3] wyde.
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,
In at the throte his honde he gerte,
And rente out the herte with his honde,
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
Rycharde felte no wem,[4] ne wounde.
He fell on his knees on that place,
And thanked Jesu of his grace.

* * * * * *

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne.

That distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in King Lear, act 3, sc. 4.

Mice and rats and such small deere
Have been Tom's food for seven long yeare,

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer;* and another *cheer*.[5] But the ancient reading is established by the old romance of Sir Bevis, which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

Rattes and myse and such small dere
Was his meate that seven yere.

Sign. F. iii.

III. In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends; to which I refer him for

[1] *i. e.* Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. "Couvre le Chef."
[2] *i. e.* slipt aside.
[3] *i. e.* yawned.
[4] *i. e.* hurt.
[5] Dr. Warburton.—Dr. Grey.

farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of epic poetry. I shall select the romance of Libius Disconius,[1] as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an epic poem may be defined "[2] A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration, and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him:" I know not why we should withhold the name of epic poem from the piece which I am about to analyse.

My copy is divided into nine parts or cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

PART I

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the hero is described; a natural son of Sir Gawain a celebrated knight of King Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures: therefore cloathing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to King Arthur's court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore King Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young princess, "the Lady of Sinadone" their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents; the messengers are dissatisfied, and object to his youth; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

PART II

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for King Arthur's court: is met by three knights, his kinsmen; who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius; but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded; yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields; Sir Lybius sends them all to King Arthur. In the third evening he is awaked by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

[1] So it is intitled in the Editor's MS. But the true title is *Le beaux disconus*, or The Fair Unknown. See a Note on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 333.

[2] Vid. "Discours sur la Poesie Epique," prefixed to Telemaque.

PART III

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued lady (an earl's daughter) tells him her story; and leads him to her father's castle; who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to King Arthur.

PART IV

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads; and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his lemman or mistress, challenges all comers. he that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white faulcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: in the morning goes to challenge the faulcon. The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to just in the market place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage: the combat described at large: Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the faulcon to King Arthur; and receives back a large present in florins. He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

PART V

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her: Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his followers: they go in quest of Sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to King Arthur.

PART VI

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a battle ensues: the giant described: the several incidents of the battle; which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded; put to flight; slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle: falls in love with him; and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

PART VII

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him; and upbraids him with his vice and folly: he is filled with remorse, and

escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone: is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They just: the constable is worsted: Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle: he declares his intention of delivering their lady; and inquires the particulars of her history. "Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her inchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."

PART VIII

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the inchanted palace. He alights in the court: enters the hall: the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table: on a sudden all the lights are quenched: it thunders, and lightens: the palace shakes; the walls fall in pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded: but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers. He gets to his steed: a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune: he loses his weapon; but gets a sword from one of the necromancers, and wounds the other with it: the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

PART IX

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by inchantment: at length he finds him, and cuts off his head: he returns to the palace to deliver the lady; but cannot find her: as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck and kisses him: then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the Lady of Sinadone, and was so inchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The Knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer; makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, if would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV. I shall conclude this prolix account, with a list of such old *Metrical Romances* as are still extant; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The Romance of *Horne Childe* is preserved in the British Museum, where it is intitled þe ȝeste of kyng Horne. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253, p. 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus:

All heo ben blyþe
þat to my sonȝ ylyþe:
A sonȝ ychulle ou sinȝ
Of Allof þe ȝode kynȝe,[1] &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry [W. 4. 1.] No. xxxiv. in seven leaves or folios,[2] intitled, *Hornchild and Maiden Rinivel*, and beginning thus:

Mi leve frende dere,
Herken and ye may here.

2. The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, fo. 77, but is rather a religious legend than a romance. Its beginning is:

He þat wyll of wysdome here
Herkeneth now ze may here
Of a tale of holy wryte
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseth hyt.

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of Bevis, being quoted in it.[3] An account of this old poem is given in Series I. Book ii. No. 1. To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library,[4] the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8.——In Ames's Typog. p. 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The first MS. begins:

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349.) It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which begins thus:

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick*: viz. No. xviii. containing twenty-six leaves, and xx. fifty-nine leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. The Romance of *Rembrun* son of Sir Guy; being No. xxi. in nine leaves: this is properly a continuation of the History of *Guy*: and in art. 3, the Hist. of Rembrun follows that of Guy as a necessary part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of Rembrun begins thus:

Jesu that erst of mighte most
Fader and Sone and Holy Ghost.

1 *i. e.* May all they be blithe, that to my song listen: A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king, &c.

2 In each full page of this vol. are forty-four lines, when the poem is in long metre: and eighty-eight when the metre is short, and the page in two columns.

3 Sign. K. 2. b.

4 For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalogue of MSS. 1697, vol. ii. p. 394; in Appendix to Bishop Moore's MSS. No. 690, 33, since given to the University of Cambridge.

Before I quit the subject of Sir *Guy*, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his Baronage (vol. i. p. 243, col. 2), the fame of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV. travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Sarazens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, "whose story they had in books of their own language," invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants.

6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in Series I. Book iii. No. 1. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge; viz. in the public Library,[1] and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9. (5.)— The first of these begins:

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale.

There is also a copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS. No. xxii. consisting of twenty-five leaves, and beginning thus:

Lordinges herkneth to mi tale,
Is merier than the nightengale.

The printed copies begin different from both: viz.

Lysten, Lordinges, and hold you styl.

7. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus*, or *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317.) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,
And his mother that sweete thinge,
Helpe them at their neede,
That will listen to my tale,
Of a Knight I will you tell,
A doughty man of deede.

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2. fol. 40), but containing such innumerable variations, that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Disconus*, or the Fair Unknown. The first line is,

Jesu Christ our Savyour.

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamoure*, no romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word *Blaundemere* occurs in the romance of *Libius Disconius*, in the Editor's folio MS. p. 319, he thought the name of *Blandamoure* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had then seen) might have some reference to this. But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr. Tyrrwhitt, is more remote.

8. *Le Morte Arthure* is among the Harl. MSS. 2252, § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanley thinks it no

[1] No. 690, § 31. Vid. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

older than the time of Henry VII. but it seems to be quoted by Syr Bevis (Sign. K ij b). It begins,

Lordinges that are leffe and deare.

In the Library of Bennet College, Cambridge, No. cccli. is a MS. intitled, in the catalogue, *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents.

9. In the Editor's folio MS. are many songs and romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, (p. 24) in stanzas of four lines, beginning:

'Come here,' my cozen Gawaine so gay.

The Turks and Gawain (p. 38), in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

Listen lords great and small.[1]

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also Series I. Book i. No. 1, 2, 4, 5.

In the same MS. (p. 203) is the *Greene Knight*, in two parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

List: wen Arthur he was k:

10. *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448, in distichs:

Listen: to me a little stond.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's heroes were among the Greeks; for, as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible, and *Ajax* rough; so *Sir Gawain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "*Sir Gawain with his olde curtesie*," is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his Squire's Tale. Canterb. Tales, vol. ii. p. 104.

11. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old romance concerning another of King Arthur's knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. f. 33. This is a translation from the French,[2] made by one *Thomas Chestre*, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Henry VI. (See Tanner's Biblioth.) It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins:

Be douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some minstrel into the romance

[1] In the former editions, after the above, followed mention of a fragment in the same MS. intitled, *Sir Lionel*, in distichs (p. 32); but this being only a short ballad and not relating to King Arthur, is here omitted.

[2] The French original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978, § 112 *Lanval*.

of *Sir Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was more generally known.[1] This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60, beginning thus:

Doughty in King Arthures dayes.

12. *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS. p. 124.) is a well invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's. This, which was inadvertently omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus:

It fell sometimes in the land of Beame.

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts, (preserved in the same folio MS. p. 145) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British prophet. In this poem the *Saxons* are called *Sarazens;* and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady.*" It is in distichs, and begins thus:

He that made with his hand.

There is an old romance *Of Arthour and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems: I know not whether it has any thing in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume numbered xxiii., and extends through fifty-five leaves. The two first lines are,

Jesu Crist, heven king,
Al ous graunt gode ending.

14. *Sir Isenbras* (or as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Isumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given in Series I. Book iii. No. 8. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class A. 9. (2) and also in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 12. (f. 128). This is extremely different from the printed copy, e. g.

God þat made both erþe and hevene.

15. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient romance, is preserved in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus:

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

16. *Chevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton Library, has been already described in the Essay on P. Plowman's Metre, &c., Series II. Book iii. No. 1, as hath also

17. *The Sege of Jêrlam* (or Jerusalem), which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the romances; as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume, viz.

18. *Owaine Myles*, (fol. 90) giving an account of the wonders of St.

[1] See Laneham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth, 1575, 12mo. p. 34.

Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. (sub. ann. 1153.)—It is in distichs beginning thus:

God þat is so full of myght.

In the same manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the romances, but being rather religious legends, I shall barely mention them; as, *Tundale*, f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eustache*, f. 136.

19. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient romance of chivalry, is in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, and 5, rhyme together, as do the 4 and 6. It begins thus:

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Cambridge,[1] is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently:

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

20. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same volume with the foregoing, both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 295,) where it is divided into six parts.—A printed copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. and also among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. x. It is in distichs, and begins thus:

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's volume (p. 210), and in the public Library at Cambridge, (690, § 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394.)—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays, in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin:

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge.

The Cambridge copy thus:

Heven blys that all shall wynne.

22. *Sir Degree* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title), in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371, and in the public Library at Cambridge (ubi supra.)—A printed copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. and among Mr. Garrick's plays, K. vol. ix.—The Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin:

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl.

The Cambridge MS. has it:

Lystenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.

23. *Ipomydon* (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252, (44). It is in distichs, and begins:

[1] No. 690 (30). Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, K k 3. 10. is an old imperfect printed copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his Rhyme of Thopas.[1]—Mr. Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K. vol. ix. It begins:

It was a squyer of lowe degre,
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

25. *Historye of K. Richard Cure* [*Cœur*] *de Lyon* (Impr. W. de Worde, 1528, 4to.) is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems, No. xxxvii. in two leaves. A large extract from this romance has been given already above. Richard was the peculiar patron of chivalry, and favourite of the old minstrels, and Troubadours. See Warton's Observ. vol. i. p. 29.; vol. ii. p. 40.

26. Of the following I have only seen No. xxvii, but I believe they may all be referred to the class of romances.

The *Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel* (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Sheld. a printed copy). This Mr. Warton thinks is the story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's letters (v. i. s. 6. l. 20. See Wart. Obs. v. ii. p. 40). The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Cambridge (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. tom. ii. p. 394), viz. *The Lay of Erle of Tholouse*, (No. xxvii), of which the Editor hath also a copy from "Cod. MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon." The first line of both is,

Jesu Chryste in Trynyte.

28. *Roberd Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily), shewing the fall of pride. Of this there is also a copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703 (3). The Cambridge MS. begins:

Princis that be prowde in prese.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus:

As ferre as men ride or gone.

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning:

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amys and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386, § 42) is an old romance of chivalry; as is also, I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belesant, the duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. vol. ii.

[1] This is alluded to by Shakespeare in his Henry V. (Act 5.) where Fluellyn tells Pistol, he will make him a squire of low degree, when he means to knock him down.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates' Library, W. 4. 1), might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole volume contains not fewer than thirty-seven poems or romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations, and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow;[1] viz.

An old romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Louth;* query) being in the volume, No. xxvii, in five leaves, and wants the beginning.

33. Another romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, intitled, *Otuel a Knight* (No. xxviii, in eleven leaves and a half). The two first lines are:

Herkneth both zinge and old,
That willen heren of battailes bold.

34. *The King of Tars* (No. iv, in five leaves and a half; as is also in the Bodleian Library, MS. Vernon, f. 304) beginning thus:

Herkneth to me both eld and zing,
For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A tale or romance (No. i, two leaves) that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are:

Th Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that the knicht him haden y told.
The Baronnis that were of mikle pris. befor him thay weren y-cald.

36. Another mutilated tale or romance (No. iii, four leaves). The first lines at present are:

To Mr. Steward will y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the
Reseyved bestow sone anon, gif zou will serve and with hir be.

37. A mutilated tale or romance (No. xi, in thirteen leaves). The two first lines that occur are:

That riche Dooke his fest gan hold
With Erls and with Baronns bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious manuscript, without acknowledging, that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Blair, the ingenious professor of Belles Lettres, in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list.

To the preceding articles, two ancient metrical romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's "Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions." Lond. 1792, in 3 vols. 8vo. viz.

[1] Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

38. *Gawan and Gologras*, a metrical romance, from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo. beginning,

In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me tald.

It is in stanzas of thirteen lines.

39. *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, a metrical romance, in the same stanzas as No. xxxviii, from an ancient MS. beginning thus:

In the time of Arthur an aunter [1] betydde
By the Turnwathelan, as the boke tells;
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror kyd, &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c. and in the termination of each stanza the short triplets of the Turnament of Tottenham) are judged to be as old as the time of our King Henry VI., being apparently the production of an old poet, thus mentioned by Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris:"

"Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,
"That made the aventers of Sir Gawane."

It will scarce be necessary to remind the reader, that *Turne-wathelan* is evidently *Tearne-Wadling*, celebrated in the old ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine. See the concluding Note to No. 4, Series I. Book i, and No. 19, Series I. Book iii.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles, might be added to the foregoing list from Mr. Warton's "History of English Poetry," 3 vols. 4to., and from the notes to Mr. Tyrwhitt's improved edition of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," &c., in 5 vols. 8vo., which have been published since this Essay, &c. was first composed; but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious reader to those popular works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious "History of Music," &c. in 5 vols. 4to. as also in Dr. Burney's History, &c. in 4 vols. 4to.

I. THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

This is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the Mantle and the Knife have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these

[1] *i. e.* Adventure.

evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's Girdle, b. iv. c. 5. st. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or else asunder teare.

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when

—— Being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no means they could it thereto frame,
For ever as they fastend it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she herself did think it done for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame:
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same,
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.
Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre.
And having it about her middle set
Did find it fit withouten breach or let
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.
But Florimel exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand, &c.

As for the trial of the Horne, it is not peculiar to our poet: It occurs in the old romance, intitled "Morte Arthur," which was translated out of French in the time of King Edward IV. and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42, &c. See Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queen, &c.

The story of the Horn in Morte Arthur varies a good deal from this of our poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract. "By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to King Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, shee might drink peaceably: and because of queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto King Arthur." This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes "his qeene drinke thereof and an hundred ladies moe, and there were but four ladies of all those that drank cleane," of which number the said queen proves not to be one. (Book II. chap. 22. Ed. 1632.)

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for Queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than in the old histories and romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was

evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband." Vol. i. p. 93.

*** Such readers as have no relish for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this ballad at the end of this volume.

In the third day of may,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdome.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brouches'[1] and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

God speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly Queene Guénever,
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;
I hett you all to 'heede'[2];
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread.

He plucked out of his 'poterner,'[3]
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, King Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

Itt shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amisse.
Then every knight in the kings court
Began to care for 'his.'[4]

1 "Branches." 2 "Heate." MS.
3 "Poterver." MS. 4 "His wiffe." MS.

Forth came Dame Guénever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied;'[1]
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle;
She stoode as shee had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it 'gule;'[2]
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was it wadded:
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke
And bore the worst hue:
By my troth, quoth King Arthur,
I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker,
That clothe that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,
Under a greene tree;
Then in King Arthurs court
Shamed for to bee.

Kay called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about;
Then was shee bare
"Before all the rout."

[1] "Rided." MS. [2] "Gaule." MS.

Then every knight,
That was in the kings court,
Talked, laughed,[1] and showted
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse
Willingly to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
Shee had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed:
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in;
Saith, Winnie this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shal be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine.

Forth came Craddockes ladye
Shortlye and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

[1] "Lauged." MS.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt:
Shee said, bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Before he marryed mee.

When shee had her shreeven,
And her sines shee had tolde;
The mantle stoode about her
Right as shee wold:

Seemelye of coulour
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold.

Then spake Dame Guénever
To Arthur our king;
She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right,[1] but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,
That maketh her self soe 'cleane?'[2]
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men fiveteene;

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene:[3]
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane.

Then spake the little boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, King, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is to bold:

Shee is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold:
King, in thine owne hall
Thou art a cuckold.

1 "Wright." MS. 2 "Cleare." MS. 3 "By deene." MS.

The litle boy stoode
Looking out a dore;
'And there as he was lookinge
'He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore,
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
Fast thither that he ran:
He brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetstone:
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child
Stood looking upon them;[1]
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a little knive
Of iron and of steele;
He britled[2] the bores head
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morssell.

The litle boy had a horne;
Of red gold that ronge:
He said, there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he shold it sheede
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

[1] "Them upon." MS. [2] "Birtled." MS.

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such a lovely ladye
God send her well to speede.

II. THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

This is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's manuscript, which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his Wife of Bath's Tale. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the Fragment itself will be found printed at the end of this volume.

PART THE FIRST

King Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright in bowre:
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round:
Before them came a faire damsèlle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthùre,
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and mee.

At Tearne-Wadling[1] his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudlye rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
May pass that castle-walle:
But from that foule discurteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befalle.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barone 'twas our harde happe,
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bare my love,
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, King Arthùre
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted King Arthùre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barone,
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar:
Goe saddle mee my steede;
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barone
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge
Benethe the castle walle:
"Come forth; come forth; thou proude barone,
Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stoode,
And fenc'd with many a spelle:
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
But straite his courage felle.

[1] "Tearne-Wadling" is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. Tearn, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felte the charme:
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, King Arthùre,
Now yielde thee unto mee:
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
Noe better termes maye bee,

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,
And promise on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
Upon the new-yeare's daye:

And bringe me worde what thing it is
All women moste desyre:
This is thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes,
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And sware upon his faye,
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barône,
And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
Some rayment, fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; some flatterye;
And some a jollye knighte.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And seal'd them with his ringe:
But still his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He saw a ladye sette
Betweene an oke, and a green holléye,
All clad in red[1] scarlette.

[1] This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Cant. Tales, says of the wife of Bath:

Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin stoode all awrye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haires, like serpents, clung aboute
Her cheekes of deadlye hewe:
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the king in seemelye sorte
This ladye was fulle faine:
But King Arthùre all sore amaz'd,
No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd,
That wilt not speake to mee;
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,
And helpe me in my neede;
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,
And promise on thy faye;
And here the secrette I will telle,
That shall thy ransome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And sware upon the roode:
The secrette then the ladye told,
As lightlye well shee cou'de.

Now this shall be my paye, sir king,
And this my guerdon bee,
That some young fair and courtlye knight,
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked King Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
And soone he founde the barone's bowre:
And soone the grimme baroùne.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee stoode bothe stiffe and stronge;
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yielde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, sir king,
Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proud barône,
I pray thee hold thy hand;
And give me leave to speake once more
In reskewe of my land.

This morne, as I came over a more,
I saw a lady sette
Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red scarlètte.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille,
This is their chief desyre;
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her!
The carlish baron swore:
Shee was my sister tolde thee this,
And shee's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
To do her as ill a turne:
For an ever I may that foule thiefe gette,
In a fyre I will her burne.

PART THE SECONDE

Homewarde pricked King Arthùre,
And a wearye man was hee;
And soone he mette Queene Guenever,
That bride so blight of blee.

What newes! what newes! thou noble king,
Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?
Where hast thou hung the carlish knighte?
And where bestow'd his head?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,
And free fro mortal harme:
On magicke grounde his castle stands,
And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
And yielde me to his hand:
And but for a lothly ladye, there
I sholde have lost my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
And sorrowe of my life;
I swore a yonge and courtlye knight,
Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him Sir Gawàine,
That was ever a gentle knighte:
That lothly ladye I will wed;
Therefore be merrye and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawàine;
My sister's sonne yee bee;
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt, and turn'd outwàrde;
Her chin stands all awrye;
A worse form'd ladye than she was
Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,
And shee be foul to see;
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,
And I'll thy ransome bee.

Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawàine;
And a blessing thee betyde!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,
To cover our intent;
And wee'll away to the greene forèst,
As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoste of the companye
There rode the stewarde Kaye:

Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keene;
Sir Tristram, too, that gentle knight,
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,
Beneathe a faire holley tree
There sate that ladye in red scarlètte
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, sayde Sir Gawàine,
And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongst us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I' the devil's name anone;
Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth shee shall be none.

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some took up their houndes;
And sayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him King Arthùre,
And sware there by this daye;
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not saye her naye.

Peace, lordings, peace; Sir Gawaine sayd;
Nor make debate and strife;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessing be thy meede!
For as I am thine own ladyè,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then up they took that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe;
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye:
"Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord,
Come turne to mee I praye."

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen was blacke as sloe:
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire,
Lying upon the sheete:
And swore, as he was a true knighte,
The spice was never soe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side:
"The fairest flower is not soe faire:
Thou never can'st bee my bride."

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The same whiche thou didst knowe,
That was soe lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,
And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or else by daye,
Shall I be foule or faire?

"To have thee foule still in the night,
When I with thee should playe!
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye."

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not goe with mine!

"My faire ladyè," Sir Gawaine sayd,
"I yield me to thy skille;
Because thou art mine owne ladyè
Thou shalt have all thy wille."

Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawàine,
And the daye that I thee see ;
For as thou seest mee at this time,
Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced soe,
He tooke to wife a false ladyè,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the green forèst to dwelle ;
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses ; woods, and wilds ;
To lead a lonesome life :
Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte
Wolde marrye me to his wife :

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille ;
Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge ;
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turnde to righte ;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee be a gentle knighte.

* * *

III. KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned : "A minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this :

"So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not." The story in Morte Arthur, whence it is taken, runs as follows: "Came a messenger hastely from King Ryence of North Wales, saying, that King Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off—wherefore the messenger came for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said King Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that or it be long he shall do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." Book i. c. 24. See also the same romance, Book i. c. 92.

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's Hist. B. x. c. 3. which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly-Olb. Song 4. and by Spenser in Faer. Qu. 6. l. 13, 15. See the Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 223.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p. 197. The second in the Letter above mentioned. And the third inserted in manuscript in a copy of Morte Arthur, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.

Stow tells us, that King Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet in Somersetshire." This Camalet, "sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a very high tor or hill, &c." See an exact description in Stow's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 55.

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,
  King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene Dame Guenever the gay;
  And many bold barons sitting in hall;
  With ladies attired in purple and pall;
And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*[1]

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
  Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;
With Steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
  Sayd, Nowe sir King Arthur, God save thee and see!
  Sir Ryence of North-Gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

1 "Largesse, Largesse." The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See "Memoires de la Chevalerie," tom. i. p. 99. The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
With eleven kings beards bordered [1] about,
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:
This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;
Princes puffd; barons blustred; lords began lower;
Knights stormed: squires startled, like steeds in a stower;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still:
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight;
Of wine and wassel he had his wille:
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-Gales; where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye,
Whether he, or King Arthur will prove the best barbor;
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalàbor.

* * * * * *

*** Strada, in his Prolusions, has ridiculed the story of the Giant's Mantle, made of the beards of kings.

IV. KING ARTHUR'S DEATH

A FRAGMENT

The object of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance Morte Arthur, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the

[1] *i. e.* set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of Magistrates.

old Welsh bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveied awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever." Holinshed, B. v. c. 14.; or, as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493, by Ger. de Leew, "The Bretons supposen, that he [K. Arthur] shall come yet and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the prophicye of Merlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall be doubteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more; for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede." See more ancient testimonies in Selden's Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song 3.

This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect in the original manuscript, hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of "Morte Arthur."

* * * * * *

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,[1]
And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The king then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

[1] Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad. See the next Ballad, ver. 73.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthure chose,
The best of all that with him were :
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee :
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe ;
The beste of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee ;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his unkle [1] truste,
Nor he his nephewe,[1] sothe to tell :
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte ;
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte ;

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee :
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there ;
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe ;
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye ;
Till of soe manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye :
Ay mee ! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

[1] The folio MS. reads "father" . . . . . "sonne."

Upon King Arthur's own partyè,
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and scattered on the molde;
The teares fast trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reste yee all, brave knights, he said,
Soe true and faithful to your trust:
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe:
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he shall abye:
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke;
O staye for love and charitìe;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthye wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straite he grasp'd his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas! then sayd the noble king,
That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee!

He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye;
Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
The king his speare he through him thrust;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe;
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree:
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
Sir knighte, thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,[1]
That hangs so freelye by my syde:

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe:
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better neer had valiant knighte,
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapd the bloody feelde:
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he:
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilte of precious stone;
And ever alacke! then sayd the knighte,
Must such a sword awaye be throwne?

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?
Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

1 More commonly called "Caliburn." In the folio MS. "Escalberd."

O goe againe, then said the kinge,
O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabberd in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?
Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,
Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knighte soe false can bee?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword, that wins thine eye?
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge:
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
And flourishd three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote bee:
Then hastend backe to telle the kinge;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him spye:[1]
But hee saw a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.[2]

[1] "See." MS.

[2] Not unlike that passage in Virgil:

Summoque ululârunt vertice nymphæ.

"Ladies" was the word our old English writers used for "nymphs:" as in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio manuscript:—

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.

***

V. THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

We have here a short summary of King Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance Morte Arthur. The ancient Chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 206.) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the manuscript, and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced, viz. that beginning at v. 49, which in the manuscript followed v. 36.

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio manuscript.

OF Brutus'[1] blood, in Brittaine borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;
I am a christyan bore:
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,[2]
Over Brittaine I did rayne,
After my savior Christ his byrth:
What time I did maintaine

The fellowshipp of the table round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat alwayes:

When scorching Phœbus he did mount,
Then Lady Venus went to hunt:
To whom Diana did resort,
With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,
Of springs, and floodes, &c.

[1] "Bruite his." MS.
[2] He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the Chronicles.

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongst all other nations
Wer feared throwgh the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate
Of Agyana[1] a bewtyous ladye,
And come of "hie"[2] estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittaine that was att an uprore,
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land;
All Scotland then throughe manly feats
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardye Froll in feild[3]
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus[4]
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew:

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadly wracke;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of 'paynims'[5] I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian emperour
Who alsoe lost his liffe.

[1] She is named "Igerna" in the old Chronicles. [2] "His." MS.
[3] "Froland field," MS. Froll, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul.
[4] "Danibus." MS. [5] "Of Pavye." MS.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode:
Then word to mee was brought
Howe Mordred had oppressd the crowne:
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittaine with my queene;
Therfore I came with speede
To Brittaine backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede:

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode:
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittaine tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates[1] depend!

[1] Perhaps "fates."

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escapte away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes.
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

VI. A DYTTIE TO HEY DOWNE

Copied from an old manuscript in the Cotton Library (Vesp. A. 25.), intitled, "Divers Things of Hen. viij's Time."

WHO seeks to tame the blustering winde,
Or causse the floods bend to his wyll,
Or els against dame nature's kinde
To 'change'[1] things frame by cunning skyll:
That man I thinke bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,
Or goeth about to staye the sunne;
Who thinks to causse an oke to reele,
Which never can by force be done:
That man likewise bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,
And for to sayle without a maste;
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine,
His travell ys forelorne and waste;
And so in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about
To please eche eye and every eare,
Had nede to have withouten doubt
A golden gyft with hym to beare;
For evyll report shall be his gaine,
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

[1] "Causse." MS.

God grant eche man one to amend;
God send us all a happy place;
And let us pray unto the end,
That we may have our princes grace:
Amen, amen! so shall we gaine
A dewe reward for all our paine.

VII. GLASGERION

An ingenious friend thinks that the following old ditty, which is printed from the Editor's folio manuscrip., may possibly have given birth to the tragedy of "The Orphan," in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.

See what is said concerning the hero of this song, who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of Glaskyrion, in the Essay prefixed to vol. i. Note (H), Part iv. (2.)

Glasgerion was a kings owne sonne,
And a harper he was goode:
He harped in the kinges chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stoode.

And soe did hee in the queens chamber,
Till ladies waxed 'glad.'[1]
And then bespake the kinges daughter;
And these wordes thus shee sayd.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne:
Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
But it glads my hart withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,
Who taught you nowe to speake!
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere
My minde[2] I neere durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,
When all men are att rest:
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee.
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy;
Come hither unto mee.

[1] "Wood." MS. [2] "Harte." MS.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone:
And att her chambre must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,
Lay your head downe on this stone:
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on:
A coller he cast upon his necke,
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladies chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn.[1]
The lady was true of her promise,
Rose up and lett him in.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster nor to bed:
'Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
'A single word he sed.'

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe,
Nor when he came, nor youd:
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,
He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone;
And cast the coller from off his necke:
He was but a churlès sonne.

Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen.
Awake, awake, my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,
Well bridled I have your steede:
And I have served you a good breakfast:
For thereof ye have need.

[1] This is elsewhere expressed "twirled the pin," or "tirled at the pin" (see Series III. Book ii. No. 6.) and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

Up then rose good Glasgeriòn,
And did on hose and shoone;
And cast a coller about his necke:
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chamber,
He thrild upon the pinne:
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, whether have you left with me
Your bracelett or your glove?
Or are you returned backe againe
To know more of my love?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne;
Lady, I was never in your chamber,
Sith the time that I was borne.

O then it was your lither[1] foot-page,
He hath beguiled mee.
Then shee pulled forth a litle pen-knìffe,
That hanged by her knee:

Sayes, there shall never noe churlès blood
Within my bodye spring:
No churlès blood shall ever defile
The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Glasgèrion,
And woe, good lord, was hee.
Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee:
But if I have not killed a man to night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And he puld out his bright browne sword,
And dryed it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladds head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
The pummil untill a stone:
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives werne all gone.

[1] "Litle." MS.

VIII. OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio manuscript, which was judged to require considerable corrections.

In the former Edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin; but that title not being in the manuscript is now omitted.

LET never againe soe old a man
Marrye soe yonge a wife,
As did old Robin of Portingale;
Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought with her to have lived in love
But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
And scarce was hee asleepe,
But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Or be you not within?
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,
Sweete ladye, what is your will?
I have unbethought[1] me of a wile
How my wed-lord weell spill.

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,
That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my next cozèns,
Will helpe to dinge him downe.

All that beheard his litle footepage,
As he watered his masters steed;
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

[1] Properly "onbethought." This word is still used in the midland counties in the same sense as "bethought."

He mourned still, and wept full sore;
I sweare by the holy roode
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent [1] water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr
As he stood at his garden pale:
Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,
What causes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge,
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst manye a teare?

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved he shal bee:
For no man here within my howse,
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,
Nor none of his degree:
But, on to-morrow [2] ere it be noone
All deemed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
And thank your gay ladie.
If this be true, my litle foot-page,
The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear mastèr,
No good death let me die.
If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou lie.[3]

O call now downe my faire ladye,
O call her downe to mee:
And tell my ladye gay how sicke,
And like to die I bee.

Downe then came his ladye faire,
All clad in purple and pall:
The rings that were on her fingèrs,
Cast light thorrow the hall.

What is your will, my own wed-lord?
What is your will with mee?
O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
And like to die I bee.

[1] "Blend." MS. [2] "Or to-morrow." MS. [3] "Bee." MS.

And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,
Soe sore it grieveth me:
But my five maydens and myselfe
Will 'watch thy'[1] bedde for thee.

And at the waking of your first sleepe,
We will a hott drinke make:
And at the waking of your 'next'[2] sleepe,
Your sorrowes we will slake.

He put a silke cote on his backe,
And mail of manye a fold:
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold.

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
And another att his feete:
'And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his sleepe.'

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twentye-four traitours inn:
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,
Sir Gyles head soon did winn:
And scant of all those twenty-four,
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,
Crept forth at a window of stone:
And he had two armes when he came in,
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
With torches burning bright:
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drinke,
Butt she found her owne wedd knight.

The first thinge that she stumbled on
It was Sir Gyles his foote:
Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee!
Here lyes my sweet hart-roote.

The next thinge that she stumbled on
It was Sir Gyles his heade:
Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is me!
Heere lyes my true love deade.

[1] "Make the." MS. [2] "First." MS.

He cutt the pappes beside her brest,
And did her body spille;
He cutt the eares beside her heade,
And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,
And made him there his heyre;
And sayd, henceforth my worldlye goodes
And countrye I forsweare.

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,
Of the white 'clothe'[1] and the redde,[2]
And went him into the holy land,
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

*** In the foregoing piece, Giles, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of "Sir," not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood.

IX. CHILD WATERS

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Faerie Queen; and the son of a king is in the same poem called "Child Tristram." (B. v. c. 11. st. 8. 13.—B. vi. c. 2. st. 36.—Ibid. c. 8. st. 15.) In an old ballad, quoted in Shakspeare's King Lear, the hero of Ariosto is called "Child Roland." Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a "Prince." A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*." (See Warb. Shaksp.) A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *Cnihz*, Knight, signifies also a "Child." See Upton's Gloss. to the Faerie Queen.

The Editor's folio manuscript, whence the following piece is taken, with some corrections, affords several other ballads, wherein the word "Child" occurs as a title: but in none of these it signifies "Prince." See the song intitled Gill Morrice, in this volume.

It ought to be observed, that the word "Child" or "Chield" is still used in North Britain to denominate a Man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

1 "Fleshe." MS.

2 Every person, who went on a Croisade to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: the English wore white; the French red, &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. See Spelman, Gloss.

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stoode
And stroakt his milke white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,
I feel sturre att my side:
My gowne of greene it is too straighte;
Before, it was too wide.

If the child be mine,[1] faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, fair Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee saies, I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and south.

And I had rather have one twinklìng,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countrie;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

'Thoughe I am not that lady fayre,
'Yet let me go with thee:'
And ever I pray you, Child Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page be, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee:

[1] "Be inne." MS.

Soe must you doe your yellow lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his side;
Yett was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yett hee was never soe curteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde soe fast?
The childe, which is no mans but thine,
My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seeth thou yonder water, Ellen,
That flows from bank to brimme?—
I trust to God, O Child Waters,
You never will see[1] mee swimme.

But when shee came to the waters side,
Shee sayled to the chinne:
Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,
Now must I learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare upp her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
He said, Come hither, thou fair Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of redd gold shines the yate;
Of twenty foure faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of redd gold shines the towre:
There are twenty four fair ladyes there,
The fairest is my paramoure.

[1] *i. e.* permit, suffer, &c.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of redd golde shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthye[1] mate.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of redd gold shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playing att the ball:
And Ellen the fairest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse;
And Ellen the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes said shee:
You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,
That ever I saw with mine ee.

But that his bellye it is soe bigg,
His girdle goes wonderous hie:
And let him, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Goe into the chamber with mee.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To go into the chamber with any ladye,
That weares soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a litle foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sitt downe by the kitchen fyer.

But when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

[1] "Worldlye." MS.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And low into the street;
The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filinge[1] of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And low into the streete:
The fairest ladye that she cold find,
Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let mee lye at your bedds feete:
For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may 'saye[2] a sleepe.

'He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
'Down at his beds feet laye:'
This done the nighte drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my litle foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye;
And soe doe thou the good black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the faire Ellèn,
And gave his steede corne and hay:
And soe shee did the good blacke oats,
To carry him the better away.

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:
Shee leaned her backe to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deere,
Shee heard her there monand.[3]
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
I think thee a cursed man.

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone:

[1] *i. e.* defiling. See Warton's Observ. vol. ii. p. 158. [2] *i. e.* essay, attempt.
[3] Sic in MS. *i. e.* moaning, bemoaning, &c.

Or else some woman laboures of childe,
She is soe woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn
Howe shee made her monànd.[1]

Shee sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deere child,
Lullabye, dere child, dere;
I wold thy father were a king,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, he said, good faire Ellèn,
Be of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridal and the churching both
Shall bee upon one day.

X. PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

This sonnet is given from a small quarto manuscript in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the "Muses' Library," p. 295, from an ancient miscellany, intitled "England's Helicon," 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude intitled "An old Man's Lesson and a young Man's love," 4to. and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' Typog. and Osborne's Harl. Catalog. &c. He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his second part of Wit's Commonwealth, 1598, f. 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act ii. and again in Wit without Money, Act iii. See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 103.

The present edition is improved by a copy in "England's Helicon," edit. 1614. 8vo.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damselles playing
Forthe 'I yode'[2] forsooth a maying:

[1] Sic in MS. *i. e.* moaning, bemoaning, &c.
[2] "The wode." MS.

When anon by a wood side,
Where as Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde, never man was trewe;
He says, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe:
She sayes, love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then:
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and faithe and trothe;
Suche as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the lady of the Maye.

*** The foregoing little pastoral of "Phillida and Corydon," is one of the songs in "The honourable Entertainment gieven to the Queen's Majestie in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R. H. the Earle of Hertford," 1591, 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

"The Thirde Daies Entertainment.

"On Wednesday morning about nine o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were three excellent musitians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of 'Corydon and Phillida,' made in three parts for that purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.

"The Plowman's Song.

"In the merrie month of May, &c."

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more acceptable

present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the Entertainment at Elvetham, that at Killingworth, &c. &c. which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

†‡† Since the above was written, the public hath been gratified with a most complete work on the foregoing subject, intitled, "The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth," &c. By John Nichols, F.A.S. Edinb. and Perth, 1788, 2 vols. 4to.

XI. LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular. We find it quoted in many old plays. (See Beaum. and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, 4to. 1613, Act v. The Varietie, a comedy, 12mo. 1649, Act iv. &c.) In Sir William Davenant's play, The Witts, Act iii. a gallant thus boasts of himself:

> Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,
> And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me.

In the Pepys Collection, vol. iii. p. 314, is an imitation of this old song, in thirty-three stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections; some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio manuscript. It is also printed in Dryden's Collection of Miscellanous Poems.

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When young men and maides together do goe,
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgràve came to the church door,
The priest was at the mass;
But he had more mind of the fine womèn,
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall;
And then came in my Lord Barnardes wife,
The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgràve,
As bright as the summer sunne:
O then bethought him little Musgràve,
This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgràve,
Fulle long and manye a daye.
So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never durst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,[1]
Full daintilye bedight,
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgràve,
Thoust lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindness yee shew to mee;
And whether it be to my weale or woe,
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a litle foot-page,
By his ladyes coach as he ranne:
Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,
Yet Ime my Lord Barnardes manne.

My Lord Barnàrd shall knowe of this,
Although I lose a limbe.
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleep or awake, thou Lord Barnàrd,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife.

If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my good steede;
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury;
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever Lord Barnardes horne it blewe,
Awaye, Musgràve, away.

[1] "Bucklefield-berry," fol. MS.

Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,
  Methinkes I heare the jay,
Methinkes I heare Lord Barnards horne;
  I would I were awaye.

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgràve,
  And huggle me from the cold;
For it is but some shephardes boye
  A whistling his sheepe to the fold.[1]

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,
  Thy horse eating corne and haye?
And thou a gay lady within thine armes:
  And wouldst thou be awaye?

By this, Lord Barnard was come to the dore,
  And lighted upon a stone:
And he pulled out three silver keyes,
  And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
  He lifted up the sheete;
How now, how now, thou little Musgràve,
  Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgràve,
  The more is my griefe and paine;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
  That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgràve,
  And put thy cloathes nowe on,
It shall never be said in my countree,
  That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbàrde,
  Full deare they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
  And I will have the worst.

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,
  He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard strucke,
  Little Musgrave never strucke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
  In bed whereas she laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgràve,
  Yet for thee I will praye:

[1] "Is whistling sheepe ore the mold," fol. MS.

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnàrd,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her brest;
Great pitye it was to see
The drops of this fair ladyes bloode
Run trickling down her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merry men all,
You never were borne for my goode:
Why did you not offer to staye my hande,
When you sawe me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,
That ever rode on a steede;
So have I done the fairest lady,
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnard cryde,
To putt these lovers in;
But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
For shee comes o' the better kin.

*** That the more modern copy is to be dated about the middle of the last century, will be readily conceived from the tenor of the concluding stanza, viz.

This sad mischief by lust was wrought;
Then let us call for grace,
That we may shun the wicked vice
And fly from sin a-pace.

XII. THE EW-BUGHTS, MARION

A SCOTTISH SONG

This sonnet appears to be ancient: that and its simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.

Will ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?
The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweit as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass;
And the blyth blinks in her ee:
And fain wad I marrie Marion,
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theire's gowd in zour garters, Marion;
And siller on zour white hauss-bane:[1]
Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
At eene quhan I cum hame.
Theire's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee
At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;
Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawney quay;
Ise gie tham au to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.
And zees get a grein sey apron,
And waistcote o' London broun;
And wow bot ze will be vaporing
Quhaneir ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,
None dance lik mee on the greine;
And gin ze forsake me, Marion,
Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle oth' cramasie,
And sune as my chin has nae haire on,
I sall cum west, and see zee.

XIII. THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

This ballad, given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections, was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Oxon." 1719, 8vo. vol. i. p. lxx. It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act iv. sc. 1.

[1] "Hauss-bane," *i. e.* the neck-bone. Marion had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband, an usual ornament in Scotland; where a sore throat is called "a sair hause," properly "halse."

THERE was a shepherds daughter
Came tripping on the waye ;
And there by chance a knighte shee mett,
Which caused her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,
These words pronounced hee :
O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,
If Ive not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde,
That you shold waxe so wode !
'But for all that shee could do or saye,
He wold not be withstood.'

Sith you have had your wille of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a courteous knighte,
Tell me what is your name ?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille ;
But when I come to the kings faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride ;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode watèr,
She sett her brest and swamme ;
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,
To saye, faire maide, will ye ride ?
'And she was ever too loving a maide
To saye, sir knighte abide.'

When she came to the kings faire courte,
She knocked at the ring ;
So readye was the king himself
To let this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see,
You have a knighte within your courte,
This daye hath robbed mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my liege,
Of purple nor of pall:
But he hath gotten my maiden head,
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee;[1]
But if he be a married man,
High hanged he shall bee.

He called downe his merrye men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William used to bee the first,
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounde,
Tyed up withinne a glove:
Faire maide, Ile give the same to thee;
Go, seeke thee another love.

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,
These words then answered shee,
But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

[1] This was agreeable to the feudal customs: the lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakspeare's "All's well that ends well."

Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale!

A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let me bee,
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herself a dukes daughtèr,
And he but a squires sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,
Your pleasure shall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
Ile make you lord of three.

Ah! cursed bee the gold, he sayd,
If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe.

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joyned hand in hande:
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

XIV. THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE

This Poem, originally printed from the small manuscript volume mentioned above in No. x. has been improved by a more perfect copy in "England's Helicon," where the author is discovered to be N. Breton.

Good Muse, rocke me aslepe
With some sweete harmony:
This wearie eyes is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,
Thou seest my heavines:
Beautie is borne but to beguyle
My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,
Thou lovde to feede on highe,
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke
And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so freshe and greene,
Doe all their deintie colors leese,
And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushe,
That made the woodes to ringe,
With all the rest, are now at hushe,
And not a note they singe.

Swete Philomele, the birde
That hath the heavenly throte,
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have loste their savoure:
And Phillida the faire hath lost
'For me her wonted' favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit:
That now to hope upon delights,
It is but meere deceite.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,
That knowest what helpe is best,
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use
To sett my harte at rest:

And in a dreame bewraie
What fate shal be my frende;
Whether my life shall still decaye,
Or when my sorrowes ende.

XV. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR

This is given, with corrections, from an ancient copy in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "A tragical Ballad on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the Downfall of the browne Girl." In the same Collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure: a proof of its popularity.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrester,
And a chaser of the kings deere;
Faire Ellinor was a fine womàn,
And Lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd,
And riddle us both as one;
Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinòr,
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
Faire Ellinor she has got none,
And therefore I charge thee on my blessìng,
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinòr,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to fair Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so readye as faire Ellinòr,
To let Lord Thomas withinn.

What newes, what newes, Lord Thomas? she sayd,
What newes dost thou bring to mee?
I am come to bid thee to my weddìng,
And that is bad newes for thee.

O God forbid, Lord Thomas, she sayd,
That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been the bride my selfe,
And thou to have been the bridegroome.

Come riddle my riddle,[1] dear mother, she sayd,
And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether shall tarry at home?

There are manye that are your friendes, daughtèr,
And manye a one your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr;
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas his wedding I'ld goe.

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merrye men all in greene;
And as they rid through every towne,
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was so readye as Lord Thomàs,
To lett fair Ellinor in.

Is this your bride? fair Ellinor sayd;
Methinks she looks wonderous browne;
Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn,
As ever trod on the grounde.

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,
Despise her not unto mee;
For better I love thy little fingèr,
Than all her whole bodèe.

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte.

O Christ thee save, Lord Thomas hee sayd,
Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colòur,
As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, Lord Thomas? she sayd,
Or canst thou not very well see?
Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode
Run trickling down my knee.

[1] It should probably be, "Reade me, read," &c. *i. e.* Advise me, advise.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
As he walked about the halle,
He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs.
And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilte against the grounde,
And the point against his harte.
There never three lovers together did meete,
That sooner againe did parte.

*** The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to this, towards the end of this volume, intitled, "Lord Thomas and Lady Annet."

XVI. CUPID AND CAMPASPE

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play, intitled, "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. That play was first printed in 1591: but this copy is given from a later edition.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of mee?

XVII. THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN

This is given from a written copy, containing some improvements, perhaps modern ones, upon the popular ballad, intitled, "The famous Flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man."

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes so fierce a band,
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in mans array,
I scant with life escap'd away.

In the midst of this extremitie,
My servants all did from me flee:
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From faire Elise, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Resolv'd my man's attire to weare;
And in my beaver, hose and band,
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,
I sate me downe to rest awhile;
My heart it was so fill'd with woe,
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And seeing me weepe, upon the same
Askt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye,
I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
For thee a service I'll provyde:
But tell me first what thou canst do;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.
Then I reply'd, If it please your grace
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde so faithfullie,
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide;
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former state came in my mind:
I wept to see my mans array;
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,
Within the same myself I drest;
With silken robes, and jewels rare,
I deckt me, as a ladye faire:

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play;
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

"My father was as brave a lord,
As ever Europe might afford;
My mother was a lady bright;
My husband was a valiant knight:

"And I myself a ladye gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
The happiest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

"I had my musicke every day
Harmonious lessons for to play;
I had my virgins fair and free
Continually to wait on mee.

"But now, alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled,
My former days are past and gone,
And I am now a serving-man."

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I lay me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his sport anone,
And leaving all his gallant traine,
Turn'd on the sudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his statelye tower,
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen, and to see
Who sung there so melodiouslie.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,
And saw the pearlye teares I shed,
And found to his amazement there,
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, Fair ladye, rise,
And dry, said he, those lovely eyes,
For I have heard thy mournful tale,
The which shall turne to thy availe.

A crimson dye my face orespred,
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,
To find my sex and story knowne,
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be briefe, his royall grace
Grewe so enamour'd of my face,
The richest gifts he proffered mee,
His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,
I'll rather in my grave be layd,
And though your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act soe base a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee,
Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,
And since it is soe fairly tryde
Thou shalt become my royal bride.

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
He tooke sweet William to his wife.
The like before was never seene,
A serving-man became a queene.

* * *

XVIII. GIL MORRICE

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

The following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland: the second was printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement, sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from ver. 109 to ver. 121, and from ver. 124 to ver. 129, but are perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient manuscript collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revisal.

N.B.—The Editor's manuscript instead of "Lord Barnard," has "John Stewart;" and instead of "Gil Morrice," Child Maurice, which last is probably the original title. See above, p. 221.

Gil Morrice was an erlès son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That livd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen;
That will gae to Lord Barnards ha',
And bid his lady cum?
[1] And ze maun rin my errand, Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot
On horse-back ze sall ride.

O no! Oh no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he sayd:
How can ze strive against the stream?
For I sall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi speid:
If ze refuse my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;[2]
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

[1] Something seems wanting here.
[2] Perhaps "'bout the hem."

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze sall find frost.
The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will see before its nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca':
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.[1]
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:[2]
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel alane.

And there it is, a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice:
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that she coud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

[1] Could this be the wall of the castle?
[2] See note in the preceding page.

Its surely to my bow'r-womàn;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady;
I trow that ze be she.
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gill Morìce,
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird zee lee;[1]
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady;
I trow ze be nae shee.
Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till siller cup and 'mazer'[2] dish
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour clidìng,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmàn.
O bide at hame, now Lord Barnàrd,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
O what mean a' the folk comìng,
My mother tarries lang.
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minerva's loome:
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roses glow:
His een like azure stream.

[1] Perhaps, "loud say I heire."
[2] *i. e.* a drinking cup of maple: other edit. read "ezar."

The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring:
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gill Morìce
Kameing his zellow hair:
That sweetly wavd around his face,
That face beyond compare:
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.[1]

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morìce,
My lady loed thee weel,
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the less now, Gill Morìce,
For a' thy great beautiè,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And set it on a speir;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

[1] So Milton,

Vernal delight and joy: able to drive
All sadness but despair.

B. iv. v. 155.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Both and that zellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kissd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gill Morice
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill womàn,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's been spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain.

*** This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of "Douglas."

Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally known by the name of "Child Maurice," pronounced by the common people "Cheild" or "Cheeld;" which occasioned the mistake.

It may be proper to mention, that other copies read ver. 110 thus:

Shot frae the golden sun.

And ver. 116 as follows:

His een like azure sheene.

SERIES THE THIRD

BOOK II

I. THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

This ballad contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books; and is commonly intitled, "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry atchieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick."

The history of Sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations. It appeared in French in 1525; and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance "Tirante el blanco," which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time (viz.

Men speken of romances of price,
Of Horne childe and Ippotis,
Of Bevis, and Sir Guy, &c.
R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bride-ales, as we learn from Puttenham's Art of Poetry, 4to. 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black-letter, "Imprynted at London—for Wylliam Copland," in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymer, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad:

. . . A messenger came to the king.
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,
For bad tydinges I bring you,
In Northumberlande there is no man,
But that they be slain everychone:
For there dare no man route,
By twenty myle rounde aboute,
For doubt of a fowle dragon,
That sleath men and beastes downe.
He is blacke as any cole,
Rugged as a rough fole;
His bodye from the navill upwarde
No man may it pierce it is so harde;
His neck is great as any summere;
He renneth as swifte as any distrere;
Pawes he hath as a lyon:
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.
Great winges he hath to flight,
That is no man that bear him might.
There may no man fight him agayne,
But that he sleath him certayne:
For a fowler beast then is he,
Ywis of none never heard ye.

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, ætat. Guy 67. See his Warwickshire.

The following is written upon the same plan as Ballad 5, Series III. Book i., but which is the original, and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94. 102, and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act ii. sc. ult.

It is here published from an ancient manuscript in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black-letter in the Pepys Collection.

Was ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I Sir Guy
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
Ere that her love shee wold grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,[1]
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those days in England was,
With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English-man I was by birthe:
In faith of Christ a Christyan true:
The wicked lawes of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred[2] twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When king Athèlstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke Erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladyes love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece
To helpe the emperour in his right;
Against the mightye souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

1 "The proud Sir Guy." PC. 2 "Two hundred." MS. and P.

Eskeldered a famous knight
To death likewise I did pursue:
And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head away with mee;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright:
Where I the duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis lady bright:
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy Land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand:
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought:
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength;
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doe[1] lye:
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Call'd the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe[1] lye;
And there exposed to lookers viewe
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did both man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrye sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermitts life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone;
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone:

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castle gate;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

[1] "Doth lye." MS.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea sicke soe sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which she knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave
Before that I gave up the ghost;
Herself clos'd up my dying eyes:
My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpes unto the grave;
And like a palmer dyed I,
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consumed to mold;
My statue faire engraven in stone,
In Warwicke still you may behold.

II. GUY AND AMARANT

The Editor found this Poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous, therefore, that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of Sir Guy; for, upon comparing it with the common story book, 12mo. we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

Guy journeyes towards that sanctifyed ground,
Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,
Wherin our Saviours sacred head was crownd,
And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:
To see the sepulcher was his intent,
The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
And passed desart places full of danger,
At last with a most woefull wight [1] did meet,
A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger:
For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all
To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detaind them,
Whom no man durst encounter for his strength:
Who in a castle, which he held, had chaind them:
Guy questions, where? and understands at length
The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,
Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,
Like one that sayes, I must, and will come in:
The gyant never was soe rowz'd before,
For noe such knocking at his gate had bin:
Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh out
Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirra, quoth hee, what busines hast thou heere?
Art come to feast the crowes about my walls?
Didst never hear, noe ransome can him cleere,
That in the compasse of my furye falls?
For making me to take a porters paines,
With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines.

Gyant, quoth Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,
Choller and you seem very neere of kin:
Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee;
I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin;
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight,
Keene is my weapone, and shall doe me right.

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same
About the head, the shoulders, and the side:
While his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride,
Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,
That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,
For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe,
Did brush his plated coat against his will:

[1] Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,
To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble grewe,
And sayd to Guy, As thou'rt of humane race.
Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,
Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place:
Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,
Than to graunt life, thats given by the spring.

I graunt thee leave, quoth Guye, goe drink thy last,
Go pledge the dragon, and the salvage bore:[1]
Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,
But never thinke to taste cold water more:
Drinke deep to Death, and unto him carouse;
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.

So to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst;
Takeing the water in, extremely like
Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,
Whose forced hulke[2] against the stones does stryke;
Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands,
That Guy admiring to behold it stands.

Come on, quoth Guy, let us to worke againe,
Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
The fish, which in the river doe remaine,
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:
But I will see their satisfaction made;
With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee streight;
Thy life shall pay thy daring toungs offence:
This clubb, which is about some hundred weight,
Is deathes commission to dispatch thee hence:
Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes,
And breake thy bones as they were made of reedes.

Incensed much by these bold pagan bostes,
Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare,
He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,
Which like two pillars did his body beare:
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes
And desperately att Guy his clubb he throwes:

[1] Which Guy had slain before.
[2] "Bulke." MS. and PCC.

Which did directly on his body light,
Soe violent, and weighty there-withall,
That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;
And, ere he cold recover from the fall,
The gyant gott his clubbe againe in fist,
And aimd a stroke that wonderfullye mist.

Traytor! quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,
This coward act to intercept my bloode.
Sayes Amarant, Ile murther any way,
With enemyes all vantages are good:
O cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
Be sure of it I wold dispatch thee soe.

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,
Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell;
Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,
But will be landlords when thou comest in hell:
Vile miscreant! prepare thee for their den,
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thyselfe a time, while I goe drinke,
For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke
My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye:
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.
Quoth Amarant, Thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
How I shold use such enemyes as thou;
By all my gods I doe rejoice at itt,
To understand that thirst constraines thee now;
For all the treasure that the world containes,
One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe! why, 'twere a madmans part:
Refresh an adversarye to my wrong!
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:
Noe, fellow! I have known the world too long
To be soe simple: now I know thy want,
A minutes space of breathing Ile not grant.

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb
Into the ayre, he swings the same about:
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth strout:

Sirra, says hee, I have you at a lift,
Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish for ever! with this stroke I send thee
A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much good;
Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood:
Here's at thee with a butcher's downright blow,
To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,
That seemst a lumpe of crueltye from hell;
Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny
The thing to mee wherin I used thee well:
With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapon proof:
Farewell my thirst; I doe disdaine to drinke;
Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof;
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;
With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant! take a taste of my good-will,
For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout:
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill;
It is not that same clubb will beare you out;
And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne—
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest,
And from his shoulders did his head divide;
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape, unblest;
Noe dragons jawes were ever seen soe wide
To open and to shut, till life was spent.
Then Guye tooke keyes, and to the castle went:

Where manye woefull captives he did find,
Which had been tyred with extremityes;
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,
And reasoned with them of their miseryes:
Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,
That were surprised in the desart wood,
And had noe other dyett everye day,
But flesh of humane creatures for their food:
Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,
And in their wombes their husbands buryed.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes:
And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sound's direction on he goes,
Until he findes a darksome obscure gate,
Armed strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appeares
The strangest objects that he ever saw;
Men that with famishment of many yeares,
Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw;
Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe;
Others head-downward: by the middle some.

With diligence he takes them from the walle,
With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:
Then the perplexed knight their father calls,
And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though poore and faint:
I promisd you their lives, accept of that;
But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,
Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,
For pityes sake, use wronged women well:
Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do;
But poore weake women have not strength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete:
Father, quoth he, refraine soe base a kiss,
For age to honor youth I hold unmeete:
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

*** The foregoing poem on GUY AND AMARANT has been discovered to be a fragment of "The famous historie of Guy earle of Warwicke, by SAMUEL ROWLANDS, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649," 4to, in xii cantos, beginning thus:

When dreadful Mars in armour every day.

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first, is not known; but the

author, SAMUEL ROWLANDS, was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the history of Guy was one of his earliest performances. There are extant of his—(1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion, &c., 1598," 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2.) "A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson, 1605," 4to. [Penes editor.] This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament.—(3.) "Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse, Lond. 1618," 4to.—(4.) "Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror. Lond. 1638," 8vo. [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

III. THE AULD GOODMAN

A SCOTTISH SONG

I have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

LATE in an evening forth I went
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc't, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun:
A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife,
I canna weel tell ye how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
Cryeng, Evir alake! mine auld goodman.

HE

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:
For he did spend and make an end
Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan;
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE

My heart, alake! is liken to break,
Whan I think on my winsome John,
His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,
Was naithing like thee thou dosend drone;

Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And skin as white as ony swan,
He was large and tall, and comely withall;
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein;
For meal and mawt thou disna want:
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now whan our gear gins to grow scant:
Of houshold stuff thou hast enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of siclike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE

Yes I may tell, and fret mysell,
To think on those blyth days I had,
When I and he together lay
In armes into a weel-made bed:
But now I sigh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep;
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
And gane was a' the light of day:
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae longer stay:
Then up he gat, and ran his way,
I trowe, the wife the day she wan:
And aye the owreword of the fray
Was, Evir alake! mine auld goodman.

IV. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Acts 2d and 3d; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is, "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers." The lines preserved in the play are this distich:

You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you.

And the following stanza:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margarets grimly ghost
And stood at Williams feet.

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language. See the song intitled "Margaret's Ghost," at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out out on a long summer's day
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not take their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-windòw,
Combing her yellow hair:
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret
And stood at William's feet.

Are you awake, sweet William? shee said;
Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
Such dreames are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine'[1],
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine'[1]
And the bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three:
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladiè.

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethrèn
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering sheet,
Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
Making most piteous mone:
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine:[2]
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

[1] "Swine." PCC. [2] Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lovers knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

V. BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

Given, with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy, intitled, "Barbara Allen's cruelty, or the young man's tragedy."

In Scarlet towne where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin;
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

She turnd her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
Laye down, lay down the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin;
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had beene more kind to him
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

* * *

VI. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

From Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And aye he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John:
But 'tis thy true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret? O dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her best:
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie?
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's nae room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
'Tis time, 'tis time my dear Margret,
That 'I' were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Margret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

VII. SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves wer a fallan;
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrye,
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne,
To the plaice wher she was dwellan;
O haste and cum to my maister deare,
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly raise she up,
To the plaice wher he was lyan;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think ye're dyan.[1]

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

Remember ye not in the tavern, Sir
When ye the cups wer fillan;
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan;
Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,
And hooly, hooly left him;
And sighan said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

[1] An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes "dyan" and "lyan" ought to be transposed: as the taunt "Young man, I think ye're lyan," would be very characteristical.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knellan;
And everye jow the deid-bell geid,
Cried, Wae to Barbara Allan!

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow:
Since my love died for me to-day,
Ise die for him to-morrowe.

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VIII. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON[1]

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, "True love requited: or, the Bayliffes daughter of Islington."

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son:
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see:
Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

[1] Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would goe
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
One penny, one penny, kind Sir, she sayd,
Will ease me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne:
At Islington, kind Sir, sayd shee,
Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington:
She is dead, Sir, long agoe.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

IX. THE WILLOW TREE

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

From the small black-letter collection, intitled, "The Golden Garland of princely Delights;" collated with two other copies, and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY

How now, shepherde, what meanes that?
Why that willowe in thy hat?
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY

They are chang'd, and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY

Phillis! shee that lov'd thee long?
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong?
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY

Shee that long true love profest,
She hath robb'd my heart of rest:
For she a new love loves, not mee;
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine:
For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu.

CUDDY

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
Companye doth sorrowe ease:
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree:
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY

Herdsman, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lies grief and willowe-tree:
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day.

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X. THE LADY'S FALL

This ballad is given (with corrections) from the Editor's ancient folio manuscript, collated with two printed copies in black-letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's Fall." To the tune of "In Pescod Time," &c. The ballad here referred to is preserved in "The Muses' Library," 8vo. p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, intitled "The Shepherd's Slumber," and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.

In pescod time when hound to horn
Gives eare till buck be kil'd,
And little lads with pipes of corne
Sate keeping beasts a-field.

I went to gather strawberries
By woods and groves full fair, &c.

MARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,
You loyall lovers all,
And heedfully beare in your brest
A gallant ladyes fall.
Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne,
To lead a wedded life;
But folly wrought her overthrowe
Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! shee gave consent
And yeelded to his will,
Though he protested to be true,
And faithfull to her still.
Shee felt her body altered quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale,
Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white,
Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,
This beauteous ladye milde,
With greeved hart, perceived herselfe
To have conceived with childe.
Shee kept it from her parents sight
As close as close might bee,
And soe put on her silken gowne
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly
Her greefe shee did bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
These words to him did say:

Behold, quoth shee, a maids distresse
By love brought to thy bowe,
Behold I goe with childe by thee,
Tho none thereof doth knowe.

The litle babe springs in my wombe
To heare its fathers voyce,
Lett it not be a bastard called,
Sith I made thee my choyce:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe
And wed me out of hand;
O leave me not in this extreme
Of griefe, alas! to stand.

Think on thy former promises,
Thy oathes and vowes eche one;
Remember with what bitter teares
To mee thou madest thy moane.
Convay me to some secrett place,
And marry me with speede,
Or with thy rapyer end my life,
Ere further shame proceede.

Alacke! my beauteous love, quoth hee,
My joye, and only dear;
Which way can I convay thee hence,
When dangers are so near?
Thy friends are all of hye degree,
And I of meane estate;
Full hard it is to gett thee forthe
Out of thy fathers gate.

Dread not thy life to save my fame,
For, if thou taken bee,
Myselfe will step betweene the swords,
And take the harme on mee:
Soe shall I scape dishonor quite;
And if I should be slaine,
What could they say, but that true love
Had wrought a ladyes bane.

But feare not any further harme,
Myselfe will soe devise,
That I will ryde away with thee
Unknowen of mortall eyes:

Disguised like some pretty page
Ile meete thee in the darke,
And all alone Ile come to thee
Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare
If God soe lend me life,
On this day month without all fayle
I will make thee my wife.
Then with a sweet and loving kisse,
They parted presentlye,
And att their partinge brinish teares
Stoode in eche others eye.

Att length the wished day was come,
On which this beauteous mayd,
With longing eyes, and strange attire,
For her true lover stayd.
When any person shee espyed
Come ryding ore the plaine,
She hop'd it was her owne true love:
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did she weepe and sore bewayle
Her most unhappy fate;
Then did shee speake these woefull words,
As succourless she sate:
O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,
Disloyall in thy love,
Hast thou forgott thy promise past,
And wilt thou perjured prove?

And hast thou now forsaken mee
In this my great distresse,
To end my dayes in open shame,
Which thou mightst well redresse?
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
That flattering tongue of thine:
Wold God that I had never seene
The teares of thy false eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,
Homewards shee went againe;
Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
Shee felt such privye paine.

In travail strong shee fell that night,
With many a bitter throwe;
What woefull paines shee did then feel,
Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,
That lay at her bedds feete,
Who musing at her mistress woe,
Began full fast to weepe:
Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the dores,
And windows round about,
Let none bewray my wretched state,
But keepe all persons out.

O mistress, call your mother deare,
Of women you have neede,
And of some skilfull midwifes helpe,
That better may you speed:
Call not my mother for thy life,
Nor fetch no woman here;
The midwifes helpe comes all too late,
My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe sprang from her wombe
No creature being nye,
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,
This gentle dame did dye.
The lovely little infant younge,
The mother being dead,
Resigned its new received breath
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
Affrighted at the newes;
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,
Whom eche one did accuse.
The mother with her new borne babe,
Were laide both in one grave:
Their parents overworne with woe,
No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you dayntye damsells all,
Of flattering words beware,
And to the honour of your name
Have an especial care.

Too true, alas! this story is,
As many one can tell:
By others harmes learne to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

XI. WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY

A SCOTTISH SONG

This is a very ancient song, but we can only give it from a modern copy. Some of the editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed:

When cockle shells turn siller bells,
And muscles grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw sall warm us a',
Then sall my love prove true to me.
See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.

Arthur's-seat, mentioned in ver. 17, is a hill near Edinburgh; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore shuld I busk my head?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets sall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.

Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that maks me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was cled in black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinnd it with a siller pin.
And oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurses knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane!
For a maid again Ise never be.

XII. THE BRIDE'S BURIAL

From two ancient copies in black-letter: one in the Pepys Collection; the other in the British Museum. To the tune of "The Lady's Fall."

Come mourne, come mourne with mee,
You loyall lovers all;
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,
Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine,
Cut by the gardener's knife,
Even so my heart with sorrow slaine,
Doth bleede for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost,
My turtle dove is slaine,
And I am left, unhappy man,
To spend my dayes in paine.

Her beauty late so bright,
Like roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountain snowe,
Before warme Phœbus' shine.

Her faire red colour'd cheeks
Now pale and wan; her eyes,
That late did shine like crystal stars,
Alas! their light it dies:

Her prettye lilly hands,
With fingers long and small,
In colour like the earthly claye,
Yea, cold and stiff withall.

When as the morning-star
Her golden gates hath spred,
And that the glittering sun arose
Forth from fair Thetis' bed;

Then did my love awake,
Most like a lilly-flower,
And as the lovely queene of heaven,
So shone shee in her bower.

Attired was shee then
Like Flora in her pride,
Like one of bright Diana's nymphs,
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fair Helens face
Did Grecian dames besmirche,
So did my dear exceed in sight
All virgins in the church.

When we had knitt the knott
Of holy wedlock-band,
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,
So stood we hand in hand:

Then lo! a chilling cold
Strucke every vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell,
As cold as any stone;
Like Venus picture lacking life,
So was my love brought home.

At length her rosye red,
Throughout her comely face,
As Phœbus beames with watry cloudes
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,
And voice both hoarse and drye,
Farewell, quoth she, my loving friend,
For I this daye must dye:

The messenger of God
With golden trumpe I see,
With manye other angels more,
Which sound and call for mee.

Instead of musicke sweet,
Go toll my passing-bell;
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,
That in my chamber smell.

Strip off my bride's arraye,
My corke shoes from my feet;
And, gentle mother, be not coye
To bring my winding-sheet.

My wedding dinner drest,
Bestowe upon the poor,
And on the hungry, needy, maimde,
Now craving at the door.

Instead of virgins yong,
My bride-bed for to see,
Go cause some cunning carpenter,
To make a chest for mee.

My bride laces of silk
Bestowd, for maidens meet,
May fitly serve, when I am dead,
To tye my hands and feet.

And thou, my lover true,
My husband and my friend,
Let me intreat thee here to staye,
Until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
And humblye on your knee,
Direct your prayers unto God:
But mourne no more for mee.

In love as we have livde,
In love let us depart;
And I, in token of my love,
Do kiss thee with my heart.

O staunch those bootless teares,
Thy weeping 'tis in vaine;
I am not lost, for wee in heaven
Shall one daye meet againe.

With that shee turn'd aside,
As one dispos'd to sleep,
And like a lamb departed life:
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
Did fetch a grievous groane,
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,
And thus he made his moane:

O darke and dismal daye,
A daye of grief and care,
That hath bereft the sun so bright,
Whose beams refresht the air.

Now woe unto the world,
And all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in heaven,
For here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives
A discontented life,
Whose bride was brought unto the grave
A maiden and a wife.

A garland fresh and faire
Of lillies there was made
In sign of her virginitye,
And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens all in white,
Did beare her to the ground:
The bells did ring in solemn sort,
And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then,
For hungry wormes a preye;
So shall the fairest face alive
At length be brought to claye.

XIII. DULCINA

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection, the other in the Editor's folio manuscript. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both.

This song is quoted as very popular in Walton's "Compleat Angler," chap. 2. It is more ancient than the ballad of "Robin Good-Fellow," printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

As at noone Dulcina rested
In her sweete and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lapp to sleepe an hour.
But from her looke
A wounde he tooke
Soe deepe, that for a further boone
The nymph he prayes,
Wherto shee sayes,
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
To depart her presence soe;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him
And but one to bid him goe:
Where lipps invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay;
What boots, she say,
Forgoe me now, come to me soone?

He demands what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now:
She sayes, night gives love that leysure,
Which the day can not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight.
Which she denies: Nights mirkie noone
In Venus' playes
Makes bold, shee sayes;
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beautye for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night
Forgoe the present joyes of noone?
Though ne'er soe faire
Her speeches were,
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
Shee was fayre, and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;
Joyes unseene are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent;
Accepts he night, or grants she noone;
Left he her a mayd
Or not; she sayd
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

XIV. THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263. folio. It is there intitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter to a noble Duke, &c. To the tune of The Lady's Fall." To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, intitled, "The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation."

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble traine
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine,
To see both sport and playe;
His ladye went, as she did feigne,
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,
Whose beauty shone so bright,
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
A creature faire was she;
She was her fathers only joye,
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mothèr
Did envye her so much,
That daye by daye she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook,
To take her life awaye:
And taking of her daughters book,
She thus to her did saye:

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,
Go hasten presentlie;
And tell unto the master-cook
These wordes that I tell thee:

And bid him dresse to dinner streight
That faire and milk-white doe,
That in the parke doth shine so bright,
There's none so faire to showe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,
Obey'd her mothers will;
And presentlye she hasted home,
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
Her message for to tell;
And there she spied the master-cook,
Who did with malice swell.

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
Do that which I thee tell:
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands,
He on the ladye layd;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he sayd:

Thou art the doe that I must dresse,
  See here, behold my knife;
For it is pointed presently
  To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,
  As loud as loud might bee;
O save her life, good master cook,
  And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes sake do not destroye
  My ladye with your knife;
You know shee is her father's joye,
  For Christes sake save her life.

I will not save her life, he sayd,
  Nor make my pyes of thee;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
  Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home
  For to sit downe and eat;
He called for his daughter deare,
  To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you down, his ladye sayd,
  O sit you downe to meat:
Into some nunnery she is gone,
  Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnlye he made a vowe,
  Before the companie,
That he would neither eat nor drinke
  Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
  With a loud voice so hye:
If now you will your daughter see,
  My lord, cut up that pye:

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,
  And parched with the fire;
All caused by her step-mothèr,
  Who did her death desire.

And cursed bee the master-cook,
  O cursed may he bee!
I proffered him my own heart's blood,
  From death to set her free.

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne,
And for his daughters sake,
He judged her cruell step-mothèr
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
In boiling lead to stand;
And made the simple scullion-boye
The heire of all his land.

XV. A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

This song is a kind of translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called "Amore fuggitivo," generally printed with his "Aminta," and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of Lord Viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday, 1608. One stanza, full of dry mythology, is here omitted, as it had been dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'Amour. Lond. 1660." 8vo.

Beauties, have yee seen a toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blinde:
Cruel now, and then as kinde?
If he be amongst yee, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

Shee, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kisse,
How and where herselfe would wish:
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kisse, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie,
You may know him among twentie:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:
Which, being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip to lip,

Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes, which outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharpe than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell;
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest bloud:
Nought but wounds his hands doth season.
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet:
All his practice is deceit,
Everie gift is but a bait:
Not a kisse but poyson beares,
And most treason's in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then the straggler makes his gaine,
By presenting maids with toyes
And would have yee thinke them joyes;
'Tis the ambition of the elfe
To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though yee had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him,
Since yee heare this falser's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

XVI. THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER

The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph, king of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France, whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A.D. 863. See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians.

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio manuscript, collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "An excellent Ballad of a Prince of England's courtship to the King of France's Daughter, &c. To the Tune of Crimson Velvet."

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme, an attempt is here made to repair them.

In the dayes of old,
When faire France did flourish,
Storyes plaine have told,
Lovers felt annoye.
The queene a daughter bare,
Whom beautye's queene did nourish:
She was lovelye faire,
She was her fathers joye.
A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
But he was exil'd, and outcast:
Love his soul did fire,
Shee granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her father proved,
Sorelye he was moved,
And tormented in his minde.
He sought for to prevent them;
And, to discontent them,
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kinges disdaine,
Which their joyes withstoode:

The lady soone prepar'd
Her jewells and her treasure:
Having no regard
For state and royall bloode;
In homelye poore array
She went from court away,
To meet her joye and hearts delight;
Who in a forest great
Had taken up his seat,
To wayt her coming in the night.
But lo! what sudden danger
To this princely stranger
Chanc'd, as he sat alone!
By outlawes he was robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying grone.

The princesse, arm'd by love,
And by chaste desire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all:
Still unknowne she past
In her strange attire;
Coming at the last
Within echoes call—
You faire woods, quoth shee,
Honoured may you bee,
Harbouring my hearts delight;
Which encompasse here
My joye and only deare,
My trustye friend, and comelye knight.
Sweete, I come unto thee,
Sweete, I come to woo thee;
That thou mayst not angry bee
For my long delaying;
For thy curteous staying
Soone amends Ile make to thee.

Passing thus alone
Through the silent forest,
Many a grievous grone
Sounded in her eares:
She heard one complayne
And lament the sorest,

Seeming all in payne,
Shedding deadly teares.
Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,
Whom I must never see;
For why my life is att an end,
Through villaines crueltye:
For thy sweet sake I dye,
To show I am a faithfull friend.
Here I lye a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding
On the rarest beautye found.
O hard happ, that may be!
Little knowes my ladye
My heartes blood lyes on the ground.

With that a grone he sends
Which did burst asunder
All the tender bands
Of his gentle heart.
She, who knewe his voice,
At his wordes did wonder;
All her former joyes
Did to griefe convert.
Strait she ran to see
Who this man shold bee,
That soe like her love did seeme:
Her lovely lord she found
Lye slaine upon the ground,
Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame.
Which his lady spying,
Shrieking, fainting, crying,
Her sorrows could not uttered bee:
Fate, she cryed, too cruell:
For thee—my dearest jewell,
Would God! that I had dyed for thee.

His pale lippes, alas!
Twentye times she kissed,
And his face did wash
With her trickling teares:
Every gaping wound
Tenderlye she pressed,
And did wipe it round
With her golden haires.

Speake, faire love, quoth shee,
Speake, faire prince, to mee,
One sweete word of comfort give:
Lift up thy deare eyes,
Listen to my cryes,
Think in what sad griefe I live.
All in vaine she sued,
All in vaine she wooed,
The prince's life was fled and gone.
There stood she still mourning,
Till the suns retourning,
And bright day was coming on.

In this great distresse
Weeping, wayling ever,
Oft shee cryed, alas!
What will become of mee?
To my fathers court
I returne will never:
But in lowlye sort
I will a servant beè.
While thus she made her mone,
Weeping all alone,
In this deepe and deadlye feare:
A for'ster all in greene,
Most comelye to be seene,
Ranging the woods did find her there.
Moved with her sorrowe,
Maid, quoth hee, good morrowe,
What hard happ has brought thee here?
Harder happ did never
Two kinde hearts dissever:
Here lyes slaine my brother deare.

Where may I remaine,
Gentle for'ster, shew me,
'Till I can obtaine
A service in my neede?
Paines I will not spare:
This kinde favour doe mee,
It will ease my care;
Heaven shall be thy meede.
The for'ster all amazed,
On her beautye gazed,
Till his heart was set on fire.

If, faire maid, quoth hee,
You will goe with mee,
  You shall have your hearts desire.
He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
  He sett forth this maidens praise.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
  And fortune crown'd his future dayes.

Thus unknowne he wedde
  With a kings faire daughter:
Children seven they had,
  Ere she told her birth:
Which when once he knew,
  Humblye he besought her,
He to the world might shew
  Her rank and princelye worth.
He cloath'd his children then,
(Not like other men)
  In partye-colours strange to see:
The right side cloth of gold,
The left side to behold,
  Of woollen cloth still framed hee.[1]
Men thereatt did wonder;
Golden fame did thunder
  This strange deede in every place:
The king of France came thither,
It being pleasant weather,
  In those woods the hart to chase.

The children then they bring,
  So their mother will'd it,
Where the royall king
  Must of force come bye:
Their mothers riche array,
  Was of crimson velvet:

1 This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament, which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following motto:

Cloth of Gold do not despise,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frieze;
Cloth of Frieze, be not too bold,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. iii. p. 356.

Their fathers all of gray,
Seemelye to the eye.
Then this famous king,
Noting every thing,
Askt how he durst be so bold
To let his wife soe weare,
And decke his children there
In costly robes of pearl and gold.
The forester replying,
And the cause descrying,[1]
To the king these words did say:
Well may they, by their mother,
Weare rich clothes with other,
Being by birth a princesse gay.

The king aroused thus,
More heedfullye beheld them,
Till a crimson blush
His remembrance crost.
The more I fix my mind
On thy wife and children,
The more methinks I find
The daughter which I lost.
Falling on her knee,
I am that child quoth shee;
Pardon mee, my soveraine liege.
The king perceiving this,
His daughter deare did kiss,
While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.
With his traine he tourned,
And with them sojourned.
Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;
Then made him Erle of Flanders,
And chiefe of his commanders:
Thus were their sorrows put to flight.

[1] *i. e.* describing. See Gloss.

XVII. THE SWEET NEGLECT

This little madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Act 1. Scene 1. first acted in 1609.) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the variorum edit. of Petronius, beginning, "Semper munditias, semper Basilissa, decoras, &c." See Whally's Ben Jonson. vol. ii. p. 420.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast:
Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII. THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, No. 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled, "Two lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murthered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to."

Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue; his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school; their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in; one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua; there is but one child, which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian; he is slain himself by his less bloody companion; but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound; the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle, who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad will have no doubt but the former is the original; the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of

it would have been received into the drama; whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. Its title at large is, "The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament. To the tune of Rogero, &c."

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and prettye boy,
Not passing three years olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controli'd:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:

To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
God bless you both, my children deare;
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there,
The keeping of your little ones
Sweet sister, do not feare:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,
  He would the children send
To be brought up in faire Londòn,
  With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
  Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
  They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
  As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
  And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speech they had,
  Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertooke the deed,
  Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
  Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
  Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
  So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
  About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
  Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
  The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
  Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
  And looke they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them on,
  While they for food complaine:
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
  When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
  Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
  Approaching from the town:

Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poore innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers arms they dyed,
As wanting due relief:
No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'[1]
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;

[1] "These" . . . "babes." PP.

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

XIX. A LOVER OF LATE

Printed, with a few slight corrections, from the Editor's folio manuscript.

A LOVER of late was I,
For Cupid would have it soe,
The boy that hath never an eye,
As every man doth know:
I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!
For her that laught, and called me ass.

Then knew not I what to doe,
When I saw itt was in vaine
A lady soe coy to wooe,
Who gave me the asse so plaine:
Yet would I her asse freelye bee,
Soe shee would helpe, and beare with mee.

An' I were as 'faire'[1] as shee,
Or shee were as kind as I,
What payre cold have made, as wee,
Soe prettye a sympathye:
I was as kind as shee was faire,
But for all this wee cold not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,
With her I will never paire;
That cunningly can be coy,
For being a little faire.
The asse Ile leave to her disdaine;
And now I am myselfe againe.

[1] "Faine." MS.

XX. THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort, are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c. A few of the best of these are admitted into this Collection.

Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem intitled "John the Reeve," which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV., and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio manuscript, but its length rendered it improper for this work, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chuses to defer its publication, in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections, from the Editor's folio manuscript, collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, intitled, "A pleasant Ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield, &c."

PART THE FIRST

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home,
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last:
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,

Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou thinke of me, quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe?
Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke.
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.
[1] I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house:
Where they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-away, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say:
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.

[1] The king says this.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yes, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth shee.
Aye, quoth the goodman; and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper where they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all 'cuckholds wherever they bee,'[1]
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in everye degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne,
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.
Eate, quoth the miller, but, Sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty lightfoote! in faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day.
In what place sayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

[1] "Courtnalls, that courteous be." MS. and P.

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that :
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe ;
We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secresye ;
The king shall never know more on't for mee.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the miller's 'cott,' soon they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede ;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee ;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede ;
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed :
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE

When as our royall king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way ;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest :
For, in this merryment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her own hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day:

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest.
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye
To the king's court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus 'gan the miller say,
Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you frett or
frowne?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,
With everye thing else as fine as may bee;

And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide.

In this most statelye sort rode they unto the court,
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up, for good hap,[1] a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian,[2] did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;
Welcome, Sir Knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And soe is the squire of courage soe free.
Quoth Dicke, a bots on you! do you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlye, how should I forgot thee?
Thou wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh---!

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The millers wife did soe orderly stand.
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sat at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then said our king, now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well may I say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it and then to betray it.

1 "For good hap," *i. e.* for good luck: they were going on an hazardous expedition.
2 "Maid Marian," in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, you are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
Zounds! a blacke pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate.
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech 'gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
'Tis meat for your master: good Sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance.
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Manye thankes for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye:
Take heed now you steale no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

XXI. THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION

This beautiful old song was written by a poet whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift as a term of contempt. "Dryden and Wither" are coupled by him like the Bavius and Mævius of Virgil. Dryden, however, has had justice done him by posterity; and as for Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, Wither was a very voluminous party-writer; and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular

in his life-time; so afterwards, when these were no longer relished, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces that were not inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the time of James I. and Charles I. he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals, and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey; but, surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2nd of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life Wither was a continual publisher, having generally for opponent, Taylor, the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. ii. His most popular satire is intitled, "Abuses whipt and stript," 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, intitled, "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1615, 8vo. and others printed at the end of Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, intitled, "The Mistresse of Philarete," 1622, 8vo. which is said in the preface to be one of the author's first poems; and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer than the day,
Or the flowry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be shee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican:
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be shee with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of Best;

If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to wooe;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire:
If she love me, this beleeve;
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe:
If shee be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

XXII. QUEEN DIDO

Such is the title given in the Editor's folio manuscript to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, "Eneas, wandering Prince of Troy." It is here given from that manuscript, collated with two different printed copies, both in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand than that celebrated poet.

When Troy towne had for ten yeeres 'past,'[1]
Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,
Then did their foes encrease soe fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Wast lye those walls, that were soe good,
And corne now growes where Troy towne stoode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;

[1] "War." MS. and PP.

Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertaine that wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meate they sate,
The queene, desirous newes to heare,
'Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate'
Declare to me thou Trojan deare:
The heavy hap and chance soe bad,
That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.

And then anon this comelye knight,
With words demure, as he cold well,
Of his unhappy ten year's 'fight,'[1]
Soe true a tale began to tell,
With words soe sweete, and sighes soe deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
And every sigh brought teares amaine;
That where he sate the place was wett,
As though he had seene those warrs againe:
Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,
Said worthy prince, enough, no more.

And then the darksome knight drew on,
And twinkling starres the skye bespred;
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And every one was layd in bedd:
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappye, always wept,
And to the walls shee made her mone;
That she shold still desire in vaine
The thing, she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glistering light,
Through misty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan shipps were gone.

[1] "War." MS. and PP.

And then the queene, with bloody knife,
Did arme her hart as hard as stone,
Yet, something loth to loose her life,
In woefull wise she made her mone;
And, rowling on her carefull bed,
With sighes and sobbs, these words shee sayd:

O wretched Dido queene! quoth shee,
I see thy end approacheth neare;
For hee is fled away from thee,
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:
What! is he gone, and passed by?
O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye.

Though reason says, thou shouldst forbeare,
And stay thy hand from bloudy stroke;
Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,
Which fetter'd thee in Cupids yoke.
Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart!
And with those words shee pierced her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart
Of Dido, Carthaginian queene;
Whose bloudy knife did end the smart,
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene;
Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her mone;

Her funerall most costly made,
And all things finisht mournfullye;
Her body fine in mold was laid,
Where itt consumed speedilye:
Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde;
Her subjects griefe their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile
In Grecya, where he stayd long space,
Wheras her sister in short while
Writt to him to his vile disgrace;
In speeches bitter to his mind
Shee told him plaine he was unkind.

False-hearted wretch, quoth shee, thou art;
And traiterouslye thou hast betraid
Unto thy lure a gentle hart,
Which unto thee much welcome made;

My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,
Whose folly bred her deere annoy.

Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,
Shee prayd for thy prosperitye,
Beseeching God, that every day
Might breed thy great felicitye:
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend;
Heavens send thee such untimely end!

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
Perused had, and wayed them right,
His lofty courage then did fall;
And straight appeared in his sight
Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale:
Which made this valiant souldier quaile.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,
My whole delight when I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most;
My fancy and my will did give:
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankefully thou didst me grave.

Therfore prepare thy flitting soule
To wander with me in the aire:
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
Because of me thou tookst no care:
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
Thy date is past, thy life is done.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite,
Be not soe hasty to convay
My soule into eternall night,
Where itt shall ne're behold bright day.
O doe not frowne; thy angry looke
Hath 'all my soule with horror shooke.'[1]

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
And bootless is my dismall crye;
Time will not be recalled againe,
Nor thou surcease before I dye.
O lett me live, and make amends
To some of thy most dearest friends.

[1] MS. Hath "made my breath my life forsooke."

But seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pittye on me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe:
I must content myselfe to take
What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one being in a trance,
A multitude of uglye feinds
About this woffull prince did dance;
He had no helpe of any friends:
His body then they tooke away,
And no man knew his dying day.

XXIII. THE WITCHES' SONG

From Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, in compliment to King James I. whose weakness on this head is well known; and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 WITCH

I HAVE been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter:
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares;

The spurging of a dead man's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 WITCH

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull
From charnell houses that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH

Under a cradle I did crepe
By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 WITCH

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale.
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH

A murderer yonder was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veins:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 WITCH

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe Sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 WITCH

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

DAME

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin:
And now our orgies let's begin.

XXIV. ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

—alias "Pucke," alias "Hobgoblin," in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's L'Allegro, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it:—

> Tells how the drudging Goblin swet
> To earn his cream-bowle duly set:
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
> His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
> That ten day-labourers could not end;
> Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
> And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology; a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies "the spirits of the mountains." See also the Preface to Song xxv.

This song, which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson (though it is not found among his works), is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some masque.

This ballad is entitled, in the old black-letter copies, "The merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of Dulcina," &c. See No. xiii. above.

From Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblin's! where I go,
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,

More swift than wind away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport,
I fart and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss;
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow,
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw:
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require:
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,

Abroad amongst them then I go,
And, night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loop holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nightes,

The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho!

XXV. THE FAIRY QUEEN

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those who fetch them from the East so late as the time of the croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Duergar, or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaj Verelj. 1675. Hickes Thesaur. &c.

This song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book intitled "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, &c." Lond. 1658. 8vo.

Come, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the greene,
Come, follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest:
Unheard, and unespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their armes and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,

We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroomes head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tailes of wormes, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

The grashopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

XXVI. THE FAIRIES FAREWELL

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c.), and is printed from his "Poetica Stromata," 1648, 12mo. (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672.) It is there called "A proper new Ballad, intitled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meddow Brow, by the learned: by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery:

Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse in his "Wife of Bath's Tale:"—

In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The elf-quene, with hire joly compagnie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no faeries:
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,
In undermeles and in morweninges,
And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,
As he goth in his limitatioun.
Women may now go safely up and doun,
In every bush, and under every tree,
Ther is non other incubus but he,
And he ne will don hem no dishonour.

Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, vol. i. p. 255.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long bishop of Norwich, died in 1635, ætat. 52.

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now you may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies,
Doe fare as well as they:
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth,
These prettie ladies had.

When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queene Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:

To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle:
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

*** After these Songs on the Fairies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's collection of Manuscripts, at Oxford (No. 8259. 1406. 2.), are the papers of some alchymist, which contain a variety of incantations and forms of conjuring both Fairies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his great work of transmuting metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted; but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's "Alchymist," will find that these impostors, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fairies; and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a chrystal glass, appears from that extraordinary book, "The Relation of Dr. John Dee's Actions with Spirits, 1659," folio.

"An excellent way to gett a Fayrie. (For myself I call Margarett Barrance; but this will obteine any one that is not allready bownd.)

"First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth 3 inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne, 3 Wednesdayes, or 3 Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take 3 hazel sticks, or wands of an yeare groth; pill them fayre and white; and make 'them' soe longe, as you write the Spiritts name, or Fayries name, which you call, 3 times on every sticke being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, where, as you suppose, Fayries haunt, the Wednesdaye before you call her; and the Fridaye followinge take them uppe, and call her at 8 or 3 or 10 of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse."

"An Unguent to annoynt under the Eyelids, and upon the Eyelids eveninge and morninge; but especially when you call, or find your sight not perfect.

"R. A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse: but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold water: the flowers 'to' be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white: then put it into the glasse, ut supra: and then put thereto the budds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thime, the budds of young hazle: and the thime must be gathered neare the side of a hille where Fayries use to be: and 'take' the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse: and set it to dissolve 3 dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use, ut supra."

After this receipt for the unguent follows a form of incantation, wherein the alchymist conjures a Fairy, named Elaby Gathon, to appear to him in that chrystal glass, meekly and mildly; to resolve

him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of Damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a particular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them; and that they strike with blindness such as, having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal a-propos.

As for the hazle sticks mentioned above, they were to be probably of that species called the witch hazel, which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations.

SERIES THE THIRD

BOOK III

I. THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of St. George and the Dragon, are chiefly taken from the old story-book of The Seven Champions of Christendome; which, though now the play-thing of children, was once in high repute. Bishop Hall, in his Satires, published in 1597, ranks

"St. George's sorrell, and his cross of blood,"

among the most popular stories of his time; and an ingenious critic[1] thinks that Spencer himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it, though I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications, viz. "The nine worthies of London, 1592," 4to.—"The pleasant walks of Moor fields, 1607," 4to.—"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c. 1612," 8vo.—"The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury, 1612," 4to.—"The Hist. of Tom of Lincoln," 4to. is also by R. J. who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting, which seems, for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of "Syr Bevis of Hampton."

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time (see above p. 4), and so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions, two of which are in black-letter, 4to. "imprinted by Wyllyam Copland," without date, containing great variations.

[1] Mr. Wharton. Vid. Observations on the Fairy Queen, 2 vols. 12mo. 1762, passim.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by Sir Bevis.

. . . . Whan the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,
He cast up a loude cry,
As it had thondred in the sky;
He turned his bely towarde the son;
It was greater than any tonne:
His scales was bryghter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras:
Betwene his shulder and his tayle,
Was forty fote withoute fayle.
He waltred out of his denne,
And Bevis pricked his stede then,
And to hym a spere he thraste
That all to shyvers he it braste:
The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,
And smote Syr Bevis with his tayle:
Then downe went horse and man,
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, Sir Bevis

Hit him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge,
There he was tender without scale,
And Bevis thought to be his bale.
He smote after, as I you saye,
With his good sword Morglaye.
Up to the hiltes Morglaye yode
Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude:
To the ground fell the dragon,
Great joye Syr Bevis begon.
Under the scales al on hight
He smote off his head forth right,
And put it on a spere: &c.
Sign. K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see chap. iii. viz. "The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistering as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . The champion . . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c. . . . At length . . . . St. George smote the dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood. Then St. George cut off the dragon's head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear," &c.

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: but "Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne" was published at Paris in 1502, 4to. Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman

invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song iii.

This hath also been the case of St. George himself; whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine story) is the subject of "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of Saint George, &c. By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A. 1792," 8vo.

The equestrian figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult "A Dissertation on the Original of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, Ensigns of the most noble Order of that name. Illustrated with copper-plates. By John Pettingal, A.M. Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. London, 1753," 4to. This learned and curious work the author of the "Historical and Critical Inquiry" would have done well to have seen.

It cannot be denied, but that the following ballad is for the most part modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth.

Distressed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the Christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme;
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell:
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprize:

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she;
She nourisht constant woe:
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look,
Discover'd soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She, weeping, did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me, I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods,
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Thro' lonely shades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,
He hears no chearful sound;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling thro' his ear:
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews:
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse;
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the inchanted cave.

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine:
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

"Sir knight, thy lady beares a son,
Who, like a dragon bright,
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
And terrible in fight.

"His name advanc'd in future times
On banners shall be worn:
But, lo! thy lady's life must passe
Before he can be born."

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time Lord Albert stood;
At length he winds his doubtful way
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
Then fast he travels back:
But when he reach'd his castle-gate,
His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne :
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine ;

And bitterly lament and weep,
With many a grievous grone :
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faultering step he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe ;
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

" Three times the sun hath rose and set ; "
They said, then stopt to weep :
" Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
In death's eternal sleep.

" For, ah ! in travel sore she fell,
So sore that she must dye ;
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
Could ease her presentlye.

" But when a cunning leech was fet,
Too soon declared he,
She, or her babe must lose its life ;
Both saved could not be.

" Now take my life, thy lady said,
My little infant save :
And O commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

" O tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife :
And teach my son to lisp her name,
Who died to save his life.

" Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee ;
Without repining or complaint,
Her gentle soul did flee."

What tongue can paint Lord Albert's woe,
The bitter tears he shed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead ?

He beat his breast: he tore his hair;
And shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son;
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsels all:
At length they faultering say;
"Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?
Thy son is stoln away.

"Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien:
And on his little body stampt
Three wonderous marks were seen:

"A blood-red crosse was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast:
A little garter all of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

"Three carefull nurses we provide
Our little lord to keep:
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

"But, lo! all in the dead of night,
We heard a fearful sound:
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
And lightning flasht around.

"Dead with affright at first we lay;
But rousing up anon,
We ran to see our little lord:
Our little lord was gone!

"But how or where we could not tell;
For lying on the ground,
In deep and magic slumbers laid,
The nurses there we found."

"O grief on grief!" Lord Albert said:
No more his tongue cou'd say,
When falling in a deadly swoone,
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
He nourisht endless woe,
No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and stately oake,
Whose vigorous arms are torne away
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown:
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feats of armes,
And every martial play.

* * *

II. ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection; one of which is in 12mo. the other in folio.

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing;
And of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
Fought he full long and many a day;
Where many gyants he subdu'd,
In honour of the Christian way:
And after many adventures past
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
Within that countrey there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore opprest:
Who by his poisonous breath each day,
Did many of the city slay.

The grief wherof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wise-men did intreat
To shew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king
This answer fram'd incontinent;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent:
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteouslye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye:
Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might asswage;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the king's commission still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour:

Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear.

Then rose the people presentlye,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the dragon's prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast saved thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but faire,
For us thy daughter so should die.
O save my daughter, said the king;
And let ME feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,
Than all your subjects perish quite;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite:
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food.
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white.
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she goe;
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,
And my sweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willinglye.

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he,
What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:

And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go;
Here comes that cursed fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his launce that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along;
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm:
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm:
Which when King Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the ladye fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight
He counted her his only joy;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant ayre,
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with Lady Sabra talk:
Their love he shew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away,
With letters him in curteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia:
But wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly
By such vile meanes they had regard
To work his death most cruelly;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia
By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day;
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the Sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the last,

Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd
For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal kind to make:
Mean while the king, o'ercome in field,
Unto Saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true
Ere with her he would lead his life:
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait,
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait;
These three from Egypt went alone.
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest;
Mean while St. George to kill a deer,
For their repast did think it best:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But, lo! all in his absence came
Two hungry lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lyons sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lyons slay
Within the Lady Sabra's sight:
Who all this while sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew:
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place;
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
And fortune did his nuptials grace:
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

III. LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

This excellent song is ancient; but we could only give it from a modern copy.

Over the mountains
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
He will find out his way.

* * *

IV. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

A SCOTTISH BALLAD

This piece seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this work. See Series III. book i. ballad 15. and book ii. ballad 4. If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given, with some corrections, from a manuscript copy transmitted from Scotland.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:
Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the Holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
Wer a' ty'd till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strak fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude
A' wood-wroth waxed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

V. UNFADING BEAUTY

This beautiful little sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems, by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza; which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE, that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires,
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * * *

VI. GEORGE BARNWELL

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730. As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black-letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled, "An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who . . . . thrice robbed his master, and murdered his vncle in Ludlow." The tune is "The Merchant."

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

THE FIRST PART

ALL youths of fair Engländ
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due:
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,
Unto this homely place.

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be:
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair mistress I you pray;
For why, out of my master's house
So long I dare not stay.

Alas! good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

Faith, then the case is hard:
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee:

Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had
All wrought with silk and gold:
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand:
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewel she gave;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind,
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,[1]
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear? quoth I;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say,
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay:
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

[1] The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c. shews this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to the change of manners at that period.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pounds at once;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

"But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The Second Part may showe."

THE SECOND PART

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do
With any prentice boy?

And seeing you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,
How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report:

Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed;
I doe defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

False woman, now farewell,
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there:
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer:

Dost think, for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith no, said she, my love to thee
I wiss is more than so.

You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you.—
—Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe're befall:
But man we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all.

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to 'get' away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then
Should I want store of gold?
Nay with a father sure, quoth she,
A son may well make bold.

I've a sister richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want.
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well
Consider of your scant.

Nay, I an uncle have;
At Ludlow he doth dwell:
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee:
I'll rob his house and murder him.
Why should you not? quoth she:

Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate;
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
A man is but a beast:
But bringing money thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe;
Such privy ways there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
Their pleasures to content:
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,
But that he fear'd his master had
Took order for his stay.[1]

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took:
When coming home again,

[1] *i. e.* for stopping and apprehending him at his father's.

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed.

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door:
Which is the just reward of those
Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he,
She call'd him thief and murderer,
With all the spight might be:

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write;
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was
And then to Ludlow sent:
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains:
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt:
Who in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

VII. THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD

These beautiful stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in a previous part of this volume: see the song intitled "The Shepherd's Resolution," book ii. song 21. In the first edition of this work only a small fragment of this sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and entire by the addition of five stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, intitled "The Mistress of Philarete," of which this song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1620, 8vo.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;
Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charmes).
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chaine:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'me no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy brest,
Rowling eye, and lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my rest:
Goe, goe, display
Thy beautie's ray
To some more-soone enamour'd swaine:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
Turne away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beautie;
These impostures I defie:
My spirit lothes
Where gaudy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her so,
Whose looke sweares No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then stay thy tongue;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clownes
Are scar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine:
And those Ile prove
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I do scorne to vow a dutie,
Where each lustfull lad may wooe:
Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not soare unto:
Shee, shee it is
Affoords that blisse
For which I would refuse no paine:
But such as you,
Fond fooles, adieu;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proofe against your charmes :
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remaine :
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vaine.

VIII. THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY

The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, intitled, "The Theatre of God's Judgments," by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642, pt. ii. p. 89. The text is given (with corrections) from two copies ; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden :

Oh jealousie ! thou art nurst in hell :
Depart from hence, and therein dwell.

All tender hearts, that ake to hear
Of those that suffer wrong ;
All you that never shed a tear,
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy
My tale doth far exceed :
Alas, that so much cruelty
In female hearts should breed !

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
Who was of high degree ;
Whose wayward temper did create
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head
With many a vain surmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait ;
With bravest dames she might compare ;
Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid;
And tax her with disloyaltye;
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft as she came in his way,
Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,
She burnt with wrath extreame;
At length the fire that long did glow,
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell,
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence,
And many a grievous fault;
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore:
A dungeon dark and deep:
Where they were wont, in days of yore,
Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
Dispers'd the hideous gloom;
But dank and noisome vapours play
Around the wretched room:

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
The fair one innocent
Was cast, before her lady's face;
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
But strait, alas! she hears
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss:
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her assail;
Which makes the damsel sorely weep,
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
Her body to defend:
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
But all is to no end.

A servant listning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise,
Strait ran his lady to implore;
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen
To mark the maiden's groans;
And plainly hears within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies
With all the haste he may:
She into furious passion flies,
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn;
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls;
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls.

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,
Your cruelty hath sped;
Make hast, for shame, and come and see;
I fear the virgin's dead.

She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run:
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found
The virgin stretch'd along:
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her wast,
Had twin'd his fatal wreath:
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so filled,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady, at this sight,
With horror straight ran mad;
So raving dy'd, as was most right,
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,
Of jealousy beware:
It causeth many a one to fall,
And is the devil's snare.

***

IX. JEALOUSY, TYRANT OF THE MIND

This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his tragi-comedy of "Love Triumphant," &c. On account of the subject it is inserted here.

What state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the gentle brest;
Two souls in one; the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require?

If in this heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love:
In absence or unkind disdaine,
Sweet hope relieves the lovers paine:
But, oh, no cure but death we find
To sett us free
From jealousie,
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some sett too near, and some too far:
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

X. CONSTANT PENELOPE

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys Collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is intitled, "A Looking-glass for Ladies, or a Mirrour for Married Women. Tune, Queen Dido, or Troy Town."

When Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,
And lords in armour bright were seen;
When many a gallant lost his life
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;
Ulysses, general so free,
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
That he would to the warrs of Troy;
For grief she shed full many a tear,
At parting from her only joy:
Her ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
Unto her then did mildly say,
The time is come that we must part;
My honour calls me hence away;
Yet in my absence, dearest, be
My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,
Than to my lord I true remain;
My honour shall not be betray'd
Until I see my love again;
For I will ever constant prove,
As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
And to the ships his way he took;
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear;
Still casting many a longing look:
She saw him on the surges glide,
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd:

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,
And rulest in the ocean main,
My loving lord in safety keep
Till he return to me again:
That I his person may behold,
To me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
Were all convey'd out of her sight:
Her cruel fate she then bewails,
Since she had lost her hearts delight.
Now shall my practice be, quoth she,
True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
My charity I will extend;
Since for my woe there is no cure,
The helpless now I will befriend:
The widow and the fatherless
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
In doing good to every one;
Her fame was noised every where,
To young and old the same was known,

That she no company would mind,
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,
'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life:
Young gallants, hearing of her name,
Came flocking for to tempt his wife:
For she was lovely, young, and fair,
No lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
They did endeavour her to win;
With banquets and the choicest wine,
For to allure her unto sin:
Most persons were of high degree,
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace
Their wanton suits she did denye:
No tempting charms could e'er deface
Her dearest husband's memorye;
But constant she would still remain,
Hopeing to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
And that she often did peruse;
She seldom looked in her glass;
Powder and paint she ne'er would use.
I wish all ladies were as free
From pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
And likewise in her spinning-wheel;
Her maids about her every night
Did use the distaff, and the reel:
The spiders, that on rafters twine,
Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss
And absence of her dearest love:
Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
Her fortune on the waves to prove.
I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
He stays so from Penelope.

At length the ten years siege of Troy
Did end; in flames and city burn'd;
And to the Grecians was great joy,
To see the towers to ashes turn'd:
Then came Ulysses home to see
His constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,
When she her lord again had seen.
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,
A long time absent thou hast been:
The wars shall never more deprive
Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies all, example take;
And hence a worthy lesson learn,
All youthful follies to forsake,
And vice from virtue to discern:
And let all women strive to be
As constant as Penelope.

XI. TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

By Col. Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems intitled, "Lucasta," Lond. 1649, 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

XII. VALENTINE AND URSINE

The old story-book of Valentine and Orsan (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at Romance. See "Le Bibliotheque de Romans," &c.

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original lines are:

> Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
> That man and beest might passe away:
> Under the brydge were sixty belles;
> Right as the Romans telles;
> That there might no man passe in,
> But all they rang with a gyn.
> Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's folio manuscript was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.

PART THE FIRST

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine!

The King of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride;
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princelye pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cryes
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
Of silk so fine and thin:
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all;
The courtiers gather'd round;
They look, they call, the mother seek;
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, King Pepin says,
This child is passing fair:
I wot he is of gentle blood;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may:
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day:

And look me out some cunning nurse:
Well nurtur'd let him bee;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;
And nurtur'd well was hee;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine,
Belov'd of king and peers;
And shew'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grewe to man's estate
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls,
May be reserv'd for mee.

The first adventure shall be thine,
The king did smiling say:
Nor many days, when, lo! there came
Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd;
And knelt, as it was meet:
From Artoys forest we be come,
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods
There wends a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den:
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill:
For arms, ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still:

Up then rose Sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed.
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow;
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round:
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spyed a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize:
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand:
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe:
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND

In high renown with prince and peere
Now liv'd Sir Valentine:
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast:
And there came lords, and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
Their revelry, and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound:
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,[1]
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But straight their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;
He cried with hideous roar;
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust;
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burst.

[1] *i. e.* a lake that served for a moat to a castle.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel:
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew:
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush:
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now caytiff breathe thy last!"

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend:
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes:
The hairy youth repeats his blows:
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine reviv'd
With Ursine's timely care:
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
They found where'er they came:
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe:
And long Sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,
"Condole my wretched fate;
A childless mother here you see;
A wife without a mate.

"These twenty winters here forlorn
I've drawn my hated breath;
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king,
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

"With him I sweetly liv'd in love
A twelvemonth and a day:
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

"His seeming goodness wan him pow'r;
He had his master's ear:
And long to me and all the world
He did a saint appear.

"One day, when we were all alone,
He proffer'd odious love:
The wretch with horrour I repuls'd,
And from my presence drove.

"He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd
His crime I'd not reveal:
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promis'd to conceal.

"With treason, villainy, and wrong,
My goodness he repay'd:
With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,
And me to woe betray'd.

"He hid a slave within my bed,
Then rais'd a bitter cry.
My lord, possest with rage, condemn'd
Me, all unheard, to dye.

" But 'cause I then was great with child,
At length my life he spar'd:
But bade me instant quit the realme,
One trusty knight my guard.

" Forth on my journey I depart,
Opprest with grief and woe;
And tow'rds my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart, I goe.

" Long time thro' sundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along:
At length, within a forest wild,
I fell in labour strong:

" And while the knight for succour sought,
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast
Two lovely boys were born.

" The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar:
The younger's little body rough
With hairs was cover'd o'er.

" But here afresh begin my woes:
While tender care I took
To shield my eldest from the cold,
And wrap him in my cloak;

" A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seiz'd my younger son:
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run.

" But all forewearied, weak and spent,
I quickly swoon'd away;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
Long time I lifeless lay.

" At length the knight brought me relief,
And rais'd me from the ground:
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

" And, while in search we wander'd far,
We met that gyant grim;
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

"But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,
He offer'd me no wrong;
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immur'd so long."

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,
You are Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor:
Your brother's King of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime;
And long your lord hath sought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady said;
And dropt a joyful tear:
Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?

But, Madam, said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see?

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth? she said;
He much resembles thee:
The bear devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stampt a bloody rose.
Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!

Then clasping both her new-found sons
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy,
His sister thus restor'd!
And soon a messenger was sent
To chear her drooping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reign'd
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the scepter bare.
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

***

XIII. THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY

This humorous song (as a former Editor[1] has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although we have been fortunate enough to learn the general subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information with which we have been favoured, in a separate memoir at the end of the poem.

In handling his subject, the author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in romance. The description of the

1 Collection of Historical Ballads, in 3 vols. 1727.

dragon [1]—his outrages—the people flying to the knight for succour—his care in choosing his armour—his being dressed for fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than another, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of Sir Bevis. There a dragon is attacked from a well in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:

There was a well, so have I wynne,
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.
.....
Than was he glad without fayle,
And rested a whyle for his avayle;
And drank of that water his fyll;
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,
And with Morglay his brande
He assayled the dragon, I understande:
On the dragon he smote so faste,
Where that he hit the scales braste:
The dragon then faynted sore,
And cast a galon and more
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,
And on Syr Bevis he it flong:
It was venymous y-wis.

This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110; as the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c. seems evidently to allude to the following:

Bevis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,
And lepte out with haste full good;
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;
And the dragon also to Bevis.
Longe and harde was that fyght
Betwene the dragon and that knyght:
But ever whan Syr Bevis was hurt sore,
He went to the well, and washed him thore;
He was as hole as any man,
Ever freshe as whan he began.
The dragon sawe it might not avayle
Besyde the well to hold batayle;
He thought he would, with some wyle,
Out of that place Bevis begyle;
He woulde have flowen then awaye,
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,
And hyt him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge, &c.
Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his Faery Queen. At least some particulars in the description of the dragon, &c. seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See Book I. Canto xi. where the dragon's "two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl—with stings—his cruel rending clawes—and yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur"—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of romance.

Although this ballad must have been written early in the last century,

[1] See p. 251, 252, and p. 323 of this volume.

we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, collated with such others as could be procured.

Old stories tell, how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye.
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat:
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees:
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;[1]
He ate all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well;
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;

[1] "Were to him gorse and birches." Other copies.

But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it;
O there and then was this dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch;
Some say, he was a devil,
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did stand by;
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring,
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain
He swung a horse till he was dead;
And that which is stranger, he for very anger
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise:
O save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want;
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk, and keen,
With smiles about the mouth;
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning;
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;

With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog:
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange, outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excell;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well;
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, Boh!
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
Thou disturb'st me in my drink:
And then he turn'd, and s - - - at him:
Good lack! how he did stink:
Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam;
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholsome.

Our politic knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse,
He knew not what to think:

By cock, quoth he, say you so, do you see?
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and so they went to ;
And the word it was, Hey boys, hey!

Your words, quoth the dragon, I do understand ;
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small.
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground ;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straightway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More-hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the a - - - .

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather ;
More of More-hall! O thou rascal!
Would I had seen thee never ;
With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a - - - gut,
And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack for grief ;
Had you but mist that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shak'd, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cry'd ;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kickt, s - - - , and dy'd.

*** A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relater :

"In Yorkshire, six miles from Rotherham, is a village called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq. About a mile from this village is a lodge, named Warncliff-lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley :

here lies the scene of the song. I was there above forty years ago; and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of a cave; then asked my opinion of the place, and pointing to one end says, Here lay the dragon killed by Moor of Moor-hall; here lay his head; here lay his tail; and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack; and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-hall. I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the song: in the house is the picture of the dragon and Moor of Moor-hall; and near it a well, which, says he, is the well described in the ballad."

†‡† Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following key to the satire hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq. of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire; who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem.

Warncliffe-lodge, and Warncliff-wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family: who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes af Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more: for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the modus in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq. from Queen Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis: who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, third son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the lawsuit carried on concerning this claim of Tithes made by the Wortley family. "Houses and Churches were to him Geese and Turkeys:" which are titheable things the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the Tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of "the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack." The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I., and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliff] wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the Dragon's den (Warncliff-lodge) was at the top of the wood, "with Matthew's house hard by it." The keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's Manor-court, at Ox-spring, and

pays a rose a-year. "More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley." He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a modus, that it was in effect nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. "The poor children three," &c. cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been co-heiresses had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir Geo. Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold lord of the manor (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr. Bosville) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he should have his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

N. B. The "two days and a night," mentioned in ver. 125, as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

XIV. ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

THE FIRST PART

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the Second Part.

WHY doe ye boast of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured fightes?
For besides King Arthur, and Lancelot du Lake,
Or Sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies sake;
Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resckued Lot
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:
David was elected a prophet and a king,
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling:

Yet these were not knightes of the table round;
Nor St. George, St. George who the dragon did confound.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites and put them all to flight:
Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse;
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an asse,
And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty spoyle:
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did excell;
Hannyball and Scipio in many a fielde did fighte:
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte:
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde:
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yielde.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso that was the Spanish king,
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did bring:[1]
He had a troope of mighty knightes, when first he did begin,
Which sought adventures farre and neare, that conquest they might win;
The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight;
But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine:
Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:
Rowland of Beame, and good 'Sir' Olivere
In the forest of Acon slew both woolfe and beare:
Besides that noble Hollander, 'Sir' Goward with the bill:
But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

[1] This probably alludes to "an ancient order of knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, King of Spain . . . to wear a red riband of three fingers breadth," &c. See Ames, Typog. p. 327.

Valentine and Orson were of King Pepin's blood:
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:
The four sons of Aymon, that [illegible]low'd Charlemaine,
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:
These were all French knightes that lived in that age:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the Moore:
Sir Isenbras and Eglamore, they were knightes most bold;
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told:
There were many English knights that Pagans did convert:
But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Earl of Warwick, that was call'd Sir Guy,
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie;
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
Of that most ghastly dun cowe, the divell of Dunsmore heath;
Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Cœur-de-lion, erst king of this land,
He the lion gored with his naked hand:[1]
The false Duke of Austria nothing did he feare;
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare;
Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal p pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
And quartered their armes, his honour to advance:
He their cities razed, and threw their castles down,
And his head he honoured with a double crowne:

[1] Alluding to the fabulous exploits attributed to this King in the old romances. See the Dissertation prefixed to Series III. Book i.

He thumped the Frenchmen, and after home he came:
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welshmen much advance:
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:
St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:
For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine:
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

XV. ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND

THE SECOND PART

This was written by John Grubb, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows:—A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a club, all the members of which were to be of the name of George: their anniversary feast was to be held on St. George's day. Our author solicited strongly to be admitted; but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condition, that he would compose a song in honour of their patron saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries.[1]

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript; at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not improperly accompany the poem itself.

EXPOSTULATIUNCULA, sive QUERIMONIUNCULA ad ANTONIUM [ATHERTON] ob Poema Johannis Grubb, Viri *του παvυ* ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum editi.

TONI! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi
Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer
Τουνομα σου shall last, *Ω Γρυββε διαμπερες αει*,
Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale-a

[1] To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies in which the stanzas are arranged alike: he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them: they are here printed with many improvements.

Efficit heroas, dignamque heroe puellam.
Est genus heroum, quos nobilis efficit ale-a
Qui pro niperkin clamant, quaternque liquoris
Quem vocitant homines b[illegible]dy, superi cherry-brandy,
Sæpe illi long-cut, vel small flare tobacco
Sunt soliti pipos. Ast si genero[illegible]or herba
(Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum)
Mundungus desit, tum non funcare recusant
Brown-paper tostâ, vel quod fit arundine bed-mat.
Hic labor, hoc opus est heroum ascendere sedes!
Ast ego quo rapiar? quo me feret entheus ardor,
Grubbe, tui memorem? Divinum expande poema.
Quæ mora? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus anser
Virgilii, Flaccique simul canat inter olores?

At length the importunity of his friends prevailed; and Mr. Grubb's song was published at Oxford, under the following title:

THE BRITISH HEROES

A New Poem in honour of St. George

By Mr. John Grubb

School-master of Christ-church

Oxon. 1688.

Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, musarum sacerdos
Canto.

HOR.

Sold by Henry Clements. Oxon.

THE story of King Arthur old
  Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
  And roundness of his table:
The knights around his table in
  A circle sate, d'ye see:
And altogether made up one
  Large hoop of chivalry.
He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
  Y-cleped Caliburn,
Would cut a flint more easily
  Than pen-knife cuts a corn;
As case-knife does a capon carve,
  So would it carve a rock,
And split a man at single slash,
  From noddle down to nock.
As Roman Augur's steel of yore
  Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
So this would cut both conjurer
  And whetstone thro' the middle

He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh :
But George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguy squelsh.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat ;
And like him made a noble shield
Of she-goat's shaggy coat :
On top of burnisht helmet he
Did wear a crest of leeks ;
And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod
Drew tears down hostile cheeks.
Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot,
And very prone to ire ;
H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
And would as soon take fire.
As brimstone he took inwardly
When scurf gave him occasion,
His postern puff of wind was a
Sulphureous exhalation.
The Briton never tergivers'd,
But was for adverse drubbing,
And never turn'd his back to aught,
But to a post for scrubbing.
His sword would serve for battle, or
For dinner, if you please ;
When it had slain a Cheshire man,
'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.
He wounded, and, in their own blood,
Did anabaptize Pagans :
But George he made the dragon an
Example to all dragons.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
Challeng'd a gyant savage ;
And streight came out the unweildy lout
Brim-full of wrath and cabbage :
He had a phiz of latitude,
And was full thick i' th' middle ;

The cheek of puffed trumpeter,
And paunch of squire Beadle.[1]
But the knight fell'd him, [illegible] an oak,
And did upon his back tread;
The valiant knight his weazon cut,
And Atropos his packthread.
Besides he fought with a dun cow,
As say the poets witty,
A dreadful dun, and horned too,
Like dun of Oxford city:
The fervent dog-days made her mad,
By causing heat of weather,
Syrius and Procyon baited her,
As bull-dogs did her father:
Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast,
E'er of her frolick hindred;
John Dosset[2] she'd knock down as flat,
As John knocks down her kindred:
Her heels would lay ye all along,
And kick into a swoon;
Frewin's[3] cow-heels keep up your corpse,
But hers would beat you down.
She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,
And proud was of the honour;
Was pufft by mauling butchers so,
As if themselves had blown her.
At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,
But all that would not fright him;
Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn,
As if he'd gone to knight him.
He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
And eke he did her gall rip;
His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,
Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib:
He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,
Instead of arch triumphal:
But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,
As made him on his bum fall.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

1 Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.
2 A butcher that then served the college.
3 A cook, who on fast-nights was famous for selling cow-heel and tripe.

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
The Turkish squadrons slew;
And fetch'd the pagan crescent down,
With half-moon made of yew:
His trusty bow proud Turks did gall
With showers of arrows thick,
And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
Grand Visiers to old Nick:
Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
He made to humble in dust;
And heads of Saracens he fixt
On spear, as on a sign-post:
He coop'd in cage Bajazet the prop
Of Mahomet's religion,
As if 't had been the whispering bird,
That prompted him, the pigeon.
In Turkey-leather scabbard, he
Did sheath his blade so trenchant:
But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
And cut off every inch on't.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was
Both beautiful and bold;
She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,
And bang'd her foes with cold.
Her hand was like the tool, wherewith
Jove keeps proud mortals under:
It shone just like his lightning,
And batter'd like his thunder.
Her eye darts lightning that would blast
The proudest he that swagger'd,
And melt the rapier of his soul,
In its corporeal scabbard.
Her beauty, and her drum to foes
Did cause amazement double;
As timorous larks amazed are
With light, and with a low-bell:
With beauty, and that Lapland charm,[1]
Poor men she did bewitch all;
Still a blind whining lover had,
As Pallas had her scrich-owl.

[1] The drum.

She kept the chastness of a nun
In armour, as in cloyster:
But George undid the dragon just
As you'd undo an oister.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Stout Hercules was offspring of
Great Jove and fair Alcmene:
One part of him celestial was,
One part of him terrene.
To scale the hero's cradle walls
Two fiery snakes combin'd,
And, curling into swaddling cloaths,
About the infant twin'd:
But he put out these dragons' fires,
And did their hissing stop;
As red-hot iron with hissing noise
Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.
He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
The horses of new-comers;
And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame,
As Tom Wrench[1] does cucumbers.
He made a river help him through;
Alpheus was under-groom;
The stream, disgust at office mean,
Ran murmuring thro' the room:
This liquid ostler to prevent
Being tired with that long work,
His father Neptune's trident took,
Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.
This Hercules, as soldier, and
As spinster, could take pains;
His club would sometimes spin ye flax,
And sometimes knock out brains:
H' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift
By Juno's wrath and her-spite;
Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
As cook whips barking turn-spit.
From man, or churn, he well knew how
To get him lasting fame:
He'd pound a giant, till the blood,
And milk till butter came.

[1] Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.

Often he fought with huge battoon,
And oftentimes he boxed;
Tapt a fresh monster once a month,
As Hervey [1] doth fresh hogshead.
He gave Anteus such a hug,
As wrestlers give in Cornwall:
But George he did the dragon kill,
As dead as any door-nail.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,
Were put into a cradle:
Their brains with knocks and bottled-ale,
Were often-times full addle:
And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him,
That hurls the bolt trisulcate,
With helmet-shell on tender head,
Did tustle with red-ey'd pole-cat.
Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'
A boxer was, I wist:
The one was fam'd for iron heel;
Th' other for leaden fist.
Pollux, to shew he was a god,
When he was in a passion
With fist made noses fall down flat
By way of adoration:
This fist, as sure as French disease,
Demolish'd noses' ridges:
He like a certain lord [2] was fam'd
For breaking down of bridges.
Castor the flame of fiery steed,
With well-spur'd boots took down;
As men, with leathern buckets, quench
A fire in country town.
His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,
Is sung on oaten quill;
By bards' immortal provender
The nag surviveth still.
This shelly brood on none but knaves
Employ'd their brisk artillery:

[1] A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.
[2] Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p. 102. Lond. 1713.

And flew as naturally at rogues,
As eggs at thief in pillory.[1]
Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
Much blood they did effund:
Their whites they vented thro' the pores;
Their yolks thro' gaping wound:
Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
To make a heavenly sign:
The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd,
And then hung up to shine;
Such were the heavenly double-Dicks,
The sons of Jove and Tyndar:
But George he cut the dragon up,
As he had bin duck or windar.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
For knot upon her shoulder:
She kemb'd her hissing periwig,
And curling snakes did powder.
These snakes they made stiff changelings
Of all the folks they hist on;
They turned barbars into hones,
And masons into free-stone:
Sworded magnetic Amazon
Her shield to load-stone changes;
Then amorous sword by magic belt
Clung fast unto her haunches.
This shield long village did protect,
And kept the army from-town,
And chang'd the bullies into rocks,
That came t' invade Long-Compton.[2]
She post-diluvian stores unmans,
And Pyrrha's work unravels;
And stares Deucalion's hardy boys
Into their primitive pebbles.
Red noses she to rubies turns,
And noddles into bricks:

[1] It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent that this was a popular subject at that time:

Not carted bawd, or Dan de Foe,
In wooden ruff ere bluster'd so.
Smith's Poems, p. 117.

[2] See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hist. of Oxfordshire.

But George made dragon laxative ;
And gave him a bloody flix.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

By boar-spear Meleager got
An everlasting name,
And out of haunch of basted swine,
He hew'd eternal fame.
This beast each hero's trouzers ript,
And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,
Prickt but the wem, and out there came
Heroic guts and garbadge.
Legs were secur'd by iron boots
No more than peas by peascods :
Brass helmets, with inclosed sculls,
Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.
His tawny hairs erected were
By rage, that was resistless ;
And wrath, instead of cobler's wax,
Did stiffen his rising bristles.
His tusk lay'd dogs so dead asleep,
Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um :
It made them vent both their last blood,
And their last album-grecum.
But the knight gor'd him with his spear,
To make of him a tame one,
And arrows thick, instead of cloves,
He stuck in monster's gammon.
For monumental pillar, that
His victory might be known,
He rais'd up, in cylindric form,
A collar of the brawn.
He sent his shade to shades below,
In Stygian mud to wallow ;
And eke the stout St. George eftsoon,
He made the dragon follow.
St. George he was for England ; St. Dennis was for France ;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt
The great horse for to ride ;
H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,
The hinnible to bestride.

Bright silver feet, and shining face
Had that stout hero's mother;
As rapier's silver'd at one end,
And wound you at the other.
Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,
As hawk pursuing sparrow:
Her's had the metal, his the speed
Of Braburn's [1] silver arrow.
Thetis to double pedagogue
Commits her dearest boy;
Who bred him from a slender twig
To be the scourge of Troy:
But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was
In Stygian waters steept;
As birch is soaked first in piss,
When boys are to be whipt.
With skin exceeding hard, he rose
From lake, so black and muddy,
As lobsters from the ocean rise,
With shell about their body:
And, as from lobster's broken claw,
Pick out the fish you might;
So might you from one unshell'd heel
Dig pieces of the knight.
His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
And hen-roosts, says the song;
Carried away both corn and eggs,
Like ants from whence they sprung.
Himself tore Hector's pantaloons,
And sent him down bare-breech'd
To pedant Radamanthus, in
A posture to be switch'd.
But George he made the dragon look,
As if he had been bewitch'd.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Full fatal to the Romans was
The Carthaginian Hanni-
bal; him I mean, who gave them such
A devilish thump at Cannæ:

[1] Braburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln college, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the university of Oxford.

Moors, thick as goats on Penmenmure,
Stood on the Alpes's front:
Their one-eyed guide,[1] like blinking mole,
Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount:
Who, baffled by the massy rock,
Took vinegar for relief;
Like plowmen, when they hew their way
Thro' stubborn rump of beef.
As dancing louts from humid toes
Cast atoms of ill savour
To blinking Hyatt,[2] when on vile crowd
He merriment does endeavour,
And saws from suffering timber out
Some wretched tune to quiver:
So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight
Of African carnivor.
The tawny surface of his phiz
Did serve instead of vizzard:
But George he made the dragon have
A grumbling in his gizzard.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian,
It must not be forgotten;
Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
Protected veal and mutton.
A squadron of flies errant,
Against the foe appears;
With regiments of buzzing knights,
And swarms of volunteers:
The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em
With animating hum;
And the loud brazen hornet next,
He was their kettle-drum:
The Spanish don cantharido
Did him most sorely pester,
And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
Full many a plaguy blister.
A bee whipt thro' his button-hole,
As thro' key-hole a witch,

[1] Hannibal had but one eye.
[2] A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them; well known at that time in Oxford.

And stabb'd him with her little tuck
Drawn out of scabbard breech:
But the undaunted knight lifts up
An arm both big and brawny,
And slasht her that here lay head,
And there lay bag and honey:
Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,
As weapon made by Cyclops,
And bravely quell'd seditious buz,
By dint of massy fly-flops.
Surviving flies do curses breathe,
And maggots too at Cæsar:
But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,
And Askelon[1] was his razor.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing song, makes a distinguished figure among the Oxford wits so humorously enumerated in the following distich:

Alma novem genuit célebres Rhedycina poetas
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trap, Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe), Dr. Stubbs, our poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp the poetry professor, Dr. Edw. Young the author of Night Thoughts, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickell, Esq. and Dr. Evans the epigrammatist.

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can learn further of him, is contained in a few extracts from the University Register, and from his Epitaph. It appears from the former that he was matriculated in 1667, being the son of John Grubb, "de Acton Burnel in comitatu Salop. pauperis." He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671; and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church; and afterwards chosen into the same employment at Gloucester, where he died in 1697, as appears from his monument in the church of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is inscribed with the following epitaph:

H. S. E.

Johannes Grubb, A.M.
Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi
Anno Dom. 1645.
Cujus variam in linguis notitiam,
et felicem erudiendis pueris industriam,
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxonium:
Ibi enim Ædi Christi initiatus,
artes excoluit:
Pueros ad easdem mox excolendas
accuratè formavit:
Hunc demum
unanimi omnium consensu accitus,
eandem suscepit provinciam,

[1] The name of St. George's sword.

quam feliciter adeo absolvit,
ut nihil optandum sit
nisi ut diutius nobis interfuisset:
Fuit enim
propter festivam ingenii suavitatem,
simplicem morum candorem, et
præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam,
omnibus desideratissimus.
Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno D'ni. 1697,
Ætatis suæ 51.

XVI. MARGARET'S GHOST

This ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq. who, in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in p. 262, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

"These lines," says he, "naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep, &c.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shrowd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sang loud; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hyed him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

*** In a late publication, intitled "The Friends," &c. Lond. 1773, 2 vols. 12mo. (in the first volume) is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the Editor of that work contends was the original; and that Mallet adopted it for his own, and altered it as here given. But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste; than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads.

XVII. LUCY AND COLIN

This ballad was written by Thomas Tickell, Esq. the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and Editor of his works. He was son of a clergyman in the north of England; had his education at Queen's College, Oxon; was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond, written while he was at the university.

It is a tradition in Ireland that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly; probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, at 'n the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died: her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah! bride no more),
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

XVIII. THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND

Mr. Warton, in his ingenious Observations on Spenser, has given his opinion that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled "Le Court Mantel," quoted by M. de St. Palaye, in his curious "Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie," Paris, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo.; who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. It is possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French Romance; but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution; to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the Memoires) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all, it is most likely that all the old stories concerning King Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscrip. tom. xx. p. 352.

In the "Fabliaux ou Contes," 1781, 5 tom. 12mo. of M. Le Grand (tom. i. p. 54), is printed a modern version of the old tale "Le Court Mantel," under a new title, "Le Manteau maltaillé," which contains the story of this ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the Mantle, but without any mention of the Knife or the Horn.

In Carleile dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet;
And thus, with seemely curtesy,
He did King Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave King Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre;
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre.

"Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose,
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape and hew.

"Now have thou here, King Arthur,
Have this here of mee,
And give unto thy comely queen,
All-shapen as you see.

"No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame."
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came Lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye.
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue.
"Beshrew me," quoth King Arthur,
"I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay;
But, storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree;
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
"Yet, dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear;
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b---side bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

"And all the time of Christmass
Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
If thou wilt let my lady fair
Within the mantle shine."

A saint his lady seemed,
With step demure and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare:
"Come, win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

"Come, win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady, gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle!
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradocke
Beneathe the green-wood tree:
Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth
Before he married mee."

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour.
Like gold it glittering shone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards King Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where stood a boar's head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife,
Of steel and iron made;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast;
And every knight in Arthur's court
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Saith he, "No cuckolde ever can
Set [illegible] unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horne
Lift fairly to his head;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle,
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spightful say,
"Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herselfe so clean:
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men,
Have her lewd pillow prest:
Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the same in hold:
"Chastize thy wife, King Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold:

"Of speech she is too bold,
Of carriage all too free;
Sir King, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolick light and wanton
She hath her carriage borne:
And given thee for a kingly crown
To wear a cuckold's horne."

***

*** The Rev. Evan Evans, Editor of the Specimens of Welsh Poetry, 4to. affirmed that the story of "The Boy and the Mantle" is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh bards.

†‡† Carleile, so often mentioned in the ballads of King Arthur, the Editor once thought might probably be a corruption of Caerleon, an ancient British city on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of King Arthur's chief residence; but he is now convinced that it is no other than Carlisle, in Cumberland; the old English minstrels, being most of them northern men, naturally represented the hero of romance as residing in the north; and many of the places mentioned in the old ballads are still to be found there, as Tearne-Wadling, &c.

Near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which retains the name of Arthur's Round Table.

XIX. THE ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

The second Poem of Series III. Book i. intitled "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine," having been offered to the reader with large conjectural supplements and corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the Editor's folio manuscript, with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata; that such austere antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been, if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them.

This ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the manuscript torn away; and as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

KINGE Arthur liues in merry Carleile
and seemely is to see
and there he hath wth him Queene Genev^{r}
y^{t} bride so bright of blee

And there he hath wth him Queene Genever
yt bride soe bright in bower
& all his barons about him stoode
yr were both stiffe and stowre

. . . .

The K. kept a royall Christmasse
of mirth & great honor
. . when . . .

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

And bring me word what thing it is
ye a woman most desire
this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes
for Ile haue noe other hier

. . . .

K. Arthur then held vp his hand
according thene as was the law
he took his leaue of the baron there
and homword can he draw

. . . .

And when he came to Merry Carlile
to his chamber he is gone
and ther came to him his Cozen Sr Gawaine
as he did make his mone

. . . .

And there came to him his Cozen Sr Cawaine[1]
yt was a curteous knight
why sigh you soe sore vnckle Arthur he said
or who hath done thee vnright

. . . .

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine
yt faire may thee be ffall
for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe
thou wold not meruaile att all

. . . .

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling
a bold barron there I fand
wth a great club vpon his backe
standing stiffe & strong

[1] Sic.

And he asked me wether I wold fight
or from him I shold be gone
o[1] else I must him a ransome pay
& soe dep't him from

. . . .

To fight w^th^ him I saw noe cause
me thought it was not meet
for he was stiffe & strong w^th^ all
his strokes were nothing sweete

. . . .

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaine
I ought to him to pay
I must come againe as I am sworne
vpon the Newyeers day

. . . .

And I must bring him word what thing it is

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde.
in one soe rich array
toward the foresaid Tearne wadling
y^t^ he might keepe his day

. . .

And as he rode over a more
hee see a lady where shee sate
betwixt an oke and a greene hollen
she was cladd in red scarlett

. . . .

Then there as shold have stood her mouth
then there was sett her eye
the other was in her forhead fast
the way that she might see

. . . .

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward
her mouth stood foule a wry
a worse formed lady than shee was
neuerman saw w^th^ his eye

[1] Sic.

To halch vpon him k. Arthur
this lady was full faine
but k. Ar[illegible] had forgott his lesson
what he shold say againe

. . . .

What knight art thou the lady sayd
that wilt not speake tome
of me thou nothing dismayd
tho I be vgly to see

. . . .

for I haue halched yo[u] curteouslye
& yo[u] will not me againe
yett I may happen S[r] knight shee said
to ease thee of thy paine

. . . .

Giue thou ease me lady he said
or helpe me any thing
thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen
& marry him w[th] a ring

. . . .

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k. Arthur
of thy owne hearts desiringe
of gentle Gawaine . . . .

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

And when he came to the tearne wadling
the baron there cold he srinde[1]
w[th] a great weapon on his backe
standing stiffe & stronge

. . . .

And then he tooke k. Arthurs letters in his hands
& away he cold them fling
& then he puld out a good browne sword
& cryd himselfe a k.

. . . .

And he sayd I haue thee & thy land Arthur
to doe as it pleaseth me
for this is not thy ransome sure
therfore yeeld thee to me

[1] Sic MS.

And then bespoke him noble Arthur
& bad him hold his hands
& give me leave to speake my mind
in defence of all my land

. . . .

the [1] said as I came over a More
I see a lady where shee sate
betweene an oke & a green hollen
shee was clad in red scarlette

. . . .

And she says a woman will haue her will
& this is all her cheef desire
doe me right as thou art a baron of sckill
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer

. . . .

He sayes an early vengeance light on her
she walkes on yonder more
it was my sister that told thee this
she is a misshappen hore

. . . .

But heer Ile make mine avow to god
to do her an euill turne
for an euer I maye thate fowle theefe get
in a fyer I will her burne

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

THE SECOND PART

Sir Lancelott & s^r^ Steven bold
they rode w^th^ them that day
and the formost of the company
there rode the steward Kay

. . . .

Soe did S^r^ Banier and S^r^ Bore
S^r^ Garret w^th^ them soe gay
soe did S^r^ Tristeram y^t^ gentle k^t^
to the forrest fresh & gay

[1] Sic MS.

And when he came to the greene forrest
vnderneath a greene holly tree
their sate that lady in red scarlet
y^t^ vnseemly was to see

. . . .

S^r^ Kay beheld this Ladys face
& looked vppon her suire
whosoeuer kisses this lady he sayes
of his kisse he stands in feare

. . . .

S^r^ Kay beheld the lady againe
and looked vpon her snout
whosoeuer kisses this lady he saies
of his kiss he stands in doubt

. . . .

Peace coz. Kay then said S^r^ Gawaine
amend thee of thy life
for there is a knight amongst us all
y^t^ must marry her to his wife

. . . .

What wedd her to wiffe then said S^r^ Kay
in the diuells name anon
gett me a wiffe where ere I may
for I had rather be slaine

. . . .

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in hast
& some took vp their hounds
& some sware they wold not marry her
for Citty nor for towne

. . . .

And then be spake him noble k. Arthur
& sware there by this day
for a litle foule sight & misliking

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

Then shee said choose thee gentle Gawaine
truth as I doe say
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine
w^th^ one soe mild of moode
sayes well I know what I wold say
god grant it may be good

. . . .

To haue thee fowle in the night
when I w^th^ thee shold play
yet I had rather if I might
haue thee fowle in the day

. . . .

What when Lords goe w^th^ ther seires[1] shee said
both to the Ale and wine
alas then I must hyde my selfe
I must not goe withinne

. . . .

And then bespake him gentle gawaine
said Lady thats but a skill
And because thou art my owne lady
thou shalt haue all thy will

. . . .

Then she said blesed be thou gentle Gawaine
this day y^t^ I thee see
for as thou see me att this time
from hencforth I wilbe

. . . .

My father was an old knight
& yett it chanced soe
that he marryed a younge lady
y^t^ brought me to this woe

. . . .

Shee witched me being a faire young Lady
to the greene forrest to dwell
& there I must walke in womans liknesse
most like a feeind of hell

. . . .

She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . . .

[About nine stanzas wanting.]

that looked soe foule & that was wont
on the wild more to goe

[1] Sic in MS. pro *feires*, *i. e.* Mates.

Come kisse her Brother Kay then said S^r^ Gawaine
& amend the of thy liffe
I sweare this is the same lady
y^t^ I marryed to my wiffe.

. . . .

S^r^ Kay kissed that lady bright
standing vpon his ffeete
he swore as he was trew knight
the spice was neuer soe sweete

. . . .

Well Coz. Gawaine sayes S^r^ Kay
Thy chance is fallen arright
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I euer saw w^th^ my sight

. . . .

It is my fortune said S^r^ Gawaine
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine
great Joy that I may take

. . . .

S^r^ Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme
S^r^ Kay tooke her by the tother
they led her straight to k. Arthur
as they were brother & brother

. . . .

K. Arthur welcomed them there all
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene
w^th^ all the knights of the round table
most seemly to be seene

. . . .

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire
that was soe faire & bright
he thanked christ in trinity
for S^r^ Gawaine that gentle knight

So did the knights both more and lesse
reioyced all that day
for the good chance y^{t} hapened was
to S^{r} Gawaine and his lady gay. Ffinis.

*** In the fac simile copies, after all the care which has been taken, it is very possible that a redundant e, &c. may have been added or omitted.

A

GLOSSARY

OF

THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS

IN THIS WORK

The Scottish words are denoted by s. French by f. Latin by l. Anglo-Saxon by a. s. Icelandic by isl. &c. For the etymology of the words, the reader is referred to Junii Etymologicum Anglicanum. Edidit Ed. Lye, Oxon. 1743, fol.

A

A', au, s. *all.*
A deid of nicht, s. *in dead of night.*
A Twyde, *of Tweed.*
Abacke, *back.*
Abone, aboon, s. *above.*
Aboven ous, *above us.*
Abowght, *about.*
Abraide, *abroad.*
Abye, *suffer, to pay for.*
Acton, *a kind of armour made of taffety, or leather quilted, &c. worn under the habergeon, to save the body from bruises.* f. Hocqueton.
Advoutry, advouterous, *adultery, adulterous.*
Aff, s. *off.*
Afore, *before.*
Aft, s. *oft.*
Agayne, *against.*
Agoe, *gone.*
Ahte, *ought.*
Aik, s. *oak.*
Ain, awin, s. *own.*
Aith, s. *oath.*
Al, albeit, al gife, *although.*
Alate, *of late.*
Alemaigne, f. *Germany.*
Alyes, *probably corrupted for* algates, *always.*
An, *and.*
Ancient, ancyent, *a flag, banner, standard.*
Ane, s. *one, an, a.*
Angel, *a gold coin worth* 10*s.*
Ann, *if.*
Ant, *and.*
Apliht, al aplyht, *quite complete.*
Aquoy, *coy, shy.*
Aras, arros, *arrows.*
Arcir, *archer.*
Argabushe, *harquebusse, an old-fashioned kind of musket.*
Ase, *as.*
Assinde, *assigned.*
Assoyl'd, assoyled, *absolved.*
Astate, *estate; also a great person.*
Astound, astonyed, astonied, *stunned, astonished, confounded.*
Ath, athe, *o' th', of the.*
Attowre, s. *out over, over and above.*
Auld, s. *old.*
Aureat, *golden.*
Austerne, *stern, austere, severe.*
Avoyd, *void, vacate.*
Avowe, *vow.*
Awa', s. *away.*
Axed, *asked.*
Ayance, *against.*
Aye, *ever; also, ah! alas!*
Azein, agein, *against.*
Azont, s. *beyond;* azont the ingle, s. *beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room.*[1]

[1] In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages, they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow-window: the fire is in a grate, like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room.—Mr. Lambe.

B

Ba, s. *ball.*
Bacheleere, *knight.*
Bairn, bairne, s. *child.*
Baith, s. bathe, *both.*
Baile, bale, *evil, hurt, mischief, misery.*
Bairded, s. *bearded.*
Balow, s. *a nursery term, hush! lullaby! &c.*
Balys bete, *better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*
Ban, *curse,* banning, *cursing.*
Band, *bond, covenant.*
Banderolles, *streamers, little flags.*
Bane, *bone.*
Bar, *bare.*
Bar hed, *bare-head, or perhaps bared.*
Barne, berne, *man, person.*
Base court, *the lower court of a castle.*
Basnete, basnite, basnyte, bassonet, bassonette, *helmet.*
Battes, *heavy sticks, clubs.*
Baud, s. *bold.*
Bauzen's skinne, *perhaps sheep's leather dressed and coloured red,* f. bazane, *sheep's leather. In Scotland, sheepskin mittens, with the wool on the inside, are called* bauzon-mittens. — Bauzon *also signifies a badger, in old English: it may therefore signify perhaps badger skin.*
Bayard, *a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode, is called* Bayard Montalbon, *by Skelton in his "Phillip Sparrow."*
Be, s. *by,* be that, *by that time.*
Bearing arow, *an arrow that carries well: or, perhaps* bearing, *or* birring, *i. e. whirring or whizzing* arrow : *from* isl. Bir, *ventus, or* a. s. Bere, *fremitus.*
Bearn, bairn, s. *child: also human creature.*
Bed, *bade.*
Bede, *offer, engage.*
Bedeene, *immediately.*
Bedone, *wrought, made up.*
Bedight, *bedecked.*
Bedyls, *beadles.*
Beere, s. *bier.*
Beete, *did beat.*
Befall, *befallen.*
Befoir, s. beforn, *before.*
Begylde, *beguiled, deceived.*
Beheard, *heard.*
Behests, *commands, injunctions.*
Behove, *behoof.*
Belive, *immediately, presently, by and by, shortly.*
Belyfe, *believe.*
Ben, s. *within doors, within, the inner room.*[1]
Ben, *be,* are ; ben, bene, *been.*
Bene, *bean, an expression of contempt.*
Benison, *blessing.*
Bent, s. bents (*wherebents, long coarse grass, &c. grow*), *the field ; fields.*
Benyngne, benigne, *benign, kind.*
Beoth, *be, are.*
Bereth, *beareth.*
Bernes, *barns.*
Ber the prys, *bare the prize.*
Berys, *beareth.*
Beseeme, *become.*
Beshradde, *cut into shreds.*
Beshrewe me! *a lesser form of imprecation.*
Besmirche, *soil, to discolour.*
Besprent, *besprinkled.*
Beste, *beest, art.*
Bested, *abode.*

1 "But o' house" means the outer part of the house, outer-room, viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. "Ben o' house" is the inner room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter did not lie out of doors. —The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a But, and a Ben.—Mr. Lambe.

Of the Scottish words *ben,* and *but ; ben* is from the Dutch *binnen,* Lat. *intra, intus,* which is compounded of the preposition *by,* or *be,* the same as *by* in English, and of *in. But,* or *butt,* is from the Dutch *buyten,* Lat. *extra, præter, præterquam,* which is compounded of the same preposition *by* or *be,* and of *uyt,* the same as *out* in English.

Bestis, *beasts.*
Bestrawghted, *distracted.*
Bewraies, *discovers, betrays.*
Bet, *better.* Bett, *a[illegible]*
Beth, *be, are.*
Bi mi leautè, *by my loyalty.*
Bickarte (vol. i. p. 67.), bicker'd, *skirmished.* (*It is also used sometimes in the sense of* "swiftly coursed," *which seems to be the sense.* v. i. p. 67.—Mr. Lambe.[1])
Bill, &c. (vol. i. p. 287.) *I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
Birk, s. *birch tree.*
Blan, blanne, *did* blin, *i. e. linger, stop.*
Blaw, s. *blow.*
Blaze, *to emblazon, display.*
Blee, *colour, complexion.*
Bleid, s. blede, *bleed.*
Blent, *blended, ceased.*
Blink, s. *a glimpse of light: the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance.*
Blinkan, blinkand, s. *twinkling.*
Blinking, *squinting.*
Blinks, s. *twinkles, sparkles.*
Blinne, *cease, give over.*
Blist, *blessed.*
Blive, belive, *immediately.*
Bloomed, *beset with bloom.*
Blude, *blood;* bluid reid, s. *blood red.*
Bluid, bluidy, s. *blood, bloody.*
Blyth, blithe, *sprightly, joyous.*
Blyth, *joy, sprightliness.*
Blyve, belive, *instantly.*
Boare, *bare.*
Bode, *abode, stayed.*
Boist, boisteris, s. *boast, boasters.*
Bokesman, *clerk, secretary.*
Bollys, *bowls.*
Boltes, *shafts, arrows.*
Bomen, *bowmen.*
Bonny, bonnie, s. *comely, handsome.*
Boon, boone, *favour, request, petition.*
Boot, Boote, *gain, advantage, help, assistance.*
Bore, *born.*
Borowe, *to redeem by a pledge.*
Borrowe, borowe, *pledge, surety.*
Borrowed, *warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.*
Bot, s. *but: sometimes it seems used for 'both' or 'besides,' 'moreover;' without.* Bot dreid, *without dread, i. e. certainly.*
Bot and, s. (*It should probably be* both and) *and also.*
Bote, *boot, advantage, gain.*
Bougill, s. *bugle-horn, hunting-horn.*
Bounde, bowynd, bowned, *prepared, got ready. The word is also used in the north in the sense of 'went' or 'was going.'*
Bowndes, *bounds.*
Bowne, *ready;* bowned, *prepared;* bowne ye, *prepare ye, get ready;* bowne to dine, *going to dine.* Bowne *is a common word in the north for 'going,' e. g.* Where are you bowne to? *Where are you going?*
Bower, bowre, *habitation, any bowed or arched room; a parlour, chamber; also a dwelling in general: perhaps from* isl. bouan, *to dwell.*
Bowre woman, s. *chamber maid.*
Bowre window, *chamber window.*
Bowys, *bows.*
Brae, s. *the brow or side of a hill, a declivity.*
Braes of Yarrow, s. *the hilly banks of the river Yarrow.*
Brade, Braid, s. *broad, large.*
Braifly, s. *bravely.*
Brakes, *tufts of fern.*
Brand, *sword.*
Brast, *burst.*
Braw, s. *brave.*
Brayd, s. *arose, hastened;* brayd attowre the bent, *hastened along the field.*
Brayde, *drew out, unsheathed.*

[1] Mr. Lambe also interprets "bickering," by rattling, *e. g.*

And on that slee Ulysses head
Sad curses down does *bicker.*
Transl. of Ovid.

Bred banner, *broad banner.*
Brede, *breadth. So Chaucer.*
Breech, *breeches.*
Breeden bale, *bred mischief.*
Breere, brere, *briar.*
Brenand drake, *may perhaps be the same as a fire drake, or fiery serpent, a meteor or firework so called: here it seems to signify 'burning embers, or firebrands.'*
Breng, bryng, *bring.*
Brenn, s. *burn.*
Brether, *brethren.*
Bridal (*properly* bridale), *the nuptial feast.*
Brigue, brigg, *bridge.*
Brimme, *public, universally known,* a. s. bryme, *idem.*
Britled, *carved. Vid.* Bryttlynge.
Broad arrow, s. *a broad forked-headed arrow.*
Brooche, brouche, 1. *a spit.* 2. *a bodkin.* 3. *any ornamental trinket. Stone-buckles of silver or gold, with which gentlemen and ladies clasp their shirt bosoms, and handkerchiefs, are called in the north* brooches, *from the* f. broche, *a spit.*
Brocht, s. *brought.*
Brodinge, *pricking.*
Brooke, *enjoy, bear, endure.*
Brouk her with winne, *enjoy her with pleasure,* a. s. brok.
Browd, *broad.*
Bryttlynge, brytlyng, *cutting up, quartering, carving.*
Brozt, *brought.*
Bugle, bugle-horn, *a hunting-horn: being the horn of a* bugle, *or* wild bull.
Bushment, ambushment, *ambush, a snare to bring them into trouble.*
Busk, *dress, deck:* busk ye, *dress ye.*
Busket, buskt, *dressed:* buskt them, *prepared themselves, made themselves ready.*
Busk and bown, *i. e. make yourselves ready and go.* Boun, *to go (north country).*
But, *without:* but let, *without hindrance:* but if, *unless.*
Bute, s. *boot, advantage, good.*
Butt,[1] s. *out, the outer room, without, out of doors.*
Buttes, *buts to shoot at.*
By thre, *of three.*
Bye, *buy, pay for: also,* abaye, *suffer for.*
Byears, beeres, *biers.*
Bydys, *bides, abides.*
Byll, bill, *an ancient kind of halbert or battle-ax.*
Byn, *been, be, are.*
Byrche, *birch-tree, birch-wood.*
Byre, *cow-house.*
Byste, beest, *art.*

C

Cadgilly, s. *merrily, cheerfully.*
Calde, callyd, *called.*
Caliver, *a kind of musket.*
Caitiff, *a slave.*
Camscho, *stern, grim.*
Can, cane, *'gan, began to cry.*
Can curtesye, *knowe, understand good manners.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Cannes, *wooden cups, bowls.*
Cantabanqui, *Ital. ballad-singers; singers on benches.*
Cantles, *pieces, corners.*
Canty, *cheerful, chatty.*
Capul, *a poor horse.*
Capull hydde, *horse-hide.*
Care-bed, *bed of care.*
Carle, *churl, clown. It is also used in the north for a strong hale old man.*
Carline, s. *the feminine of* Carle.
Carlish, *churlish, discourteous.*
Carpe, *to speak, recite: also, to censure.*
Carpe of care, *complain through care.*
Carping, *reciting.*
Cast, *mean, intend.*
Cau, s. *call.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Cawte, *vid.* Kawte.

[1] See note, p. 413.

Caytiffe, caitif, *slave, despicable wretch.*
Certes, *certainly.*
Cetywall, setiwall, *the herb Valerian: also Mountain Spikenard.* See Gerard's Herbal.
Chanteclere, *the cock.*
Chap, *knock.*
Chayme, *Cain.*
Chays, *chase.*
Che (*Somerset dialect*), *I.*
Check, *to rate at, to stop.*
Cheefe, *the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*
Cheis, s. *choose.*
Chield, s. *is a slight or familiar way of speaking of a person, like our English word* fellow. The chield, *i. e. the fellow.*
Child, *a knight.*
Children, *knights.*
Chill (*Som. dial.*), *I will.*
Chould (*ditto*), *I would.*
Christentie, Christentye, Christiantè, *Christendom.*
Church-ale, *a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a Church.*
Churl, *one of low birth, a villain, or vassal.*
Chyf, chyfe, *chief.*
Chylded, *brought forth, was delivered.*
Chylder, *children, children's.*
Claiths, s. *clothes.*
Clattered, *beat so as to rattle.*
Clawde, clawed, *tore, scratched; figuratively, beat.*
Clead, s. *clad, clothe, clothed.*
Cleading, s. *clothing.*
Cleaped, cleped, *called, named.*
Cled, *clad, clothed.*
Clenking, *clinking, jingling.*
Clepe, *call.*
Clerk, *scholar.*
Clerks, *clergymen, literati, scholars.*
Cliding, *clothing.*
Clim, *the contraction of* Clement.
Clough, *a north-country word for a broken cliff.*
Clowch, *clutch, grasp.*
Coate, *cot, cottage.*
Cockers, *a sort of buskins or short boots fastened with laces or buttons, and often worn by farmers or shepherds. In Scotland they are called* cutikins, *from* cute, *the ankle.* "Cockers: fishermen's boots."—Littleton's Dict.
Cohorted, *incited, exhorted.*
Cokeney, *seems to be a diminutive for* cook, *from the Latin* coquinator, *or* coquinarius. *The meaning seems to be, that "every five and five had a cook or scullion to attend them."*—Chaucer's Cant. Tales, 8vo vol. iv. p. 253.
Cold, could, *knew.*
Cold rost, (*a phrase*), *nothing to the purpose.*
Coleyne, Collayne, *Cologn steel.*
Com, *came.*
Comen, commyn, *come.*
Con, can, *gan, began. Item,* Con springe (*a phrase*), *sprung.* Con fare, *went, passed.*
Con thanks, *give thanks.*
Confetered, *confederated, entered into a confederacy.*
Coote, *coat.*
Cop, *head, the top of any thing.* Sax.
Cordiwin, cordwayne, *properly Spanish or Cordovan leather: here it signifies a more vulgar sort.*
Corsiare, *courser, steed.*
Cost, *coast, side.*
Cote, *cot, cottage. Item, coat.*
Cotydyallye, *daily, every day.*
Coulde, *cold. Item, could.*
Could bare, *a phrase for bear.*
Could be, *was.*
Could creip, s. *crept.*
Could dye, *died* (*a phrase.*)
Could his good, *knew what was good for him; or perhaps, could live upon his own.*
Could say, *said.*
Could weip, s. *wept.*
Countie, *count, earl.*
Coupe, *a pen for poultry.*
Courtnals. See vol. ii. p. 301.
Couth, *count.*
Couthen, *knew.*
Covetise, *covetousness.*

Coyntrie, *Coventry.*
Cramasie, *crimson.*
Crancky, *merry, sprightly, exulting.*
Cranion, *skull.*
Credence, *belief.*
Crevis, *crevice, chink.*
Cricke, s. *properly an ant: but means probably any small insect.*
Crinkle, *run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.*
Cristes cors, *Christ's curse.*
Croft, *an inclosure near a house.*
Croiz, *cross.*
Crook, *twist, wrinkle, distort.*
Crook my knee, *make lame my knee. They say in the north "the horse is crookit," i. e. lame. "The horse crooks," i. e. goes lame.*
Crouneth, *crown ye.*
Crowch, *crutch.*
Crowt, *to pucker up.*
Crumpling, *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*
Cryance, *belief,* f. creance. [*Whence* recreant.] *But in some instances it seems to signify 'fear,'* crainte.
Cule, s. *cool.*
Cummer, s. *gossip, friend,* f. commere, compere.
Cure, *care, heed, regard.*
Cum, *come, came.*

D

Dale, s. *deal.* Bot give I deal, *unless I deal.*
Dampned, *damned, condemned.*
Dan, *an ancient title of respect, from* Lat. *Dominus.*
Dank, *moist, damp.*
Danske, *Denmark, query.*
Darh, *perhaps for* Thar, *there.*
Darr'd, s. *hit.*
Dart the tree, s. *hit the tree.*
Daukin, *diminutive of David.*
Daunger hault, *coyness holdeth.*
Dawes, *days,*
Dealan, dealand, s. *dealing.*
Deare day, *charming, pleasant day.*
Deas, deis, *the high table in a hall: from* f. dais, *a canopy.*
De, dee, dey, dy, *die.*
Dede is do, *deed is done.*
Deed, *dead.*
Deemed, doomed, *judged, &c. thus, in the Isle of Man, judges are called* deemsters.
Deepe-fette, *deep-fetched.*
Deere, *hurt, mischief.*
Deerly, *preciously, richly.*
Deerlye dight, *richly fitted out.*
Deid, s. dede, *deep. Item, dead.*
Deid-bell, *passing-bell.*
Deimt, *deemed, esteemed.*
Deip, s. depe, *deep.*
Deir, s. deere, dere, *dear.*
Deir, *hurt, trouble, disturb.*
Dele, *deal.*
Dell, *narrow valley.*
Dell, *deal, part;* every dell, *every part.*
Delt, *dealt.*
Demains, *demesnes; estate in lands.*
Deme, deemed, *judge, doomed.*
Denay, *deny* (*rhythmi gratia.*)
Dent, *dint, blow.*
Deol, *dole, grief.*
Depured, *purified, run clear.*
Dere, deere, *dear: also, hurt.*
Derked, *darkened.*
Dern, s. *secret.* I' dern, *in secret.*
Descreeve, descrive, descrye, *describe.*
Devyz, *devise, the act of bequeathing by will.*
Deze, deye, *die.*
Dight, dicht, s. *decked, dressed, prepared, fitted out, done, put on.*
Dill, *still, calm, mitigate, dole, grief, pain.* Dill I drye, *pain I suffer.* Dill was dight, *grief was upon him.*
Din, dinne, *noise, bustle.*
Ding, *knock, beat.*
Dint, *stroke, blow.*
Dis, *this.*
Discust, *discussed.*
Dites, *ditties.*
Disna, *does not.*
Distrere, *the horse rode by a knight in the turnament.*
Dochter, *daughter.*

Dois, s. doys, *does*.
Dol. See Deol, Dule.
Dole, *grief*.
Doleful dumps, *sorrow and woom; or heaviness of heart*.
Dolours, *dolorous, mournful*.
Don, *down*.
Dosend, s. *dosing, drowsy, torpid, benumbed, &c.*
Doth, dothe, doeth, *do*.
Doublet, *a man's inner garment; waistcoat*.
Doubt, *fear*.
Doubteous, *doubtful*.
Doughetie, *i.e. doughty man*.
Doughte, doughete, doughetie, dowghtye, *doughty, formidable*.
Doughtiness of dent, *sturdiness of blows*.
Doute, *doubt. Item, fear*.
Doutted, *doubted, feared*.
Douzty, *doughty*.
Downae, s. *am not able; properly, cannot take the trouble*.
Dozter, *daughter*.
Doz-trogh, *a dough-trough, a kneading-trough*.
Drake. See Brenand Drake.
Drap, s. *drop*.
Drapping, s. *dropping*.
Dre, drie, s. *suffer*.
Dreid, s. dreede, drede, *dread*.
Dreips, s. *drips, drops*.
Dreiry, s. *dreary*.
Drovyers, drovers, *such as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.*
Drow, *drew*.
Dryvars, *idem*.
Dryghnes, *dryness*.
Drye, *suffer*.
Drying, *drink*.
Duble dyse, *double (false) dice*.
Dude, *did*.
Dudest, *didst*.
Dughtie, *doughty*.
Dule, s. duel, dol, dole, *grief, sorrow*.
Dwellan, dwelland, s, *dwelling*.
Dyan, dyand, s. *dying*.
Dyce, s. *dice, chequered work*.
Dyd, dyde, *did*.
Dyght, dight, *dressed, put on, put*.
Dyht, *to dispose, order*.
Dyne, s. *dinner*.
Dynte, *dint, blow, stroke*.
Dysgysynge, *disguising, masking*.
Dyzt. Vid. dight.

E

Eame, eme, *uncle*.
Eard, s. *earth*.
Earn, s. *to curdle, make cheese*.
Eathe, *easy*.
Eather, s. *either*.
Ee, s. eie, *eye*.
Een, eyne, *eyes*.
Een, *even, evening*.
Ech, eche, eiche, elke, *each*.
Effund, *pour forth*.
Eftsoon, *in a short time*.
Eike, *each*.
Eiked, s. *added, enlarged*.
Ein, s. *even*.
Eir, evir, s. *e'er, ever*.
Eke, *also*.
Eldern, s. *elder*.
Eldridge,[1] *Scotice* Elriche, Elritche, Elrische, *wild, hideous, ghostly. Item, lonesome, uninhabited, except by spectres, &c.* Gloss. to A. Ramsay.
Elke, *each*.

[1] In the ballad of "Sir Cawline," we have "Eldridge hill," vol. i. p. 92. "Eldridge knight," p. 92, 98. "Eldridge sword," p. 94, 99. So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the "Elriche Brethir," *i. e.* brethren (b. ii. p. 91, l. 16.), and in his Prologue to b. vii. (p. 202, l. 3.), he thus describes the Night-Owl:

> Laithely of forme, with crukit camscho beik,
> Ugsome to here was his wyld "Elrische" shriek.

In Bannatyne's MS. Poems, (fol. 135, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh) is a whimsical rhapsody of a deceased old woman, travelling in the other world; in which

> Scho wanderit, and zeid by, to an "Elriche" well.

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, "Elriche," &c. is explained by "wild, hideous: Lat. *trux immanis;*" but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay's Glossaries.

Ellumynynge, *embellishing. To* illumine *a book was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.*
Ellyconys, *Helicon's.*
Elritcht laugh. Gentle Shepherd, act v.
Elvish, *peevish, fantastical.*
Eme, *kinsman, uncle.*
Ene, s. eyn, *eyes.*
Ene, *even.*
Endyed, *dyed.*
Enharpid, &c. (vol. i. p. 128), *hooked, or edged with mortal dread.*
Enkankered, *cankered.*
Enouch, s. *enough.*
Ensue, *follow.*
Entendement, f. *understanding.*
Ententifly, *to the intent, purposely.*
Envie, envye, *malice, ill-will, injury.*
Er, ere, *before, are.*
Ere, *ear.*
Erst, *heretofore.*
Etermynable, *interminable, unlimited.*
Ettled, *aimed.*
Evanished, s. *vanished.*
Everiche, *every, each.*
Everychone, *every one.*
Ew-bughts, *or* Ewe-boughts, s. *are small enclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive* (*Scotice* weir) *their milch ewes, morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with* fale-dykes, *i. e. earthen dykes.*
Ezar, *azure.*

F

Fa', s. *fall.*
Fa's, s. *thou fallest.*
Fach, feche, *fetch.*
Fader, fatheris, s. *father, fathers.*
Fadge, s. *a thick loaf of bread; figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.*
Fain, *glad, fond, well-pleased.*
Faine of fighte, *fond of fighting.*
Faine, fayne, *feign.*
Fair of feir, s. *of a fair and healthful look.* Ramsay. *Perhaps, far off* (*free from*) *fear.*
Falds, s. *thou foldest.*
Fallan', falland, s. *falling.*
Fals, *false. Item, falleth.*
Falser, *a deceiver, hypocrite.*
Falsing, *dealing in falsehood.*
Fang, *seize, carry off.*
Fannes, *instruments for winnowing corn.*
Farden, *fared, flashed.*
Fare, *go, pass, travel.*
Fare, *the price of a passage: shot, reckoning.*
Farley, *wonder.*
Faulcone, *falcon.*
Fauzt, faucht, s. *fought. Item, fight.*
Faw'n, s. *fallen.*
Fay, *faith.*
Faye, *faith.*
Fayere, *fair.*
Faytors, *deceivers, dissemblers, cheats.*
Fe, Fee, *reward, recompence: also, bribe. But properly* fee *is applied to lands and tenements which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgement of superiority to a higher lord. Thus* vol. i. p. 130, in fee, *i. e. in feudal service.* l. Feudum, &c. (Blount.) *It also signifies land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held; as knight's fee, &c.*
Feare, fere, feire, *mate.*
Feat, *nice, neat.*
Featously, *neatly, dextrously.*
Feere, fere, *mate, companion.*
Feil, s. fele, *many. So Hardinge has* lords fele, *i.e. many lords,* c. 239.
Feir, s. fere, *fear.*
Felay, feloy, *fellow.*
Fele, fell, *furious; skin.*
Fend, *defend.*
Fendys pray, &c. (vol. i. p. 130.), *from being the prey of the fiends.*
Fere, *fear. Item, companion, wife.*
Ferliet, s. *wondered, marvelled.*
Ferly, *wonder: also, wonderful.*
Fersly, *fiercely.*

Fesante, *pheasant.*
Fet, fette, *fetched.*
Fetteled, *prepared, addressed, made ready.*
Fey, s. *predestined to death, or under some misfortune: under a fatality.*
Feztyng, *fighting.*
Fie, s. *beasts, cattle.*
Fillan', filland, s. *filling.*
Find frost, *find mischance, or disaster. A phrase still in use.*
Firth, Frith, s. *a wood. Item, an arm of the sea.* l. fretum.
Fit, s. *foot, feet.*
Fit, fitt, fyt, fytte, *a part or division of a song. Hence, in* vol. i. p. 110, *fitt is a strain of music.* See vol. ii. p. 38–40.[1]
Five teen, *fifteen.*
Flayne, *flayed.*
Fles, *fleece.*
Fleyke, *a large kind of hurdle: cows are frequently milked in hovels made of* fleyks.
Flindars, s. *pieces, splinters.*
Flowan, s. *flowing.*
Flyte, *to contend with words, scold.*
Fond, *contrive: also, endeavour, try.*
Fonde, *found.*
Foo, *foes.*
For, *on account of.*
Forbode, *commandment.* Over God's forbode. [*Præter Dei præceptum sit.*] *q. d. God forbid.*
Force. No force, *no matter.*
Forced, *regarded, heeded.*
Forefend, *avert, hinder, prevent, defend.*
Foregoe, *quit, give up, resign.*
Forewearied, *much wearied.*
Forfought, *over-fought.*
Formare, *former.*
Fors. I do no fors, *I don't care.*
Forsede, *regarded, heeded.*
Forst, *forced, compelled.*
Forst, *heeded, regarded.*
Forthy, *therefore.*
Forthynketh, *repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.*
Forwatcht, *over-watched, kept awake.*
Fosters of the fe, *foresters of the king's demesnes.*
Fou, fow, s. *full: also fuddled, drunk.*
Fowarde, vawarde, *the van.*
Fowkin, *a cant word for a fart.*
Fox't, *drunk.*
Frae, s. fro, *from.*
Frae thay begin, *from their beginning, from the time they begin.*
Freake, freeke, freyke, *man, person, human creature: also, a whim or maggot.*
Fre-bore, *free-born.*
Freckys, *persons.*
Freers, fryars, *friars, monks.*
Freits, s. *ill omens, ill luck; any old superstitious saw, or impression.*[2]
Frie, s. fre, *free.*
Fruward, *forward.*
Freyke, *humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously.*
Freyned, *asked.*
Furth, *forth.*
Fuyson, foyson, *plenty: also, substance.*
Fyers, *fierce.*
Fykill, *fickle.*
Fyll, *fell.*
Fyr, *fire.*
Fyled, fyling, *defiled, defiling.*

G

Ga, gais, s. *go, goes.*
Gaberlunzie, gaberlunye, s. *a wallet.*
Gaberlunzie-man, s. *a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar.*
Gadlings, *gadders, idle fellows.*

[1] "Fitts," *i. e.* "divisions or parts in music" are alluded to in Troilus and Cressida, a. iii. sc. 1. See Mr. Steevens's note.

[2] An ingenious correspondent in the north thinks "Freit" is not "an unlucky omen," but, "that thing which terrifies"; viz. Terrors will pursue them that look after frightful things. "Fright" is pronounced by the common people in the north, "Freet," p. 127.

Gadryng, *gathering.*
Gae, s. gave.
Gae, gaes, s. *go, goes.*
Gaed, gade, s. *went.*
Gair, s. *gear, dress.*
Galliard, *a sprightly kind of dance.*
Gamon, *to make game, to sport.* a. s. ȝamenian, jocari. *Hence* backgamon.
Gane, gan, *began.*
Gane, s. *gone.*
Gang, s. *go.*
Ganyde, *gained.*
Gar, s. *to make, cause, &c.*
Garde, *garred, made.*
Gare, gar, s. *make, cause, force, compel.*
Gargeyld, vol. i. p. 131, *from* gargouille, f. *the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of grey-hounds, lions, &c.*
Garland, vol. i. p. 120, *the ring within which the prick or mark was set to be shot at.*
Gart, garred, s. *made.*
Gayed, *made gay (their clothes).*
Gear, geire, geir, gair, s. *goods, effects, stuff.*
Geere will sway, vol. ii. p. 48, *this matter will turn out ; affair terminate.*
Gederede ys host, *gathered his host.*
Gef, geve, gevend, *give, given.*
Geid, s. *gave.*
Gerte, *pierced.*
Gest, *act, feat, story, history.*
Getinge, *what he had got, his plunder, booty.*
Gi, gie, gien, s. *give, given.*
Gillore (*Irish*), *plenty.*
Gimp, jimp, s. *neat, slender.*
Gin, s. *an, if.*
Gin, gyn, *engine, contrivance.*
Gins, begins.
Gip, *an interjection of contempt.*
Girt, s. *pierced.* Through-girt, *pierced through.*
Give, s. gif, gife, giff, *if.*
Give owre, s. *surrender.*
Glaive, f. *sword.*
Glede, *a red-hot coal.*
Glen, s. *a narrow valley.*
Glent, *glanced.*
Glente, *glanced, slipt.*
Glie, s. glee, *merriment, joy.*
Glist, s. *glistered.*
Glose, *set a false gloss, or colour.*
Glowr, s. *stare, or frown.*
Gloze, *canting, dissimulation, fair outside.*
Gode, godness, *good, goodness.*
God before, vol. i. p. 338, *i. e. God be thy guide : a form of blessing.*[1]
Goddes, *goddess.*
Goggling eyn, *goggle eyes.*
Gone, *go.*
Good, *sc. a good deal.*
Good-e'ens, *good-e'enings.*
Gorget, *the dress of the neck.*
Gowd, s. gould, *gold.*
Gowan, s. *the common yellow crow-foot, or you.* f. grand-mercie.
Graine, *scarlet.*
Graithed, (gowden), s. *was caparisoned with gold.*
Gramercye, *i. e. I thank.*
Graunge, *granary ; also, a lone country-house.*
Graythed, s. *decked, put on.*
Grea-hondes, *grey-hounds.*
Grece, *a step, a flight of steps, grees.*
Gree, s. *prize, victory.*
Greece, *fat (a fat heart), from* f. graisse.
Greened, *grew green.*
Greet, s., *weep.*
Grennyng, *grinning.*
Gret, grat, *great ; grieved, swoln, ready to burst.*
Greves, *groves, bushes.*
Grippel, *griping, tenacious, miserly.*
Groomes, *attendants, servants.*
Groundwa, *groundwall.*
Growende, growynd, *ground.*

[1] So in Shakspeare's King Henry V. act iii. sc. 8, the King says :

My army's but a weak and sickly guard ;
Yet *God before*, tell him we will come on.

Grownes, *grounds* (*rhythmi gratia. Vid.* Sowne.)
Growte, *in Northamptonshire, is a kind of small [illegible] extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale, medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.* [1]
Grype, *a griffin.*
Grysely groned, *dreadfully groaned.*
Gude, guid, geud, s. *good.*
Guerdon, *reward.*
Gule, *red.*
Gybe, *jest, joke.*
Gyle, *guile.*
Gyles, s. *guiles.*
Gyn, *engine, contrivance.*
Gyrd, *girded, lashed, &c.*
Gyse, s. *guise, form, fashion.*

H

Ha, hae, s. *have. Item, hall.*
Habbe ase he brew, *have as he brews.*
Habergeon, f. *a lesser coat of mail.*
Hable, *able.*
Haggis, s. *a sheep's stomach, stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.*
Hail, hale, s. *whole, altogether.*
Halched, halsed, *saluted, embraced, fell on his neck; from* halse, *the neck; throat.*
Halesome, *wholesome, healthy.*
Halt, *holdeth.*
Hame, hamward, *home, homeward.*
Han, *have, 3d. pers. plur.*
Handbow, *the long bow, or common bow, as distinguished from the crossbow.*
Hare . . swerdes, *their . . swords.*
Haried, harried, haryed, harowed, *robbed, pillaged, plundered. "He* harried *a bird's nest." Scot.*
Harlocke, *perhaps* Charlocke, *or wild rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn, &c.*
Harnisine, *harness, armour.*
Harrowed, *harassed, disturbed.*
Hartly lust, *hearty desire.*
Harwos, *harrows.*
Hastarddis, *perhaps "hasty rash fellows," or "upstarts." qu.*
Hauld, s. *to hold. Item, hold, strong, bold.*
Hauss-bane, s. *the neck-bone* (halsebone), *a phrase for the neck.*
Hav, *have.*
Haves (of), *effects, substance, riches.*
Haviour, *behaviour.*
Hawberk, *a coat of mail, consisting of iron rings, &c.*
Hawkin, *synonymous to Halkin, dimin. of Harry.*
Hayll, *advantage, profit,* (vol. i. p. 80, *for the profit of all England.*) a. s. Hæl, *salus.*
He, hee, hye, *high.*
He, hye, *to hye, or hasten.*
Heal, *hail.*
Hear, *here.*
Heare, heares, *hair, hairs.*
Heare, *here; hair.*
Heathenness, *the heathen part of the world.*
Hech, *hatch, small door.*
Hecht to lay thee law, s. *promised, engaged to lay thee low.*
Hed, hede, *head.*
Hed, *head.*
Hede, *hied; he'd, he would; heed.*
Hee's, s. *he shall: also, he has.*
Heere, *hear.*
Heicht, s. *height.*
Heiding-hill, s. *the 'heading* [*i. e. beheading*] *hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.*
Heil, s. hele, *health.*
Heir, s. here, *hear.*
Helen, *heal.*
Helpeth, *help ye.*
Hem, *'em, them.*
Hend, *kind, gentle.*
Henne, *hence.*
Hent, hente, *held, laid hold of; also, received.*

[1] *Growte* is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats (*i. e.* hulled oats), or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it. (Mr. Lambe.)

Hente, *held, pulled.*
Heo, *they.*
Her, hare, *their.*
Here, *their; hear; hair.*
Herkneth, *hearken ye.*
Hert, hertis, *heart, hearts.*
Hes, s. *has.*
Hest, *hast.*
Hest, *command, injunction.*
Het, *hot.*
Hett, hight, *bid, call, command.*
Hether, *hither.*
Hether, s. *heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly as to choke the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire; the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile in* vol. i. p. 355. (*Mr. Hutchinson.*)
Heuch, s. *a rock, or steep hill.*
Hevede, hevedest, *had, hadst.*
Heveriche, hevenriche, *heavenly.*
Hewkes, *heralds' coats.*
Hewyne in two, *hewn in two.*
Hewyng, hewinge, *hewing, hacking.*
Heyd, s. *hied.*
Hey-day guise, *frolic; sportive frolicsome manner.*[1]
Heynd, hend, *gentle, obliging.*
Heyze, *high.*
Hicht, a-hicht, s, *on height.*
Hi, hie, *he.*
Hie dames to wail, s. *high [or great] ladies to wail; or, hasten ladies to wail, &c.*
Hie, hye, he, hee, *high.*
Hight, *engage, engaged, promised: named, called.*
Hight, *promised, engaged: also, named.*
Hillys, *hills.*
Hilt, *taken off, flayed. Sax.* hyldan.
Hinch-boys, hench- (*properly* haunch-) men, *pages of honour; pages attending on persons of office.*
Hind, s. *behind.*
Hinde, hend, *gentle.*
Hings, s. *hangs.*
Hinney, s. *honey.*
Hip, hep, *the berry which contains the stones or seeds of the dog-rose.*
Hir; hir lain, s. *her; herself alone.*
Hirsel, s. *herself.*
Hit, *it;* hit be write, *it be written.*
Hode, *hood, cap.*
Holden, *hold.*
Hole, *whole.*
Hole, *whole;* holl. *idem.*
Hollen, *probably a corruption for* holly.
Holtes, *woods, groves. In Norfolk, a plantation of cherry-trees is called a* "cherry-holt." *Also sometimes "hills."*[2]
Holtis hair, s. *hoar hills.*
Holy-roode, *holy cross.*
Holy, *wholly. Or perhaps* hole, *whole.*
Hom, hem, *them.*
Honde, *hand.*
Honden wrynge, *hands wring.*
Hondridth, hondred, *hundred.*
Honge, *hang, hung.*
Hontyng, *hunting.*
Hoo, ho, *an interjection of stopping or desisting; hence stoppage.*
Hooly, s. *slowly.*
Hop-halt, *limping; hopping and halting.*

[1] This word is, perhaps, in vol. ii. p. 316, corruptly given; being apparently the same with *heydeguies*, or *heydegumes*, which occurs in Spenser, and means a "wild frolic dance." (Johnson's Dictionary.)

[2] *Holtes* seems evidently to signify *hills* in the following passage from Turberville's "Songs and Sonnets." 12mo. 1567, fol. 56.

"Yee that frequent the hilles,
"And highest *holtes* of all;
"Assist me with your skilfull quilles,
"And listen when I call."

As also in this other verse of an ancient poet:

"Underneath the *holtes* so hoar."

Hose, *stockings.*
Hount, *hunt.*
Houzle, *give the sacrament.*
Hoved, *heaved; ... haps, hovered, hung woving.* (*Gloss. Chauc.*) Hoved *or* hoven *means, in the North, "swelled." But Mr. Lambe thinks it is the same as* hound, *still used in the North, and applied to any light substance heaving to and fro on an undulating surface. The vowel* u *is often used for the consonant* v.
Howeres, howers, *hours.*
Huerte, *heart.*
Huggle, *hug, clasp.*
Hye, hyest, *high, highest.*
Hyghte, *on high, aloud.*
Hynd, attowre, s. *behind, over, or about.*
Hyp-halt, *lame in the hip.*
Hys, *his: also, his.*
Hyt, hytt, *it.*
Hyznes, *highness.*

I

Janglers, *talkative persons, tell-tales; also, wranglers.*
Ich, *I.*
Ich biqueth, *I bequeath.*
Iclipped, *called.*
Jenkin, *diminutive of John.*
I-fere, *together.*
I' feth, *in faith.*
Iff, *if.*
Jimp, s. *slender.*
Ild, *I'd, I would.*
Ile, *I'll, I will.*
Ilfardly, s. *ill-favouredly, uglily.*
Ilk; this ilk, s. *this same.*
Ilka, s. *each, every one.*
Ilke, every ilke, *every one.*
Ilk one, *each one.*
I-lore, lost.
Im, *him.*
Impe, *a little demon.*
In fere, I fere, *together.*
Ingle, s. *fire.*
Inowe, *enough.*
Into, s. *in.*
Intres, s. *entrance, admittance.*
Io forth, vol. i. p. 299, *corruptly printed* so, *should probably be* loo, *i.e. halloo.*
Jo, *sweetheart, friend.*
Jo, s. *sweetheart, friend.* Jo *is properly the contraction of* Joy; *so* rejoice *is written* rejoce, *in old Scottish MSS. particularly Banatyne's, passim.*
Jogelers, *jugglers.*
Jow, s. *joll, or jowl.*
Ireful, *angry, furious.*
Is, *is, his.*
Ise, s. *I shall.*
I-strike, *stricken.*
I-trowe, [*I believe*] *verily.*
Its neir, s. *it shall ne'er.*
I-tuned, *tuned.*
Jupe, s. *an upper garment;* fr. *a petticoat.*
I ween, (*I think:*) *verily.*
I wisse, (*I know*) *verily.*
I wot, (*I know:*) *verily.*
I wys, I wis, (*I know:*) *verily.*
Iye, *eye.*

K

Kall, *call.*
Kame, s. *comb.*
Kameing, s. *combing.*
Kan, *can.*
Kantle, *piece, corner.*
Karls, *carls, churls;* karlis of kynd, *churls by nature.*
Kauk, s. *chalk.*
Kauld, *called.*
Kawte and keene, *cautious and active,* l. cautus.
Keel, s. *raddle.*
Keepe, *care, heed. So in the old play of* Hick Scorner, (*in the last leaf but one*) "I keepe not to clymbe so hye:" *i. e. I study not, care not, &c.*
Keipand, s. *keeping.*
Kempe, *a soldier.*
Kemperye man, *soldier, warrior, fighting-man.*[1]

[1] "Germanis *camp*, exercitum, aut locum ubi exercitus castrametatur, significat; inde ipsis vir castrensis et militaris *kemffer*, et *kempher*, et *kemper*, et *kimber*, et

Kempes, *soldiers, warriors.*
Kempt, *combed.*
Kems, s. *combs.*
Ken, s. *know.*
Ken, kenst, *know, knowest.*
Kend, s. *knew.*
Kene, *keen.*
Kepers, &c. *Sc. those that watch by the corpse, shall tie up my winding sheet.*
Kever-chefes, *handkerchiefs.*
Kid, kyd, kithed, *made known, shown.*
Kilted, s. *tucked up.*
Kind, *nature.*
Kinde, kinde, *nature.* To carp is our kind, *it is natural for us to talk of.*
Kirk, s. *church.*
Kirk-wa, s. *church-wall; or perhaps church-yard-wall.*
Kirm, s. *churn.*
Kirn, s. *churn.*
Kirtle, *a petticoat, woman's gown.*
Kists, s. *chests.*
Kit, *cut.*
Kith, *acquaintance.*
Kith and kin, *acquaintance and kindred.*
Kithe or kin, *acquaintance nor kindred.*
Knave, *servant.*
Knellan, knelland, s. *knelling, ringing the knell.*
Knicht, s. *knight.*
Knights fee, *such a portion of land as required the possessor to serve with man and horse.*
Knowles, *knolls, little hills.*
Knyled, *knelt.*
Kowarde, *coward.*
Kowe, *cow.*
Kuntrey, *country.*
Kurteis, *courteous.*
Kyne, *kine, cows.*
Kyrtell, kyrtill, *vid.* kirtle. *In the Introd. it signifies a man's under garment.*[1]
Kythe, *appear; also, make appear, shew, declare.*
Kythed, s. *appeared.*

L

Lacke, *want.*
Laide unto her, *imputed to her.*
Laith, s. *loth.*
Laithly, s. *loathsome, hideous.*
Lamb's wool, *a cant phrase for ale and roasted apples.*
Lane, lain, s. *lone;* her lane, *alone, by herself.*
Lang, s. *long.*
Langsome, s. *long, tedious.*
Lap, s. *leaped.*
Largesse, f. *gift, liberality.*
Lasse, *less.*
Lauch, lauched, s. *laugh, laughed.*
Launde, *lawn.*
Layden, *laid.*
Laye, *law.*
Lay-land, *land that is not ploughed; green-sward.*
Lay-lands, *lands in general.*
Layne, lain, *vid.* Leane.
Layne, *lien; also laid.*
Leal, leil, s. *loyal, honest, true;* f. *loyal.*
Leane, *conceal, hide; Item, lie* (*query*).
Leanyde, *learned.*
Learnd, *learned, taught.*
Lease, *lying, falsehood.* Without-outen lease, *verily.*
Leasynge, *lying, falsehood.*
Lee, lea, *field, pasture.*
Lee, s. *lie.*
Lee, lea, *the field.*
Leech, *physician.*
Leeche, *physician.*

kamper, pro varietate dialectorum, vocatur; vocabulum hoc nostro sermone nondum penitus exolevit; Norfolcienses enim plebeio et proletario sermone dicunt, '*He is a kemper old man, i. e.* senex vegetus est;' hinc *cimbris*, suum nomen; '*kimber* enim homo bellicosus, pugil, robustus miles, &c. significat.'" Sheringham de Anglor. gentis orig. p. 57. Rectius autem lazius [apud eundem, p. 49]. "*Cimbros* a bello quod *kamff*, et Saxonice *kamp* nuncupatos crediderim; unde bellatores viri *die kempffer, die kemper.*"

[1] Bale, in his "Actes of English Votaries," (2d Part. fol. 53) uses the word *kyrtle*, to signify a monk's frock. He says Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, when he was dying, sent "to Clunyake, in France, for the *kyrtle* of holy Hugh the abbot there," &c.

Leechinge, *doctoring, medicinal care.*
Leer, *look.*
Leek, *phrase of conte* —
Leese, s. *lose.*
Leeve London, *dear London, an old phrase.*
Leeveth, *believeth.*
Lefe, leeve, *dear.*
Lefe, *leave;* leves, *leaves.*
Leffe, leefe, *dear.*
Leid, s. *lyed.*
Leir, s. lere, *learn.*
Leive, s. *leave.*
Leman, leaman, leiman, *lover, mistress,* a. s. leɪfman.
Lemman, *lover.*
Lenger, *longer.*
Lengeth in, *resideth in.*
Lere, *face, complexion,* a. s. hleaɲe, *facies, vultus.*
Lerned, *learned, taught.*
Lesynge, leasing, *lying, falsehood.*
Let, *hinder, hindered.*
Lett, latte, *hinder, slacken, leave off;* late, *let.*
Lettest, *hinderest, detainest.*
Lettyng, *hindrance, i. e. without delay.*
Leuch, leugh, s. *laughed.*
Lever, *rather.*
Leves and bowes, *leaves and boughs.*
Lewd, *ignorant, scandalous.*
Leyke, like, *play.*
Leyre, lere, *learning, lore.*
Libbard, *Leopard.*
Libbard's bane, *a herb so called.*
Lichtly, s. *lightly, easily, nimbly.*
Lie, s. lee, *field, plain.*
Liege-men, *vassals, subjects.*
Lig, s. *lie.*
Lightly, *easily.*
Lightsome, *cheerful, sprightly.*
Liked, *pleased.*
Limitacioune, *a certain precinct allowed to a limitour.*
Limitours, *friars licensed to beg within certain limits.*
Lingell, *a thread of hemp, rubbed with rosin, &c. used by rustics for mending their shoes.*
Lire, *flesh, complexion.*
Lith, lithe, lythe, *attend, hearken, listen.*
Lither, *idle, worthless, naughty, froward.*
Liver, *deliver.*
Liverance, *deliverance* (*money, or a pledge for delivering you up*).
Lodlye, s. *loathsome. See* Lothly.
Lo'e, loed, s. *love, loved.*
Loke, *lock of wool.*
Longes, *belongs.*
Loo, *halloo!*
Looset, losed, *loosed.*
Lope, *leaped.*
Lore, *lesson, doctrine, learning.*
Lore, *lost.*
Lorrel, *a sorry, worthless person.*
Losel, *ditto.*
Lothly, *loathsome.*[1]
Loud and still, *phr. at all times.*
Lough, *laugh.*
Lought, lowe, lugh, *laughed.*
Louked, *looked.*
Loun, s. lown, *loon, rascal, from the Irish* liun, *slothful, sluggish.*
Lounge, *lung.*
Lourd, lour, s. lever, *had rather.*
Louted, lowtede, *bowed, did obeisance.*
Loveth, *love, plur. number.*
Lowe, *a little hill.*
Lowns, s. *blazes. Rather opposed to windy, boisterous.*
Lowte, lout, *bow, stoop.*
Lude, luid, luivt, s. *loved.*
Lues, luve, s. *loves, love.*
Luef, *love.*
Luiks, s. *looks.*
Lurden, lurdeyne, *sluggard, drone.*
Lyan, lyand, s. *lying.*
Lyard, *Grey: a name given to a horse, from its grey colour, as* Bayard *from bay.*
Lynde, *the lime tree, or collectively, lime trees; or trees in general.*
Lyne. *See* Lynde.

[1] The adverbial terminations *-some* and *-ly*, were applied indifferently by our old writers: thus, as we have *lothly* for *loathsome*, above; so we have *ugsome*, in a sense not very remote from *ugly*, in Lord Surrey's Version of Æneid II. viz.

"In every place the *ugsome* sightes I saw." P. [29].

Lys, *lies.*
Lystenyth, *listen.*
Lyth, lythe, *lithsom, pliant, flexible, easy, gentle.*
Lythe, *easy, gentle.*
Lyven na more, *live no more, no longer.*
Lyzt, *light.*

M

Maden, *made.*
Maheund, Mahowne, *Mahomet.*
Mair, s. mare, *more.*
Mait, s. *might.*
Majeste, maist, mayest, *may'st.*
Making, *sc. verses; versifying.*
Makys, maks, *mates.*[1]
Male, *coat of mail.*
Mane, *man. Item, moan.*
Mane, maining, s. *moan, moaning.*
Mangonel, *an engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c. before the invention of gunpowder.*
Margarite, *a pearl,* lat.
March perti, *in the parts lying upon the marches.*
March-pine, march-pane, *a kind of biscuit.*
Mark, *a coin, in value* 13*s.* 4*d.*
Marrow, s. *equal.*
Mart, s. *marred, hurt, damaged.*
Mast, maste, *may'st.*
Masterye, mayestry, *a trial of skill, high proof of skill.*
Mauger, maugre, *spite of.*
Maun, s. mun, *must.*
Mavis, s. *a thrush.*
Mawt, s. *malt.*
Mayd, mayde, *maid.*
Maye, *maid* (*rhythmi gratia*).
Mayne, *force, strength; horse's mane.*
Maze, *a labyrinth,*[2] *any thing intangled, or intricate.*
Me, *men.* Me con, *men 'gan.*
Mean, *moderate, middle-sized.*
Meany, *retinue, train, company.*
Meed, meede, *reward.*
Meid, s. *mood.*
Meise, s. *soften, reduce, mitigate.*
Meit, s. meet, *fit, proper.*
Mell, *honey: also, meddle, mingle.*
Meniveere, *a species of fur.*
Men of armes, *gens d'armes.*
Mense the faught, s. *measure the battle.* To give to the mense, *is, to give above the measure.* Twelve and one to the mense, *is common with children in their play.*
Menzie, s. meaney, *retinue, company.*
Merches, *marches.*
Messager, f. *messenger.*
Met, meit, s. mete, *meet, fit, proper.*
Me-thuncketh, *methinks.*
Meynè, *see* Meany.
Mickle, *much, great.*
Micht, *might.*
Midge, *a small insect, a kind of gnat.*
Minged, *mentioned.*
Minny, s. *mother.*
Minstral, s. minstrel, *musician, &c.*
Minstrelsie, *music.*
Mirke, s. *dark, black.*
Mirkie, *dark, black.*
Mirry, s. meri, *merry.*
Miscreants, *unbelievers.*
Misdoubt, *suspect, doubt.*
Mishap, *misfortune.*
Miskaryed, *miscarried.*
Misken, *mistake; also in the Scottish idiom,* "*let a thing alone.*" (*Mr. Lambe.*)
Mister, s. *to need.*
Mither, s. *mother.*
Mo, moe, *more.*
Mode, *mood.*

1 As the words *make* and *mate* were, in some cases, used promiscuously by ancient writers, so the words *cake* and *cate* seem to have been applied with the same indifferency: this will illustrate that common English proverb, "To turn *cat* (i.e. *cate*) in pan." A *pan-cake* is in Northamptonshire still called a *pan-cate.*

2 On the top of Catharine-hill, Winchester (the usual play-place of the school), was a very perplexed and winding path, running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a *miz-maze.* The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.

Moe, *more.*
Moieing, *by means of,* fr.
Mold, *mould, ground.*
Mome, *a dull, stupi[illegible].*
Monand, *moaning, oemoaning.*
Mone, *moon.*
Monynday, *Monday.*
More, *originally and properly signified a hill* (*from* a. s. mop, *mons*), *but the hills of the North being generally full of bogs, a* moor *came to signify boggy marshy ground in general.*
More, mure, s. *moor, heath, marshy ground; also, wild hill:* mores ant the fenne, *q. d. hill and dale.*
Mores, *hills, wild downs.*
Morne, s. *on the morrow.*
Morne, to morn, *to-morrow, in the morning.*
Mornyng, *mourning.*
Morrownynges, *mornings.*
Mort, *death of the deer.*
Most, *must.*
Mosses, *swampy grounds, covered with peat-moss.*
Mote I thee, *might I thrive.*
Mote, mought, *might.*
Mou, s. *mouth.*
Mought, mot, mote, *might.*
Mowe, *may.*
Muchele bost, *mickle boast, great boast.*
Mude, s. *mood.*
Mulne, *mill.*
Mun, maun, s. *must.*
Mure, mures, s. *wild downs, heaths, &c.*
Murne, murnt, murning, s. *mourn, mourned, mourning.*
Musis, *muses.*
Myghtte, *mighty.*
Myllan, *Milan steel.*
Myne-ye-ple, *perhaps, many plies, or folds.* Monyple *is still used in this sense in the North* (*Mr. Lambe*).
Myrry, *merry.*
Mysuryd, *misused, applied to a bad purpose.*
Myzt, myzty, *might, mighty.*

N

Na, nae, s. *no, none.*
Naithing, s. *nothing.*
Nams, *names.*
Nane, s. *none.*
Nar, nare, *nor. It. than.*
Natheless, *nevertheless.*
Nat, *not.*
Near, s. ner, nere, *ne'er, never.*
Neat, *oxen, cows, large cattle.*
Neatherd, *a keeper of cattle.*
Neatresse, *a female ditto.*
Nee, ne, *nigh.*
Neigh him neare, *approach him near.*
Neir, s. nere, *ne'er, never.*
Neir, s. nere, *near.*
Nere, *ne were ; were it not for.*
Nest, nyest, *next, nearest.*
Newfangle, newfangled, *fond of novelty ; of new fashions, &c.*
Nicht, s. *night.*
Nicked him of naye, *nicked him with a refusal.*
Nipt, *pinched.*
Noble, *a gold coin, in value* 20 *groats, or* 6*s.* 8*d.*
Noblès, *nobless, nobleness.*
Nollys, *noddles, heads.*
Nom, *took.*
Nome, *name.*
Non, *none.*
Nonce, *purpose ;* for the nonce, *for the occasion.*
None, *noon.*
Norland, s. *northern.*
Norse, s. *Norway.*
North-Gales, *North Wales.*
Nou, *now.*
Nourice, s. *nurse.*
Nout, nocht, s. *nought ; also, not.* Nout, v. i. p. 292, *seems for* "ne mought."
Nowght, *nought.*
Nowls, *noddles, heads.*
Noye, *annoy ; query.*
Nozt, *nought, not.*
Nurtured, *educated, bred up.*
Nye, ny, *nigh.*
Nyzt, *night.*

O

Obraid, s. *upbraid.*
Ocht, s. *ought.*
Oferlyng, *superior, paramount; opposed to* underling.
O gin, s. *O if! a phrase.*
On, *one, an.*
On, *one;* on man, *one man.*
One, *on.*
Onfowghten, unfoughten, *unfought.*
On-loft, *aloft.*
Ony, s. *any.*
Onys, *once.*
Or, *ere, before.*
Or eir, *before, ever.*
Or, *ere, before.—In* vol. ii. p. 219, or *seems to have the force of the Latin* vel, *and to signify* even.
Orisons, s. *prayers,* f. oraisons.
Ost, oste, oost, *host.*
Ou, oure, *you, your; ibid. our.*
Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*
Out-brayde, *drew out, unsheathed.*
Out-horn, *the summoning to arms, by the sound of a horn.*
Out ower, s. *quite over; over.*
Out owre, s. *out over.*
Outrake, *an out ride; or expedition.* To raik, s. *is to go fast.* Outrake *is a common term among shepherds. When their sheep have a free passage from inclosed pastures into open and airy grounds, they call it a good* outrake. (*Mr. Lambe.*)
Oware of none, *hour of noon.*
Owches, *bosses, or buttons of gold.*
Owene, awen, ain, s. *own.*
Owre, owr, s. *o'er.*
Owre, s. *over.*
Owre-word, s. *the last word. The burden of a song.*
Owt, *out.*

P

Pa, s. *the river Po.*
Pall, *a cloak, or mantle of state.*
Palle, *a robe of state.* Purple and pall, *i. e. a purple robe or cloak, a phrase.*
Palmer, *a pilgrim, who, having been at the Holy Land, carried a palm-branch in his hand.*
Paramour, *gallant, lover, mistress.*
Pardè, perdie, *verily;* f. par dieu.
Paregall, *equal.*
Partake, *participate, assign to.*
Parti, party, *a part.*
Pattering, *murmuring, mumbling, from the manner in which the* Paternoster *was anciently hurried over, in a low inarticulate voice.*
Pauky, s. *shrewd, cunning, sly; or, saucy, insolent.*
Paves, s pavice, *a large shield, that covered the whole body;* f. pavois.
Pavilliane, *pavillion, tent.*
Pay, *liking, satisfaction: hence,* well apaid, *i. e. pleased, highly satisfied.*
Paynim, *pagan.*
Peakish, *sickly.*
Pearlins, s. *a coarse sort of bonelace.*
Pece, *piece, sc. of cannon.*
Peere, pere, *peer, equal.*
Peering, *peeping, looking narrowly.*
Peerless, *without equal.*
Pees, Pese, *peace.*
Pele, *a baker's peel.*
Penon, *a banner, or streamer borne at the top of a lance.*
Pentarchye of tenses, *five tenses.*
Perchmine, f. *parchment.*
Perelous, parlous, *perilous; dangerous.*
Per fay, s. *verily;* f. par foy.
Perfight, *perfect.*
Perill, *danger.*
Perkin, *diminutive of Peter.*
Perlese, *peerless.*
Persit, s. pearced, *pierced.*
Perte, *part.*
Pertyd, *parted.*
Petye, *pity.*
Peyn, *pain.*
Philomene, *Philomel, the nightingale.*
Pibrochs, s. *Highland war-tunes.*
Piece, s. *a little.*
Pight, pyght, *pitched.*

Pil'd, *peeled, bald.*
Pine, *famish, starve.*
Pious Chanson, *a godly song or ballad.*[1]
Pite, pittye, pyte, *pity.*
Plaine, *complain.*
Plaining, *complaining.*
Playand, s. *playing.*
Play-feres, *play-fellows.*
Pleasance, *pleasure.*
Plein, *complain.*
Plett, s. *platted.*
Plowmell, *a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plough, still used in the North: in the midland counties, in its stead is used a plough-hatchet.*
Plyzt, *plight.*
Poll-cat, *a cant word for a whore.*
Pollys, powlls, polls, *head.*
Pompal, *pompous.*
Popingay, *a parrot.*
Porcupig, *porcupine*, f. porcepic.
Portres, *porteress.*
Poterner, *perhaps pocket, or pouch.* Pautoniere *in* Fr. *is a shepherd's scrip* (*vid* Cotgrave).
Poudered, *a term in heraldry, for sprinkled over.*
Pow, pou, pow'd, s. *pull, pulled.*
Powlls, *polls, heads.*
Pownes, *pounds* (*rhythmi gratia*).
Preas, *press.*
Prece, prese, *press.*
Preced, presed, *pressed.*
Prest, f. *ready.*
Prestly, prestlye, *readily, quickly.*
Pricked, *spurred forward, travelled a good round pace.*
Pricked, *spurred on, hasted.*
Prickes, *the mark to shoot at.*
Pricke-wand, *a wand set up for a mark.*
Priefe, *prove.*
Priving, s. *proving, tasting.*
Prove, *proof.*
Prowès, *prowess.*
Prowess, *bravery, valour, military gallantry.*
Prude, *pride. Item, proud.*
Prycke, *the mark: commonly a hazle wand.*
Pryme, *day-break.*
Puing, s. *pulling.*
Puissant, *strong, powerful.*
Pulde, *pulled.*
Purchased, *procured.*
Purfel, *an ornament of embroidery.*
Purfelled, *embroidered.*
Purvayed, *provided.*

Q

Quadrant, *four-square.*
Quail, *shrink, flinch, yield.*
Quat, s. *quitted.*
Quaint, *cunning; nice, fantastical.*
Quarry, *in hunting or hawking, is the slaughtered game, &c.*
Quay, quhey, s. *a young heifer, called a* whie *in Yorkshire.*
Quean, *sorry, base woman.*
Quel, *cruel, murderous.*
Quelch, *a blow, or bang.*
Quell, *subdue: also, kill.*
Quere, quire, *choir.*
Quest, *inquest.*
Quha, s. *who.*
Quhan, s. *when.*
Quhaneer, s. *whene'er.*
Quhar, quhair, s. *where.*
Quhat, s. *what.*
Quhattan, s. *what.*
Quhen, s. *when.*
Quhy, s. *why.*
Quhyrry. *See* Quarry.
Quick, *alive, living.*
Quillets, *quibbles;* l. quidlibet.
Quitt, *requite.*
Quo, *quoth.*
Quyle, s. *while.*
Quyt, *quite.*
Quyte, *requited.*
Qwyknit, s. *quickened, restored to life.*

[1] Mr. Rowe's edition has "The first row of the rubric;" which has been supposed, by Dr. Warburton, to refer to the red-lettered titles of old ballads. In the large collection made by Mr. Pepys, I do not remember to have seen one single ballad with its title printed in red letters.

R

Rade, s. *rode.*
Rae, *a roe.*
Raik, s. *to go apace.* Raik on raw, *go fast in a row.*
Raine, *reign.*
Raise, s. *rose.*
Ranted, s. *were merry. Vid. Gloss. to Gent. Shepherd.*
Rashing *seems to be the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.*
Raught, *reached, gained, obtained.*
Rayne, reane, *rain.*
Raysse, *race.*
Razt, *raught, reft, bereft.*
Reachles, *careless.*
Reade, rede, *advise, hit off.* Read, *advice.*
Rea'me, reaume, *realm.*
Reas, *raise.*
Reave, *bereave.*
Reckt, *regarded.*
Rede, redde, *read.*
Rede, read, *advise, advice.*
Redresse, *care, labour.*
Refe, reve, reeve, *bailiff.*
Refe, *bereave, or perhaps, rive, split.*
Reft, *bereft.*
Register, *the officer who keeps the public register.*
Reid, s. *advise.*
Reid, s. rede, reed, *red.*
Reid-roan, s. *red-roan.*
Rekeles, recklesse, *regardless, void of care, rash.*
Remeid, s. *remedy.*
Renish, renisht, *perhaps a derivation from* reniteo, *to shine.*
Renn, *run.*
Renyed, *refused.*
Renneth, renning, *runneth, running.*
Rescous, *rescues.*
Reve, *bereave, deprive.*
Revers, s. *robbers, pirates, rovers.*
Rew, s. *take pity.*
Rewe, *pity.*
Reweth, *regrets, has reason to repent.*
Rewth, *ruth.*
Reek, s. *smoke.*
Reeve, *bailiff.*
Riall, ryall, *royal.*
Richt, s. *right.*
Ride, *make an inroad.*
Riddle, vol. ii. p. 237, 238, *seems to be a vulgar idiom for* unriddle; *or is perhaps a corruption of* reade, *i. e. advise.*
Rin, s. *run.* Rin my errand, f. *a contracted way of speaking, for "run on my errand." The pronoun is omitted. So the French say,* faire message.
Rise, *shoot, bush, shrub.*
Rive, *rife, abounding.*
Roche, *rock.*
Ronne, *ran.*
Roufe, *roof.*
Routhe, ruth, *pity.*
Route, *go about, travel.*
Row, rowd, s. *roll, rolled.*
Rowght, *rout.*
Rowned, rownyd, *whispered.*
Rowyned, *round.*
Rood, Roode, *cross, crucifix.*
Rood-loft, *the place in the church where the images were set up.*
Roone, *run.*
Rudd, *ruddiness, complexion.*
Rude, s. rood, *cross.*
Ruell-bones, *perhaps bones diversly coloured,* f. riolè, *or perhaps small-bone-rings, from the* fr. rouelle, *a small ring or hoop. Cotgrav. Diction.*
Rues, ruethe, *pitieth.*
Rugged, *pulled with violence.*
Rushy, s. vol. i. p. 336, *should be* rashy gair, *rushy stuff, ground covered with rushes.*
Ruthe, *pity, woe.*
Ruthfull, *rueful, woeful.*
Ryde, *i. e. make an inroad.* Ryde, *in* vol. i. p. 108, *should probably be* rise.
Rydere, *ranger.*
Rynde, *rent.*
Ryschys, *rushes.*
Rywe, *rue.*
Ryzt, right.

S

Sa, sae, s. *so.*
Safer, *note, sapphire.*

Saft, s. *soft.*
Saif, s. *safe.*
Saif, s. *save.*
Saim, s. *same.*
Sair, s. *sore.*
Saisede, *seized.*
Sall, s. *shall.*
Sar, sair, s. *sore.*
Sarke, s. *shirt.*
Sark, *shirt, shift.*
Sat, sete, *set.*
Saut, s. *salt.*
Savely, *safely.*
Savyde, *saved.*
Saw, Say, *speech, discourse.*
Say, essay, *attempt.*
Say, *saw.*
Say us no harme, *say no ill of us.*
Sayne, *say.*
Scant, *scarce.*
Scant, *scarce; item, scantiness.*
Scathe, *hurt, injury.*
Schall, *shall.*
Schattered, *shattered.*
Schapped, vol. i. p. 83, *perhaps* swapped. *Vid. loc.*
Schaw, s. *show.*
Schene, s. *sheen, shining; also brightness.*
Schip, s. *ship.*
Schiples, s. *shipless.*
Scho, sche, s. *she.*
Schone, *shone.*
Schoote, *shot, let go.*
Schowte, schowtte, *shout.*
Schrill, s. *shrill.*
Schuke, s. *shook.*
Sclat, *slate, little table-book of slates to write upon.*
Scomfit, *discomfit.*
Scot, *tax, revenue, a year's tax of the kingdom; also shot, reckoning.*
Se, sene, seying; *see, seen, seeing.*
See, sees, s. *sea, seas.*
Seething, *boiling.*
Sed, *said.*
Seik, s. seke, *seek.*
Sek, *sack.*
Sel, sell, s. *self.*
Selven, *self.*
Selver, siller, s. *silver.*
Sely, seely, *silly, simple.*
Sen, s. *since.*
Sene, *seen.*
Seneschall, *steward.*
Senvy, *mustard-seed,* f. senvie.
Sertayne, sertenlye, *certain, certainly.*
Setywall. *See Cetywall.*
Seve, *seven.*
Sey, s. *say; a kind of woollen stuff.*
Seyd, s. *saw.*
Sey yow, *say to, tell you.*
Shave, be shave, *been shaven.*
Shaws, *little woods.*
Shear, *entirely,* (*penitus.*)
Shee's, s. *she shall.*
Sheele, *she'll, she will.*
Sheene, shene, *shining, bright.*
Sheeve, shive, *a great slice or luncheon of bread.*
Sheits, s. shetes, *sheets.*
Shent, *disgraced.*
Shent, *shamed, disgraced, abused.*
Shepenes, shipens, *cow-houses, sheep-pens,* a. s. Scypen.
Shield-bone, *the blade-bone: a common phrase in the North.*
Shimmered, s. *glittered.*
Shimmering, *shining by glances.*
Shirt of male, *or* mail, *was a garment for defence, made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some, the* Hawkberk *was so formed.*
Sho, scho, s. *she.*
Shoen, s. *shoes.*
Shoke, *shookest.*
Shold, sholde, *should.*
Shoone, *shoes.*
Shope, *shaped.*
Shope, *betook me, shaped my course.*
Shorte, s. *shorten.*
Shote, *shot.*
Shraddes, *vid. locum.*
Shread, *cut into small pieces.*
Shreeven, shriven, *confessed her sins.*
Shrew, *a bad, an ill-tempered person.*
Shreward, *a male shrew.*
Shrift, *confession.*
Shrive, *confess; Item, hear confession.*

Shroggs, *shrubs, thorns, briars, G. Doug.* scroggis.
Shulde, *should.*
Shullen, *shall.*
Shunted, *shunned.*
Shurting, *recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gaw. Dougl. Gloss.*
Shyars, *shires.*
Shynand, s. *shining.*
Sib, *kin: akin, related.*
Sic, sich, sick, s. *such.*
Sich, s. *sigh.*
Sick-like, s. *such-like.*
Side, s. *long.*
Sied, s. *saw.*
Sighan, sighand, s. *sighing.*
Sigh-clout, (sythe-clout,) *a clout to strain milk through: a straining clout.*
Sik, sike, *such.*
Siker, *surely, certainly.*
Siller, s. *silver.*
Sindle, s. *seldom.*
Sith, *since.*
Sitteth, *set ye.*
Skaith, scath, *harm, mischief.*
Skalk, *perhaps from the* Germ. Schalck, *malicious, perverse.* (*Sic.* Dan. Skalck, *Nequitai, malicia, &c.* Sheringham de Angl. Orig. p. 318.) — *Or perhaps from the Germ.* Schalchen, *squint. Hence our Northern word* skelly, *to squint.*
Skinker, *one that serves drink.*
Skinkled, s. *glittered.*
Skomfit, *discomfit.*
Skott, *shot, reckoning.*
Slade, *a breadth of greensward between plow-lands or woods, &c.*
Slaited, s. *whetted; or, perhaps, wiped.*
Slattered, *slit, broke into splinters.*
Slaw, *slew.*
Sle, slea, sley, slo, *slay.*
Sle, slee, *slay;* sleest, *slayest.*
Slee, s. *slay; also, sly.*
Slean, slone, *slain.*
Sleath, *slayeth.*
Sleip, s. slepe, *sleep.*
Slo, sloe, *slay.*
Slode, *slit, split.*
Slone, *slain.*
Sloughe, *slew.*
Smithers, s. *smothers.*
Sna', snaw, s. *snow.*
Soldain, soldan, sowdan, *sultan.*
Soll, soulle, sowle, *soul.*
Sond, *a present, a sending.*
Sone, soon, *soon.*
Sonn, son, *sun.*
Sooth, *truth, true.*
Soothly, *truly.*
Sort, *company.*
Soth, sooth, *truth; also, true.*
Soth, sothe, south, southe, *sooth, truth.*
Soth-Ynglonde, *South England.*
Sould, s. suld, *should.*
Soudan, soudain, *sultan.*
Souldan, soldan, sowdan, *sultan.*
Souling, *victualling.* Sowle *is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread.* a. s. Suple, Suple. *Joh.* xxi. 5. (*or* to sowle, *may be from the French word* saouler, "*to stuff and cram, to glut.*" *Vid. Cotgrave.*)
Sowden, Sowdain, *sultan.*
Sowne, *sound,* (*rhyth. gr.*)
Sowre, *sour.*
Sowre, soare, *sore.*
Sowter, *a shoemaker.*
Soy, f. *silk.*
Spack, s. *spake.*
Spak, spaik, s. *spake.*
Spec, spak, spack, s. *spake.*
Sped, *speeded, succeeded.*
Speere, *vide locum.*
Speered, sparred, *i. e. fastened, shut.*[1]
Speik, s. *speak.*
Speir, spere, speare, speere, spire, *ask, inquire.*[2]

[1] So in an old "Treatyse agaynst Pestilence," &c. 4to. "Emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde:" we are exhorted to "*Spere* [*i. e.* shut or bar] the wyndowes ayenst the south." fol. 5.

[2] So Chaucer, in his Rhyme of Sir Topas:
——"He soughte north and south,
"And oft he *spired* with his mouth."
i. e. "inquired." Not *spied*, as in the new edition of Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 234.

Speir, s. speer, *spear.*
Spence, spens. *expence.*
Spendyd, *probably the same as* Spanned, *grasped.*
Spere, speere, *spear.*
Spill, spille, *spoil, come to harm.*
Spill, *spoil, destroy, kill.*
Spillan, spilland, s. *spilling.*
Spilt, s. *spoilt.*
Spindles and whorles, *the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, instead of spinning wheels.*[1]
Spole, *shoulder,* f. espaulé, vol. ii. p. 50. *it seems to mean "armpit."*
Sporeles, *spurless without spurs.*
Sprente, *spurted, sprung out.*
Spurging, *froth that purges out.*
Spurn, spurne, *a kick. See* Tear.
Spyde, *spied.*
Spylt, *spoiled, destroyed.*
Spyt, spyte, *spite.*
Squelsh, *a blow, or bang.*
Stabille, *perhaps, stablish.*
Stalwart, stalworth, *stout.*
Stalworthlye, *stoutly.*
Stane, s. stean, *stone.*
Stark, *stiff;* vol. i. p. 127, *entirely.*
Startopes, *buskins, or half-boots, worn by rustics, laced down before.*
Stead, stede, *place.*
Stean, s. *stone.*
Steedye, *steady.*
Steid, s. stede, *steed.*
Steir, s. *stir.*
Stel, *steel;* steilly, s. *steely.*
Stele, *steel.*
Sterne, *stern: or, perhaps, stars.*
Sterris, *stars.*
Stert, start, *started.*
Sterte, *start.*
Sterte, *started.*
Steven, *voice, sound.*
Steven, *time.*
Still, *quiet, silent.*
Stint, *stop, stopped.*
Stirande stage, vol. i. p. 77. *A friend interpreted this "many astirring, travelling, journey."*
Stonderes, *standers-by.*
Stound, *time;* a stound, *a while.*
Stound, stonde, *space, moment, hour, time.*
Stound, stownde, *time, while.*
Stour, stower, stowre, *fight, disturbance, &c. This word is applied in the North to signify dust agitated and put into motion: as by the sweeping of a room.*
Stown, s. *stolen.*
Stoup of weir, *a pillar of war.*
Stowre, *strong, robust, fierce.*
Stower, stowre, *stir, disturbance, fight.*
Stra, strae, s. *straw.*
Streight, *straight.*
Strekene, *stricken, struck.*
Stret, *street.*
Strick, *strict.*
Strike, *stricken.*
Stroke, *struck.*
Stude, stuid, s. *stood.*
Styntyde, stinted, *stayed, stopped.*
Styrt, *start.*
Suar, *sure.*
Sum, s. *some.*
Summere, *a sumpter horse.*
Sumpters, *horses that carry clothes, furniture, &c.*
Sune, s. *soon.*
Suore bi ys chin, *sworn by his chin.*
Surcease, *cease.*
Suthe, swith, *soon, quickly.*
Swa, sa, *so.*
Swaird, *the grassy surface of the ground.*
Swaple, swapped, swopede, *struck violently. Scot.* sweap, *to scourge,* (vid. *gl. Gaw. Dougl.*) *Or perhaps "exchanged," sc. blows: so* swap *or* swopp *signifies.*
Swat, swatte, swotte, *did sweat.*
Swarvde, swarved, *climbed; or, as it is now expressed in the midland counties,* Swarmed:

[1] The *rock, spindles,* and *whorles,* are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time. The thread for shoe-makers, and even some linen-webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed salmon-nets are made, are spun upon *spindles.* They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than spinning-wheels.
MR. LAMBE.

To swarm, *is to draw one's self up a tree, or any other thing, clinging to it with the legs and arms: as hath been suggested by an ingenious Correspondent.*

Swear, *sware.*
Sweard, *sword.*
Swearde, swerd, *sword.*
Sweare, *swearing, oath.*
Sweaven, *a dream.*
Sweere, swire, *neck.*
Sweit, s. swete, *sweet.*
Swepyls. A Swepyl *is that staff of the flail, with which the corn is beaten out, vulg.* a Supple: (*called in the midland counties a* Swindgell; *where the other part is termed the* Hand-staff.)
Swevens, *dreams.*
Swinkers, *labourers.*
Swith, *quickly, instantly.*
Swypyng, *striking fast;* [*Cimb.* suipan, *cito agere, or rather "scourging," from volvere, raptare.*] *Scot.* Sweap, *to scourge.* Vid. *Gloss. to Gaw. Douglas.*
Swyving, *whoring.*
Swyke, *sigh.*
Sych, *such.*
Syd, *side.*
Syde shear, sydis shear, *on all sides.*
Syne, s. *then, afterwards.*
Syns, *since.*
Syshemell, *Ishmael.*
Syth, *since.*
Syzt, *sight.*

T

Taiken, s. *token, sign.*
Taine, s. tane, *taken.*
Take, *taken.*
Talents, vol. i. p. 106, *perhaps golden ornaments hung from her head, to the value of talents of gold.*
Targe, *target, shield.*
Te, *to;* te make, *to make.*
Te he! *interjection of laughing.*
Tear, vol. i. p. 74, *this seems to be a proverb, "That tearing or pulling occasioned his spurn or kick."*
Teir, s. tere, *tear.*
Teene, *sorrow, grief.*
Teene, tene, *sorrow, indignation, wrath. Properly, injury, affront.*
Teenefu', s. *full of indignation, wrathful, furious.*
Tent, s. *heed.*
Termagaunt, *the god of the Sarazens. See a memoir on this subject in* vol. i. p. 112.[1]
Terry, *diminutive of* Thierry. *Theodoricus, Didericus.* Lat. *also of* Terence.
Tha, *them;* Thah, *though.*
Thair, *their.*
Thame, s. *them.*
Than, s, *then.*
Thare, thair, theire, ther, thore, *there.*
The, *thee.*
The God *seems contracted for* The he, *i. e. high God.*
The, *they.* The wear, *they were.*
Thee, *thrive;* mote he thee, *may he thrive.* So mote I thee, *So may I thrive.*[2]
Thend, *the end.*

[1] The old French Romancers, who had corrupted Termagant into Tervagant, couple it with the name of Mahomet as constantly as ours; thus in the old "Roman de Blanchardin,"

"Cy guerpison tuit Apolin,
"Et Mahomet et Tervagant."

Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his Tale, intituled, "La Fiancée du Roy de Garbe," says,

"Et reniant Mahom, Jupin, et Tervagant,
"Avec maint autre Dieu non moins extravagant."
Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. tom. 20, 4to. p. 352.

As Termagant is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and can only be explained from the elements of that language, its being corrupted by the old French Romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours.

[2] So in Chaucer, passim. Canterb. Tales, vol. i. p. 308.

"God let him never *the.*"

Ther, *their.*
Ther-for, *therefore.*
Therto, *thereto.*
Thes, *these.*
Thewes, *manners; also, limbs.*
Theyther-ward, *thitherward, towards that place.*
Thie, *thy.* Thowe, *thou.*
Thii, *they.*
Thi sone, *thy son.*
Thilke, *this.*
Thir, s. *this, these.*
Thir towmonds, s. *these twelve months.*
Thirtti thousent, *thirty thousand.*
Tho, *then, those, the.*
Thocht, *thought.*
Thole, tholed, *suffer, suffered.*
Thouse, s. *thou art.*
Thoust, *thou shalt or shouldest.*
Thrall, *captive.*
Thrall, *captivity.*
Thralldome, *ditto.*
Thrang, s. *throng, close.*
Thrawis, s. *throes.*
Thre, thrie, s. *three.*
Threape, *to argue, to affirm or assert in a positive overbearing manner.*
Thrie, s. thre, *three.*
Thrif, *thrive.*
Thrilled, *twirled, turned round.*
Thrittè, *thirty.*
Throng, *hastened.*
Thropes, *villages.*
Throw, s. *through.*
Thruch, throuch, s. *through.*
Thud, *noise of a fall.*
Tibbe. *In Scotland* Tibbe *is the dimin. of* Isabel.
Tift, s. *puff of wind.*
Tild down, *pitched, qu.*
Till, s. *to, when, query.*
Till, *unto; entice.*
Timkin, *diminutive of Timothy.*
Tine, *lose;* tint, *lost.*
Tint, s. *lost.*
Tirled, *twirled, turned round.*
To, *too. Item, two.*
Ton, tone, *the one.*
Tone, t'one, *the one.*
Too-fall,[1] s. *twilight.*
Tor, *a tower; also, a high-pointed rock, or hill.*
Tow, s. *to let down with a rope, &c.*
Tow, towe, *two.*
Towyn, *town.*
Traiterye, *treason.*
Trenchant, f. *cutting.*
Tres-hardie, f. *thrice-hardy.*
Treytory, traitory, *treachery.*
Tricthen, *trick, deceive. Ibid.*
Tride, *tryed.*
Trie, s. tre, *tree.*
Triest furth, s. *draw forth to an assignation.*
Trifulcate, *three-forked, three-pointed.*
Trim, *exact.*
Trichard, *treacherous,* f. tricheur.
Troth, *truth, faith, fidelity.*
Trough, trouth, *troth.*
Trow, *think, conceive, know.*
Trow, *believe, trust: also, verily.*
Trowthe, *troth.*
Tru, *true.*
Trumped, *boasted, told, bragging, lies, lying stories. So in the North they say, "that's a* Trump," *i. e. a lie. "She goes about* trumping," *i. e. telling lies.*
Trumps, made of a tree, *perhaps "wooden trumpets:" musical instruments fit enough for a mock tournament.*
Tuik, s. *took.*
Tuke gude keip, s. *kept a close eye upon her.*
Tul. s. *till, to.*
Turn, such turn, *such an occasion.*
Turnes a crab, *sc. at the fire; roasts a crab.*
Tush, *an interjection of contempt, or impatience.*
Twa, s. *two.*
Twayne, *two.*
Twin'd, s. *parted, separated, vid. G. Douglas.*
Twirtle twist, s. *thoroughly twisted; "twisted;" "twirled twist,"* f. tortille.

[1] "Toofall of the night," seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below. MR. LAMBE.

U V

Vair, *Somersetsh. dialect, fair.*
Valzient, s. *valiant.*
Vazen, *Som. probably for faithen, i.e. faiths; as housen, closen, &c.*
Uch, *each.*
Venu, *approach, coming.*
Ugsome, s. *shocking, horrible.*
Vices, (*probably contracted for* Devices,) v. i. p. 223, *screws; or perhaps turning pins, swivels. An ingenious friend thinks a* vice *is rather "a spindle of a press," that goeth by a* vice, *that seemeth to move of itself.*
Vilane, *rascally.*
Vive, *Somerset, five.*
Unbethought, vol. ii. p. 218, *for* bethought. *So* Unloose *for* Loose.
Unctuous, *fat, clammy, oily.*
Undermeles, *afternoons.*
Undight, *undecked, undressed.*
Unkempt, *uncombed.*
Unmacklye, *mis-shapen.*
Unmufit, s. *undisturbed, unconfounded, perhaps* unmuvit.
Unseeled, *opened; a term in falconry.*
Unsett steven, *unappointed time, unexpectedly.*
Unsonsie, s. *unlucky, unfortunate.*
Untyll, *unto, against.*
Voyded, *quitted, left the place.*
Ure, *use.*
Vriers, *Som. friers.* (*It is* Vicars, *in PCC.*)
Uthers, s. *others.*

W

Wa, s. *way, wall.*
Wad, s. walde, wold, *would.*
Wadded, *perhaps from* woad: *i.e. of a light blue colour.*[1]
Wae, waefu', s. *woe, woeful.*
Wae, worth, s. *woe betide*
Waine, *waggon.*
Walker, *a fuller of cloth.*
Wallowit, s. *faded, withered.*
Waltered, weltered, *rolled along. Also, wallowed.*
Waltering, *weltering.*
Waly, *an interjection of grief.*
Wame, wem, s. *belly.*
Wame, s. *womb.*
Wane, *the same as* ane, *one: so* wone, i. p. 72, *is one.*[2]
Wan, neir, s. *drew near.*
Wanrufe, s. *uneasy.*
War, *aware.*
War ant wys, *wary and wise.*
Ward, s. *watch, sentinel.*
Warde, s. *advise, forewarn.*
Warke, s. *work.*
Warld, s. *world.*
Warldis, s. *worlds.*
Waryd, s. *accursed.*
Waryson, *reward.*
Wassel, *drinking, good cheer.*
Wat, s. *wet; also, knew.*
Wat, wot, *know, am aware.*
Wate, s. weete, wete, witte, wot, wote, wotte, *know.*
Wate, s. *blamed. Prat. of* wyte, *to blame.*
Wax, *to grow, become.*
Wayde, *waved.*
Wayward, *froward, peevish.*
Wayward, *perverse.*
Weal, *wail.*
Weale, *happiness, prosperity.*
Weale, weel, weil, wele, s. *well.*
Weare in, s. *drive in gently.*
Wearifu', *wearisome, tiresome, disturbing.*
Wedous, *widows.*
Weede, *clothing, dress.*

[1] Taylor, in his History of Gavel-kind, p. 49, says, "*Bright*, from the British word *Brith*, which signifies their *wadde-colour*; this was a light blue." Minshew's Dictionary.

[2] In fol. 355, of Bannatyne's MS. is a short fragment, in which *wane* is used for *ane* or *one*, viz.

"Amongst the Monsters that we find,
"There's *wane* belovved of woman-keind,
"Renowned for Antiquity,
"From Adame drivs his pedigree."

Weedes, *clothes.*
Wee, s. *little.*
Weel, *we'll, we will.*
Weel, *well; also, we'll.*
Weene, ween'd, *think, thought.*
Weet, s. *wet.*
Weid, s. wede, weed, *clothes, clothing.*
Weil, s. wepe, *weep.*
Weinde, s. wende, went, weende, *weened, thought.*
Weird, *wizard, witch. Properly fate, destiny.*
Wel-away, *an interjection of grief.*
Weldynge, *ruling.*
Welkin, *the sky.*
Well-away, *exclamation of pity.*
Wel of pitè, *source of pity.*
Wem, *hurt.*
Weme, *womb, belly, hollow.*
Wend, *to go.*
Wend, wends, *go, goes.*
Wend, wenden, *go.*
Wende, weened, *thought.*
Wende, *went;* wendeth, *goeth.*
Wene, weenest, *ween, weenest.*
Wer, *were.*
Wereth, *defendeth.*
Werke, *work.*
Werre, weir, s. *war;* warris, s. *war's.*
Werryed, *worried.*
Wes, *was.*
Westlin, s. *western.*
Westlings, *western, or whistling.*
Wha, s. *who.*
Whair, s. *where.*
Whan, s. *when.*
Whang, s. *a large slice.*
Wheder, *whither.*
Wheelyng, *wheeling.*
Whig, *sour whey, or butter-milk.*
While, *until.*
Whilk, s. *which.*
Whit, *jot.*
Whittles, *knives.*
Whoard, *hoard.*
Whorles. *See* Spindles.
Whos, *whoso.*
Whyllys, *whilst.*
Wi', s. *with.*
Wight, *human creature, man or woman.*
Wight, wyght, *strong, lusty.*
Wighty, wyghtye, *strong, lusty, active, nimble.*
Wightlye, *vigorously.*
Wildings, *wild apples.*
Wild-worm, *serpent.*
Wilfull, *wandering, erring.*
Will, s. *shall.*
Win, s. *get, gain.*
Windar, *perhaps the contraction of* windhover, *a kind of hawk.*
Windling, s. *winding.*
Winnae, *will not.*
Winsome, s. *agreeable, engaging.*
Wirke wislier, *work more wisely.*
Wiss, *know;* wist, *knew.*
Wisse, *direct, govern, take care of.* a. s. þɪrrɪan.
Wit, weet, *know, understand.*
Withouten, withoughten, *without.*
Wo, woo, *woe.*
Wobster, s. webster, *weaver.*
Wode, wod, *wood. Also, wild, mad.*
Wode-ward, *towards the wood.*
Woe, *woeful, sorrowful.*
Woe-begone, *lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.*
Woe-man, *a sorrowful man.*
Woe-worth, *woe be to* [*you*]; a. s. worthan (*fieri*) *to be, to become.*
Wolde, *would.*
Won, *wont, usage.*
Won'd, wonn'd, *dwelt.*
Wonde, *wound, winded.*
Wonders, *wonderous.*
Wondersly, wonderly, *wonderously.*
Wone, *one.*
Wonne, *dwell.*
Wood, wode, *mad, furious.*
Woodweele, i. 117, *or* wodewale; *the Golden Ouzle, a bird of the thrush-kind. Gloss. Chauc. The orig. MS. has here* woodweete.
Wood-wroth, s. *furiously enraged.*
Worshipfully friended, *of worshipful friends.*
Worthè, *worthy.*
Wot, *know;* wotes, *knows.*
Wote, wot, *know;* I wote, *verily.*
Wouche, *mischief, evil,* a. s. þohȝ, *i. e.* Wohg, *malum.*

Wow, *an exclamation of wonder; also vow, Lond. dialect.*
Wracke, *ruin, destruction.*
Wrang, s. *wrung.*
Wreake, *pursue revengefully.*
Wreke, wreak, *revenge.*
Wreuch, s. *wretchedness.*
Wright, *write.*
Wringe, *contended with violence.*
Writhe, *writhed, twisted.*
Wroken, *revenged.*
Wronge, *wrong.*
Wrouzt, *wrought.*
Wull, s. *will.*
Wyld, *wild deer.*
Wynde, wende, *go.*
Wynne, win, *joy.*
Wynnen, *win, gain.*
Wyste, *knew.*
Wyt, wit, weet, *know.*
Wyte, *blame.*

Y

Y, *I.* Y singe, *I sing.*
Yae, s. *each.*
Yaned, *yawned.*
Yalping, s. *yelping.*
Yate, *gate.*
Yave, *gave.*
Y-beare, Y-boren; *beare, borne. So* Y-founde, *found.* Y-mad, *made.* Y-wonne, *won.*
Y-built, *built.*
Ych, yche, *each.*
Ychone, *each one.*
Ychulle, *I shall.*
Ychyseled, *cut with the chisel.*
Y-cleped, *named, called.*
Y-con'd, *taught, instructed.*
Y-core, *chosen.*
Ydle, *idle.*
Yearded, *buried.*
Ye bent, y-bent, *bent.*
Yede, yode, *went.*
Yee, *eye.*
Ye feth, y-feth, *in faith.*
Ycha, ilka, *each, every.*
Ycholde, yef, *I should, if.*
Ychon, *each one.*
Yeldyde, *yielded.*
Yenoughe, ynoughe, *enough.*
Yerrarchy, *hierarchy.*
Yere, yeere, *year, years.*
Yerle, yerlle, *earl.*
Yerly, *early.*
Yese, s. *ye shall.*
Yestreen, s. *yester-evening.*
Yf, *if.*
Y-fere, *together.*
Y-founde, *found.*
Ylke, ilk, *same.* That ylk, *that same.*
Yll, *ill.*
Ylthe, *listen.*
Yn, *in.*
Yn, *house, home.*
Ygnoraunce, *ignorance.*
Ynglishe, Ynglysshe, *English.*
Ynglonde, *England.*
Yode, *went.*
Youe, *you.*
Y-picking, *picking, culling, gathering.*
Ys, *is; his; in his.*
Y-slaw, *slain.*
Ystonge, *stung.*
Yt, *it.*
Yth, *in the.*
Y-were, *were.*
Y-wis, (*I wis,*) *verily.*
Y-wrought, *wrought.*
Y-wys, *truly, verily.*
Y-zote, *molten, melted.*

Z

Zacring bell, *Som.* Sacring bell, *a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host.* (*It is* Zeering *in PCC.*)
Ze, s. *ye;* zee're, s. *ye are.*
Zede, yede, *went.*
Zee, zeene, *Som. see, seen.*
Zees, s. *ye shall.*
Zef, yef, *if.*
Zeirs, s. *years.*
Zellow, s. *yellow.*
Zeme, *take care of,* a. s. ȝeman.
Zent, *through,* a. s. ȝeond.
Zestrene, s. *yester-e'en.*
Zet, s. *yet.*

Zit, s. zet, *yet.*
Zonder, s. *yonder.*
Zong, s. *young.*
Zou, s. *you ;* zour, s. *your.*
Zoud, s. *you'd, you would.*
Zour-lane, your-lane, s. *alone, by yourself.*
Zouth, s. *youth.*
Zule, s. yule, *Christmas.*
Zung, s. *young.*

*** The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ȝ, which occurs in old MSS.: but we are not to suppose that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z ; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter ȝ, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as ȝeaɼd *yard*, ȝeaɼ *year*, ȝeonȝ *young*, &c.

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